

ENGLISH PROSE FOR INDIAN READERS

THE BENGALI BOOK OF
ENGLISH VERSE.

Selected and arranged by THEODORE DOUGLAS
DUNN. With a Foreword by SIR RABINDRA-
NATH TAGORE. 8vo.

ENGLISH VERSE FOR INDIAN
READERS.

With Introductory Essays by THEODORE
DOUGLAS DUNN. Crown 8vo.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ENG-
LISH BIBLE FOR INDIAN
READERS.

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LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

LONDON, NEW YORK, BOMBAY, CALCUTTA AND MADRAS

ENGLISH PROSE FOR INDIAN READERS

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH PROSE LITERATURE
ARRANGED CHRONOLOGICALLY FOR
INDIAN STUDENTS

WITH INTRODUCTORY ESSAYS AND NOTES

BY
THEODORE DOUGLAS DUNN, M.A.

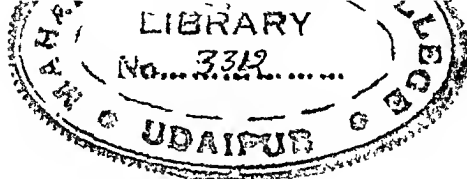
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LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK
BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS

1920

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CONTENTS 3312

	PAGE
A NOTE FOR TEACHERS	viii
INTRODUCTION	1

SECTION I

THE PRINTING PRESS AND THE BIBLE

SIR WALTER RALEIGH	{ The Last Fight of the Re- venge	11
THE ENGLISH BIBLE	The Feast of Belshazzar	17

SECTION II

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PROSE LITERATURE

ISAAC WALTON	The Joys of Country Life	25
JOHN BUNYAN	{ The Fight with Apollyon Giant Despair and Doubt- ing Castle	29 31

SECTION III

THE NEWSPAPER, THE ESSAY AND THE NOVEL

JOSEPH ADDISON	Sir Roger de Coverley	41
JONATHAN SWIFT	Gulliver's Travels	45
DANIEL DEFOE	Robinson Crusoe	49

WALTER DE VRIES	The Laid-off Soldier	64
THE GENTLEMAN	The Gentleman	69
THE GENTLEMAN	The Gentleman	72
WALTER DE VRIES	The Laid-off Soldier	67
SIR WALTER SCOTT	The Gentleman	71

SECTION IV

THE PROSE OF EMPIRE

SIR WALTER SCOTT	{ Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth	86
	{ The Story of T. Aquilino	89
ROBERT SCOTT	The Place of the Soldier	90
JAMES JOYCE	Highland's Story	101
WASHINGTON IRVING	Highland's Story	101
JAMES TOP	The Book of Chitro	107
COLONEL MEADOWS TAYLOR	Tippu Sultan's Hunt	112
LORD MACALISTAIR	{ The Decline of the Mogul Empire	119
SIR WILLIAM NAPIER	Wellington and Napoleon	122
JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE	England on the Sea	126
GEORGE GLOTH	The Death of Alexander	132
JAMES SILK BUCHANAN	Adventure with a Tiger	136
WILLIAM MALETT MAC THOMAS	Some English Gentlemen	139
CHARLES DARWIN	{ South American Journal	141
	{ The Breeding of Horses	145
DAVID LIVINGSTONE	The Victoria Falls	149
ALEXANDER KINGLAKE	The Desert and the Pyramids	152
HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE	Man and Nature	157
GEORGE BRUCE MALLISON	{ The French and English in India	160
JOHN RUSKIN	{ The Meaning of the term "Gentleman"	163
CHARLES READE	The Fight with the Bear	167
SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL	{ The Splendour of an Indian Court	170
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD	{ The Peace of an Indian City	173
	{ Modern Life	176

A NOTE FOR TEACHERS

THE essays prefacing each of the four sections are not intended for use in class. They have been written as a literary guide for those teachers who wish to comment upon the history of English prose, and to obviate the need of reference to large and expensive histories of literature.

The order of difficulty in which the authors may be studied by young pupils is given roughly as follows :

Easy

Swift	Meadows Taylor
Defoe	Buckingham
Cowper	Darwin
Morier	Jack

Moderately difficult

The Bible	Grote
Walton	Thackeray
Bunyan	Livingstone
Addison	Reade
Goldsmith	Arnold
Southey	Stevenson
Irving	Jefferies
Tod	

Difficult

Raleigh	Buckle
Robertson	Malleson
Gibbon	Ruskin
Johnson	Russell
Scott	Steevens
Macaulay	Rushbrook-Williams
Napier	Dixon
Froude	Buchan
Kinglake	

It is unnecessary to follow the chronological order of this book in studying the above extracts. It is hoped that the introduction (pages 1-7) and the notes on the text will provide an adequate guide for teachers of English in secondary schools in India.

ENGLISH PROSE FOR INDIAN READERS

INTRODUCTION

THE PURPOSE OF THIS BOOK

IN this book two things have been attempted. The first is the provision of prose selections, the study of which will lead young Indian readers to write and to speak the English of our own day. In other words the linguistic aim has been given first place. The second is the presentation of these selections in chronological order following the four great centuries of English literary production. For the teacher, if not for his students, it is useful to know something of the development of English prose literature; and for this reason brief introductory essays have been prefixed to each section of the book.

It is hoped that the combination of the literary and the linguistic study of English will be helpful to those who look forward to the prosecution of their reading in University colleges. This book is designed as a reader of high school standard, and it contains no selection from any period of English literature that will not serve as a suitable model of clear, simple, and refined English prose. The extracts are numerous and represent a great variety of theme. For this reason they are brief. An anthology cannot take the place of a single text; and its special function is best fulfilled by exhibiting a wide range of literature, of style and of subject, provided the extracts are self-contained and possess a central interest of their own.

For young Indian students it is imperative to select with meticulous care the subject-matter of their reading. Those

2 ENGLISH PROSE FOR INDIAN READERS

Imperial themes that are most likely to arouse their interest, have been frequently chosen—themes connected with the East in general or with India in particular ; and themes that illustrate the history of the British Empire. In other words many of the subjects of these extracts are correlated with such geographical or historical reading as is usually undertaken in Indian schools. But this, in itself, would not be enough. It is desirable to extend the horizon of the Indian schoolboy, and to give him some insight into the life of Europe, and some understanding of points of view different from his own. For this reason current literature has been adequately represented ; and the world-shaking events of the last five years, described by living masters, have not been overlooked. Keeping the linguistic aim in mind, it is essential that the subject of each extract should be well within the student's mental compass. A congenial subject is half the teacher's battle, recalling the well-known pedagogic maxim that interest is the pleasurable aspect of attention.

THE USE OF THIS BOOK

An anthology of prose provides a greater range of subject, style and vocabulary than may be found in any single author. But the value of its use will depend entirely upon the skill of the teacher. For the latter a few suggestions are now given that have special reference to the needs of Indian schools. In the senior classes of these schools the study of the language of the British Empire may be said to be threefold. There is a triple practice that may be briefly described as follows: (1) *English Read* : (2) *English Written* : and (3) *English Spoken*. Let us take each in turn.

English Read. The first difficulties are those of syntax and vocabulary. It may be assumed that the pupils who use this book have already made considerable progress in the reading of simple English ; and from this, advance should be made on the following lines : (1) the teacher may give some general idea of what the whole extract treats of ; (2) the pupil should read over by himself (or

the whole class may do this) each paragraph or main section; (3) he should be asked to explain *in his own words* what he has read. This process will show to the teacher at once what difficulties of syntax and vocabulary have arisen, and the removal of these difficulties must be undertaken at this stage. Progress on these lines is necessarily and desirably slow. The next and more advanced stage of treatment is the realisation of what has been called "literary architecture"—the constructive plan in the author's mind underlying story or description. With this in view the extracts of this book have been specially selected. Each is self-contained in so far as it has a single theme and a central interest. Each is in itself a brief story, or a short treatment of a simple idea or an easy description of some scene. How may the teacher turn this important feature to his pupil's use? The answer is twofold. In the first place he will lead his pupils to realise what are the essential points of the story or description and what are subsidiary. In the second place he will make this analysis the basis of constructive work in composition, and show how necessary it is to prepare a plan even for an essay written in school.

English Written. The essays written by the pupils of the two highest classes of a Matriculation school show as a rule the following main defects:—(1) There is no attempt at the paragraph—the form is defective; (2) expression is inaccurate, and shows what is best described as *bookishness*. It is unnecessary to discuss minor errors of spelling, syntax, grammar or idiom. Important as these are, they cannot be described as indicative of fundamental misapprehensions in the teaching of English; and they will disappear with practice. But the first two points require special consideration:—

- (1) The problem of the paragraph is simply the problem of the essential plan discussed above. A paragraph may be defined as a group of sequent sentences dealing with a single idea, and forming one division of an essay. The pupil about to write on any given theme must collect and arrange his ideas and his facts. He cannot do this at first

without assistance; and the teacher may give reasonable help to his class by providing *with their aid* a plan for each essay set. But through this process of mutual planning, the student must become independent of external help. An easy arrangement for the essay written in class, or for examination purposes, is to have five paragraphs, the first and fifth being briefly introductory and conclusive, and the three intermediate paragraphs dealing with the main theme. Three is a convenient number, as almost any subject can be so divided; but if more divisions are required, let these be used, and let each deal with some main idea or fact connected with the general subject of the essay.

- (2) A weak vocabulary will lead frequently to inaccuracy of expression, to the creation of phrases and sentences that merely hint at the idea the young writer is trying to convey, or obscure it altogether. But this defect of inaccuracy survives long after the student's vocabulary has been strengthened. In reality it is the result of inadequate thinking; and, in practice, encouraged by the type of theme frequently set for school essays. A moment's recollection of these themes shows an almost cynical indifference to the pupil's mental content. One example will suffice. Lord Macaulay, examining in 1836 in the Hindu College, set this theme to a junior class of young Indians—*The comparative advantage of the study of poetry and of history*. Now, let it be said at once, that this kind of thing is unwise and unfair. No student should be asked to discuss what he cannot be expected to understand thoroughly. If he be trained to the discussion of such themes, the result is inevitably a certain mental dishonesty that warps his intellectual life and progress. It is the teacher's business to select his themes from within the range of his pupil's mental grasp; and to be

certain that his knowledge of these themes will provide him with sufficient material for expression either in his own or in any other language.

The quality of the vocabulary illustrated in our Indian school essays is bookish in the extreme. This is the obvious result of a course of reading too literary in character, and of the existence of difficult poetry in our curricula. It is impossible to create out of the language of Shakespeare, Milton and Shelley (or of less gifted poets) the vocabulary of modern English speech. This latter may be found only in the modern prose of our own day, and in such masters of pure, idiomatic and homely English as produced *Robinson Crusoe* or *Gulliver's Travels*. The obvious course, therefore, is to select reading material to correspond with the needs of the young reader. But the problem is rather more complex than this and involves practice in the "speaking of modern English.

English Spoken: Following various systems of instruction, such as the Direct Method, a certain amount of simple spoken English is practised early in Indian school life. This frequently takes the form of easy questions and answers, but seldom advances far beyond this stage. The demands of reading, and of hard reading, soon drive the speaking of English into neglect. What does experience show? If any student of the Matriculation class be asked to tell *in his own words* the content of any section of his text book, he attempts to reproduce the actual words, phrases and sentences of that section, and, by dint of retentive memory, he achieves a somewhat melancholy success. But he fails in two ways. In the first place he does not, for he cannot, discriminate between the language of the printed page and the speech of verbal intercourse. He makes precisely the same mistake as the precocious little Macaulay who, at the age of nine, having spilt a cup of hot tea over his legs, replied to the enquiries of his anxious hostess—"Madam, the agony is abated." This is not the language used by Englishmen in

the current affairs of daily life, and to adopt it is merely to court ridicule. In the second place the student has no command over the framework of the English language. Making every allowance for a weak vocabulary (or for the hard words heroically remembered from the text-book) his phrases will not bend to his will, and his sentences are seldom completed. So long as our reading material is by compulsion of a richly literary kind, it must be expected that the power to read will far outstrip the power to speak. But it should be possible to combine the use and practice of written and spoken English, and to make each react upon the other. For most Indian boys expression cannot have two different forms—verbal and written. They will begin to speak as they have read; and it is at this stage that the teacher's guidance is indispensable. At one time there was in English schools an exercise known as *paraphrase* by means of which hard passages, chiefly in poetry, were translated into the student's own language. This exercise was designed mainly to test his knowledge of the poet's meaning. The literary result being in most cases deplorable, this exercise has fallen into disfavour; but for purely linguistic purposes, it has its uses. In practice it should be the teacher's normal duty to warn his Indian students when the language of the printed page becomes divorced from that of every-day speech. But this is not enough. That very language must be *paraphrased* by the young reader into daily speech. The task is hard and needs the teacher's closest application. But it involves the valuable compensation of exercise in oral expression, and it will lead in time to the writing of simple English prose.

In view of the points discussed above, it might be reasonable to ask why literary extracts should be given to Indian school-boys; and why the books they are compelled to read in school and college should contain at any time anything but the simplest language of daily life. It would be easy to refer this question to the Indian Universities. But let one aspect of the truth be known: there is hardly such a thing as *the simple language of daily life* in the complex world in which our lives are passed.

It is necessary to prepare the Indian boy for what is little less than an Imperial heritage. He will be in need of his newspaper or of his trade reports, even if he does not become a member of a learned profession. Our leading articles, our current journals and our commercial intelligence are fashioned of the language that derives from Shakespeare no less than the English Bible. Three centuries at least of a rich literary tradition are in our blood ; and in our speech there is the swift power of allusion that springs from an Imperial history. The whole world is the domain of our language ; and however tentatively and timidly we lead the Indian student towards this language, we must face inevitably the task of conquering a complex and allusive prose.

SECTION I

THE PRINTING PRESS AND THE BIBLE

This period is one of great importance in the history of the world. Indian students should remember that the Renaissance in Europe coincides with the foundation of the Mogul Empire. At this time also European influence began to be felt in India. In 1498 Vasco da Gama landed at Calicut. The first three Mogul Emperors : Babar (1526-30); Humayun (1530-56); and Akbar (1556-1605); cover one of the greatest literary periods in the history of Europe. Before Shakespeare's death in 1616, the East India Company had received its first charter from Queen Elizabeth, and Sir Thomas Roe had visited Jehangir as the ambassador of James I.

THE first book printed in England appeared in 1477 from the press which William Caxton established in the previous year at Westminster. The art of printing was already about thirty years old. Introduced into England from the continent of Europe, nearly one hundred years before Shakespeare was born, printing, as a craft, was able to develop on useful and practical lines before the greatest literary period in English history had begun.

Manuscripts had now to give place to printed books. The former were often beautifully produced; and, in the preparation of copies of any famous work, the toil must have been enormous. Of the first complete translation of the English Bible, made in the second half of the 14th century, there were 170 manuscripts. The work of copying these was carried on in the religious houses of England by specially trained monks whose lives were devoted to the art of illuminating their sacred books. Indian readers, familiar with the ornate copies of the Koran, may realise from these the appearance of English manuscripts up to the time of the introduction of printing. From this date

the production of books ceased to be an art of devotion: it became a craft or trade in touch with the market-place and with the every-day needs of the busy world. In this craft lay the possibility of our rapid modern journalism and of our cheap handy novel. For this reason the year 1476 should be remembered as one of the most important in the literary history of England.

It might be true to say that the invention of printing stimulated literary work in Europe; but it would be more accurate to say that this discovery coincided with a period of great intellectual and literary activity—the period of the Renaissance. At this time in England, the prose which may be read in the English Bible was fashioned and given a permanent form. In the late 14th century Wyclif, the Oxford scholar and reformer, had guided the translation from Latin into English of the whole Bible. This was done in order to provide the people of England with a version of the Scriptures in a language which they could understand. This version, in manuscript form, was known and used after the introduction of printing; but with the Renaissance came a great advance in scholarship, and new translations of the Bible from the original Hebrew and Greek texts were made in the early 16th century. In 1534 William Tyndale translated the New Testament from the original Greek; and in 1537 Miles Coverdale's version of both the Old and New Testaments appeared in England. Upon these works the standard edition of 1611, known as the Authorised Version, was based. It is unnecessary to tell how this work originated. It is enough to know that it was planned and executed by the most distinguished scholars of the day—the first work in England of an encyclopædic type. It was in every sense national: produced under the personal supervision of the King, and initiated at the desire of the representatives of the people.

The Bible is our first great monument of English prose. To understand this clearly, it must be remembered that the version of 1611 was based upon all the best preceding translations, and so carried on the traditions of the simple language of the people into which Wyclif had

translated the Latin Bible. Not only so, but when the Authorised Version was made, the literary life of England was vigorous and brilliant. It was an age of great poetry; and in the work of such poets as Shakespeare the language of England had been revived and strengthened. The Authorised Version not only inherited the best elements of simple English, but reflected the majesty of expression that belonged to the age of Shakespeare. For these reasons the work remains a model of English prose; and owing to its universal use amongst the people, its influence upon the spoken and written language of Englishmen has been profound. From this influence, still vigorous, no man educated in England can escape; and for this reason no student of the English language may hope to understand or appreciate English prose without some familiarity with the Authorised Version of the Bible.

The 16th century was pre-eminently an age of poetry and not an age of prose. The best thought of the time was expressed in dramatic literature; and not until after Shakespeare's death in 1616 did English prose become widely extensive and popular. But, in the lifetime of the great dramatist, there were certain writers of prose whose work has won enduring fame. Richard Hakluyt (1552-1616), an English clergyman, who loved the daring history of his country, compiled in 1599 a record of the chief voyages and discoveries of the English. In this work are to be found those tales of heroism and adventure by land and sea with which the age of Queen Elizabeth was replete. Froude, the historian, has described Hakluyt's volumes as "the prose epic of the modern English nation"; and they have inspired many a poet and many a novelist of a later day. Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618) is typical of the age in which he lived. He was a scholar, a soldier, a statesman, an adventurer, and a man of letters. His literary work reflected the vigorous manner of his life. It is to him that the world owes the story of the immortal fight of the *Revenge* against the fleet of Spain; and when imprisoned in the Tower of London, he wrote his "History of the World" in which he recorded his many reflections upon men and life. His contemporary, Francis Bacon

become immortal, and is familiar to modern readers in Tennyson's spirited poem, *The Revenge*.

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE *REVENGE*

It is agreeable with all good reason, for manifestation of the truth, that the beginning, continuance and success of this late honourable encounter of Sir Richard Grenville with the Armada of Spain should be truly set down and published without partiality or false imagination.

The Lord Thomas Howard, with six of her Majesty's ships, six victuallers of London, the barque *Raleigh* and two or three pinnaces riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the Westerly Islands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Middleton, being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news but the fleet was in sight. Many of our ships' companies were on shore in the island; some providing ballast for their ships; others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships were all pestered and everything out of order, very light for want of ballast; and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one-half part of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable. In the *Revenge* there were ninety diseased; in the *Bonaventure* not so many in health as could handle her mainsail: for had not twenty men been taken out of a barque of Sir George Carey's, his being commanded to be sunk, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest, for the most part, were in little better state.

The Spanish fleet having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand, as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last that weighed, to

there were none at all besides the mariners, but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only.

After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships, or into the seas.

After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the Armada, and the Admiral of the hulks both sunk; and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* own company, brought home in a ship from the islands, and examined by some of the Lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck till an hour before midnight; and then, being shot in the body with a musket as he was a-dressing, was again shot in the head, and withal his surgeon wounded to death.

But to return to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her side and aboard her: so that ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several Armadas assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were, by the break of day, far more willing to hearken to a composition, than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from

sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast—a small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron, all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defence.

Sir Richard, finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight the assault of fifteen several Armadas, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and finding that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him, commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship; that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards: seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal. He persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days.

The master-gunner readily consented, and divers others; but the Captain and the Master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same: and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, whose wounds were not mortal, they might do

their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves,—they answered, that the ship had six foot water in the hold, three shot under water, which were so weakly stopped, as with the first working of the sea she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised, as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the Master of the *Revenge* (while the captain won unto him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the *General Don Alonso Baçan*. Who finding none over hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the Master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition, yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent to England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from imprisonment. To this he so much the rather consented for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville; whom for his notable valour he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this answer was returned, and safety of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master gunner, it being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master gunner finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the *General* sent many boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the *General* and other ships.

Sir Richard thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alonso Baçan, to remove out of the *Revenge*, the ship being marvellous unsavoury, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men like a slaughter-house. Sir

Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again, desired the company to pray for him. The General used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valour and worthiness, and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being unto him a rare spectacle, to see one ship turned toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge Armadas, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries of so many soldiers.

There were slain and drowned in this fight well nigh two thousand of the enemy, and two special commanders, besides divers others of special account. Sir Richard died as it is said the second or third day aboard the *General* and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it were buried in the sea or on the land we know not. The comfort that remaineth to his friends is that he hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country and to his posterity, and that being dead, he hath not outlived his own honour.

To conclude, it hath ever to this day pleased God to prosper and defend her Majesty, to break the purposes of malicious enemies, of traitors and of unjust practices and invasions. And we her true and obedient vassals, guided by the shining light of her virtue, shall always love her, serve her and obey her to the end of our lives.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE

The Authorised Version of the English Bible was completed in 1611. It was the last of several translations, the first of which dates from the 14th century. No other work in the language is so great a monument of the purest English speech; and no other has influenced so deeply the writing of the modern masters of English prose. The following extract is taken from the book of Daniel. The episode described has been rendered into verse by Sir Edwin Arnold, in the poem which won the Newdigate prize in 1852.

THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR

BELSHAZZAR the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. Belshazzar, while he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem; that the king, and his princes, and his wives, might drink therein. Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem; and the king, and his princes, and his wives, drank in them. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.

In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another. The king cried aloud to bring in the astrologers, the Chaldeans, and the soothsayers. And the king spake, and said to the wise men of Babylon, Whosoever shall read this writing, and shew me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom. Then came in all the king's wise men: but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation thereof. Then was king Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance was changed in him.

Now the queen, by reason of the words of the king and his lords, came into the banquet house: and the queen spake and said, O king, live for ever: let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed: there is a man in thy kingdom, in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; and in the days of thy father light and understanding and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods, were found in him; whom the king Nebuchadnezzar, thy father, made master of the magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers; forasmuch as an excellent spirit, and knowledge, and understanding, interpreting of

dreams, and shewing of hard sentences, and dissolving of doubts, were found in the same Daniel, whom the king named Belteshazzar : now let Daniel be called, and he will shew the interpretation.

Then was Daniel brought in before the king. And the king spake and said unto Daniel, Art thou that Daniel, which art of the children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king my father brought out of Jewry? I have even heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods is in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent wisdom is found in thee. And now the wise men, the astrologers, have been brought in before me, that they should read this writing, and make known unto me the interpretation thereof : but they could not shew the interpretation of the thing : and I have heard of thee, that thou canst make interpretations, and dissolve doubts : now if thou canst read the writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and shalt be the third ruler in the kingdom.

Then Daniel answered and said before the king, Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another ; yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation. O thou king, the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honour : and for the majesty that he gave him, all people, nations, and languages, trembled and feared before him : whom he would, he slew ; and whom he would, he kept alive ; and whom he would, he set up ; and whom he would, he put down. But when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened with pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him : and he was driven from the sons of men ; and his heart was made like the beasts, and his dwelling was with the wild asses : they fed him with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven ; till he knew that the most high God ruled in the kingdom of men, and that he appointeth over it whomsoever he will.

And thou his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this ; but hast lifted up

thyself against the Lord of heaven ; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou, and thy lords, and thy wives, have drunk wine in them ; and thou hast praised the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know : and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified : then was the part of the hand sent from him ; and this writing was written.

And this is the writing that was written : This is the interpretation of the thing : God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians.

Then commanded Belshazzar, and they clothed Daniel with scarlet, and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made a proclamation concerning him, that he should be the third ruler in the kingdom.

In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain. And Darius the Median took the kingdom being about threescore and two years old.

SECTION II

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PROSE LITERATURE

This period extends approximately from the accession of Jehangir to the death of Aurengzeb. The beginning of English settlement in India is marked by the granting of trading rights at Surat in 1612; and the leasing of the site of Madras in 1639. Bombay came to England as part of the dowry of the bride of Charles II. in 1661; and seven years later it was granted to the East India Company. Calcutta was founded in 1690 by Job Charnock; and in 1702 the United East India Company was formed. François Bernier (1620-88), a French doctor, had visited and described the court of Aurengzeb. His travels were translated into English, and the glories of Mogul India were described for the people of London in *Aurengzeb*, the heroic drama of the poet Dryden, based upon the record of Bernier's Travels.

IN the period that lies between the death of Queen Elizabeth and the accession of Queen Anne great historical events were moulding the literature of England. Men had ceased to look abroad throughout the world for adventure, and had begun to scrutinise themselves, their faith, and their government. Religion and politics became absorbing problems. Before Englishmen were able to solve these, they had to endure a civil war resulting in the execution of their sovereign, the establishment of a commonwealth, the restoration of the monarchy, and a revolution which drove from the throne the ruling dynasty of England. These great events were reflected in, and gave stimulus to, the prose literature of the 17th century.

The brilliant work done by the writers of Shakespeare's time was carried on into the new age. Hakluyt and Raleigh had stimulated the study of history; and Bacon, in his brief life of Henry the Seventh, had created a model of careful historical writing. The political and religious trouble that came with the Civil War led men of letters

to record the events of their own day; and valuable memoirs and histories were produced. The Earl of Clarendon (1608-74) had witnessed the first battle of the Civil War, and had followed the fortunes of the exiled princes of England into France. His famous *History of the Rebellion in England* was begun in 1646, but was not made public until about sixty years later. Another work of equal interest and value was written by Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury (1643-1715). This book, entitled *The History of my own Time* contains a series of portraits of the leading men in one of the most fascinating periods of English history. It is still read as a storehouse of information. Like the work of Clarendon, it did not appear until after the author's death. A less ambitious, but a more popular writer, was Izaak Walton (1593-1683), who retired from business in London, and lived in the enjoyment of quiet country pleasures until his ninetieth year. His first works were biographical. He wrote the lives of certain distinguished English poets and ecclesiastics. These were finally published in a single volume that all lovers of literature have agreed to admire. Walton's most popular work is *The Compleat Angler*. This book appeared in 1653; and its pictures of English country life, its descriptions of fishing, the author's favourite pastime, and its quiet contemplation of men and life set forth in a style of quaint simplicity, have made it one of England's classical prose writings.

Walton was far removed from the turmoil of political life, and he ranks strangely with those writers to whom the problems of religion, government and science came first. Towards inquiry into all departments of human life and knowledge the best minds had been directed by the genius of Lord Bacon. The influence of this great thinker lived long after his death. He was the first Englishman to encourage the modern scientific spirit of inquiry, and to draw conclusions that were based upon observation and experiment. After his death it is of interest to note how scientific knowledge developed in England. The Royal Society was founded in 1662; and encouragement was given to the study of the various

physical sciences. Amid this activity was developed the work of Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727), the greatest of physicists, whose theory of the law of gravitation was finally demonstrated in 1684. Three years later his discoveries were published in the *Principia*, a treatise written in Latin, at that time the common language of the learned in Europe. It is unnecessary to discuss his position as a man of letters. One of his critics has written of him with truth that "his achievement was perhaps the most sublime ever permitted to mortal. He did more than any man towards the scientific understanding and explanation of the world."

The spirit of inquiry into the true meaning of life and into the wisest way of living, may be traced in the prose literature that deals with religion, education, government, and the art of letters. In the 17th century all these themes began to occupy the best minds of England. In religion the most prominent figure is that of Jeremy Taylor (1613-67). A royalist clergyman, he was one of the greatest preachers England has produced, and a prolific writer on religious themes. His sermons are still read. An author of a different type, but one whose fame has eclipsed that of any English writer on religious subjects, was John Bunyan (1628-88). He had served as a soldier in the Civil War, and knew the rough life of the people in 17th century England. He suffered from the religious intolerance of his day, and was twice imprisoned. While in jail, he wrote the first part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. This work, published in 1678, is known and read wherever the language of England is spoken. For students of English the book has a value scarcely less than that of the Bible. It is best described as an allegory, setting forth the progress of man through life, and expounding the simpler doctrines of the Christian faith. The narrative is so clear, graphic and arresting, that the book has become a favourite with children. "In every nursery," says Macaulay, "*The Pilgrim's Progress* is a greater favourite than *Jack the Giant Killer*." Of its language the same critic writes: "The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who

wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression which would puzzle the rudest peasant. There is no book in our literature on which we could so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed." *The Pilgrim's Progress*, unlike such famous works as *Paradise Lost*, had an immediate and extensive circulation. During the author's life, one hundred thousand copies were sold; and it has been translated into nearly one hundred different languages.

No other prose work in the 17th century achieved such popularity. At this time the interest of the people in religion was deep and wide, an interest rivalled only by the attraction of politics. Of the political writers Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679) is among the most distinguished. He was a royalist and acted as tutor to Prince Charles in 1647 when the latter was in exile in Paris. His greatest work is the *Leviathan*, which deals with the theory of a republic and upholds a despotic system of government. Very different were the views of the poet, John Milton (1608-74), whose prose works were written in the busy years of his service with the State. His most famous book is the *Areopagitica*, a treatise on the liberty of unlicensed printing. This appeared in 1644; and is one of several books that defended individual liberty, and upheld the theory of the commonwealth. Not the least of Milton's works is a valuable treatise on education, a subject which received consideration also from the philosopher John Locke (1632-1704), whose *Thoughts Concerning Education* makes a valuable contribution to this important theme. Locke's greatest work is *An Essay on the Human Understanding*. This was published in 1690, and has given him a foremost place in the history of European philosophy.

It was natural that the spirit of inquiry shown in such works should be extended to the art of writing. A great period of literary creation had ended with the death of

Shakespeare; and with the decline of poetry, the development of prose had been vigorously established. Men of letters began to inquire into the laws governing their art; and furnished with a powerful instrument of expression in prose, they began to discuss the poetry of the preceding age and to lay down rules of literary criticism. The first great literary critic of England was himself a poet. John Dryden (1631-1700) was the foremost man of letters in the latter part of the 17th century. He was at once poet, dramatist and writer of prose; and he did more than any of his contemporaries to hasten the development of the English language as an instrument of neat and polished expression. Many of the writers already named wrote with eloquence, dignity, and ornamentation. The prose of Milton and of Sir Thomas Browne, the author of the *Religion of a Physician* (1642), makes hard reading. It is weighed down by a load of learning: it tends to be over poetical, involved and obscure: it is such prose as follows upon an age of gorgeous poetry. Bunyan, however, wrote like a plain man for plain people: and Dryden combined scholarship with a desire to express clearly what his mind had conceived in a logical way. His chief work in prose is *An Essay of Dramatic Poesie*, a treatise on literary criticism. In reference to this work Sir Walter Scott wrote that "the prose of Dryden may rank with the best in the English language." The poet's death in 1700 may be taken as the close of a great literary epoch, a period as useful as it was brilliant; for in it was developed that manner of writing which made possible the useful art of stating facts with clarity and precision.

IZAACK WALTON

Izaak Walton (1593-1683) was a linen-draper in London, and in his trade acquired a modest fortune. He retired from business; and for forty years gave himself to literature and the simple pleasures of a country life. He is known by his lives of certain men of letters; and, best of all, by his *Compleat Angler*, in which the sport of fishing is minutely described and the attractions of the English country extolled. Walton is a master of simple and homely English; and to this day is

one of our best loved writers. The following extract is from the *Compliat Angler*. The work is mainly in dialogue. Venator, the Latin name for a hunter, is here in converse with Piscator, the name for a fisherman. The passage is famous as a description of old-fashioned country pleasure.

THE JOYS OF COUNTRY LIFE

Piscator: And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a Trout; and at my next walking, either this evening or to-morrow morning, I will give you direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

Venator: Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a Trout than a Chub; for I have put on patience, and followed you these two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

Piscator: Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? there is a Trout now and a good one too, if I can but hold him; and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him: reach me that landing-net. So, sir, now he is mine own: what say you now, is not this worth all my labour and your patience?

Venator: On my word, master, this is a gallant Trout; what shall we do with him?

Piscator: Marry, e'en eat him to supper: we'll go to my hostess from whence we came. She told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. We'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offence to God or man.

Venator: A match, good master, let's go to that house, for the linen looks white, and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

Piscator: Nay, stay a little, good scholar: I caught my last Trout with a worm; now I will put on a minnow,

and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another; and, so, walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all. Have with you, Sir: on my word I have hold of him! Oh! it is a great logger-headed Chub: come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, toward yonder high honeysuckle hedge: there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing; and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose-hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam: and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it:

"I was for that time lifted above earth."

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me: 'twas a handsome milk-maid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale. Her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it. It was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his younger days. They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder!

on my word, yonder, they both be a-milking again. I will give her the Chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a-fishing; and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed; and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

Milk-woman: Marry! God requite you, Sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully. And my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men. In the meantime will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? You shall have it freely.

Piscator: No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt; it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

Mother: Well! I have done my song. But stay, honest anglers, for I will make Maudlin sing you one short song more. Maudlin! sing that song that you sang last night, when young Coridon, the shepherd, played so purely on his oaten pipe to you and your cousin Betty.

Piscator: Well sung, good woman. I thank you. I'll give you another dish of fish-one of these days; and then beg another song of you. Look! yonder comes mine hostess to call us to supper. How now! Is my brother Peter come?

Hostess: Yes, and a friend with him. They are both glad to hear that you are in these parts; and long to see you; and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.

JOHN BUNYAN

John Bunyan (1628-88) fought in the Civil War and became a dissenting preacher. He suffered much from religious persecution; and, if he had no advantages from a sound education, he lived intensely

in the stirring and unsettled life of his time. He was a man of deep religious conviction and of unusual natural ability. *The Pilgrim's Progress* embodies his view of the Christian life. The story of Christian's career is in the form of a simple allegory; and so realistic are Bunyan's descriptions of his hero's experiences, that children have found irresistible attraction in the incidents of the story. Lord Macaulay revived the interest of the modern world in *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Throughout the work the influence of the prose style of the Bible is apparent; and in itself the book is a model of homely English.

(1) THE FIGHT WITH APOLLYON

THEN I saw in my dream, that these good companions (when Christian was got down to the bottom of the hill) gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went on his way.

But now, in this valley, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way, before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him: his name is *Apollyon*. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back, or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armour for his back; and therefore thought, that to turn the back to him might give him greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts: therefore he resolved to venture, and stand his ground; for, thought he, had I no more in my eye than the saving of my life, 'twould be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold. He was clothed with scales like a fish; he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he came up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him:

Apol. Whence come you, and whither are you bound?

Chr. I am come from the city of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and I am going to the city of Zion.

Apol. By this I perceive that thou art one of my subjects; for all that country is mine, and I am the Prince and God of it. How is it, then, that thou hast run

away from thy King? Were it not that I hope thou mayst do me more service, I would strike thee now, at one blow, to the ground.

Chr. Apollyon, beware what you do; for I am in the King's highway, the Way of Holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter; prepare thyself to die; for I swear that thou shalt go no farther: here will I spill thy soul—And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and, wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now: and with that he had almost pressed him to death; so that Christian began to despair of life. But, as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! When I fall, I shall arise;" and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian, perceiving that, made at him again, and with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian saw him no more.

In this combat, no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard, as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight. He spake like a dragon; and, on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword: then, indeed, he did smile, and look upward; but 'twas the dreadfullest sight that ever I saw.

(2) GIANT DESPAIR AND DOUBTING CASTLE

At last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till the day broke; but, being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called *Doubting Castle*, the owner whereof was *Giant Despair*, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping: wherefore, he getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and a surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were Pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the Giant, "You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The Giant therefore drove them before him, and put them into his Castle, in a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here then they lay, from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did. They were therefore here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now, in this place, Christian had double sorrow, because 'twas through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was *Difidence*. So, when he was gone to bed, he told his

wife what he had done, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also, what he had best do further with them. So she asked him, what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound : and he told her. Then she counselled him, that, when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them, as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste. Then he fell upon them, and beat them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress : so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night, she talking with her husband further about them, and, understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison. "For why," he said, "should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?" But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and, rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits, (for he sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands : wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and they thus began to discourse:

"Brother," said Christian, "what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether it is best, to live thus, or to die out of hand.

My soul chooseth strangling rather than life; and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon. Shall we be ruled by the Giant?"

Hope. : "Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me, than thus for ever to abide. Let us consider again that all the law is not in the hand of the Giant Despair. Others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or he may, in a short time, have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? and if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. The time may come that may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers." With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together, in the dark, that day, in that sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards evening, the Giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but, when he came there, he found them alive; and, truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive: at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born. At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the Giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now Christian again seemed for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth:

"My brother," said he, "rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee; nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship,

terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through, and art thou now nothing but fears? Wherefore let us bear up with patience as well as we can."

Now, night being come again, and the Giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel: To which he replied: "They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves." Then said she: "Take them into the Castle-Yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already despatched; and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them."

So, when the morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the Castle-Yard, and shews them as his wife had bidden him. "These," said he, "were Pilgrims as you are once; and they trespassed on my grounds as you have done; and, when I thought fit I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again!" and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday, in lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the Giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and withal the old Giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied: "I fear," said she, "that they live in hopes that some will come to relieve them; or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape." "Sayest thou so, my dear," said the Giant; "I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into this passionate speech: "What a fool," quoth he, "am I, to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty. I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then said Hopeful, "That's

good news: good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom, and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door, that leads into the Castle-Yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking, that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

SECTION III

THE NEWSPAPER, THE ESSAY, AND THE NOVEL

The period in Indian history beginning with the formation of the United East India Company in 1702, and extending to the end of the governor-generalship of the Marquis of Wellesley in 1805, coincides with one of the most brilliant epochs in the literary history of England. The state trials of Lord Clive and of Warren Hastings are memorable, the latter giving an opportunity to the eloquence of Burke. It is interesting to note that the founder of the famous Pitt family which provided two distinguished prime ministers to the British Empire of the 18th century, was at one time the Governor of Madras—the renowned Thomas Pitt. Hastings, the schoolfellow of the poet Cowper, left India in 1785. During his term of office was begun the study of oriental languages and literature in which Sir William Jones distinguished himself; and, before the close of the 18th century, the movement towards English education, initiated by Charles Grant of the Company's service, had been inaugurated.

THE eighteenth century, one of the most brilliant periods in the literary history of England, inherited much of the political trouble born of the revolution of 1688. In that year the Stuart sovereign, James II, had been driven from his throne. William, Prince of Orange, reigned in his place; and, on his death in 1702, the Princess Anne became Queen of England. James had a son whose claims to the English throne were supported by many Englishmen, and in whose favour rebellion broke out in 1715. As in the previous century, the political life of England was dangerously disturbed. Once again Englishmen had to take sides; and, while the disaster of a second civil war was averted, there grew up a bitter rivalry between the main political parties of the time. Political life was concentrated in London, the centre of society and government. The strife of party became a fashionable

craze, and soon influenced the literature of the day. At this time, also, communication between the city and the country became easy and frequent; and the great wars with France had brought England into closer touch with the Continent of Europe. As we have already seen, prose, the ordinary medium of literary expression, had become easy and graceful. Everything was ready, therefore, for the creation of new forms of literature to serve the rapidly developing life of the time.

These new forms were in the main three: the newspaper, the essay, and the novel. Their very names link our own day with the age of Queen Anne and the first Georges. The newspapers of the reign of Queen Anne provided for an eager audience, in the capital and in the great country houses, the gossip of the chief political parties and the war news of the continent. Into these *news sheets* it was easy to insert short articles that developed into essays, brief treatises upon popular themes. In this way periodical and magazine literature was created; and the first example of this kind was *The Tatler*, which began to circulate three times each week in 1709, and lived for about eighteen months. Sir Richard Steele (1672-1729) was the founder of this paper. He wrote the majority of its essays, describing and criticising the fashionable life of London; and in this work he was assisted by two other writers, Swift and Addison. In the year 1711, shortly after the collapse of *The Tatler*, another paper, *The Spectator*, appeared. Of this Joseph Addison was the chief supporter; and one of his collaborators was Steele. It was not long lived, ceasing its circulation at the end of the year 1712. In the next year *The Guardian* was started; and in this Addison and Steele were again collaborators. It lived for about six months. These periodicals had, for their time, a large circulation of as many as 14,000 copies each day of issue. Their influence upon the life and manners of the time was undoubted. The genial humour of Steele lit up the social evils of the age and pointed to a better way of living. He was one of the first English writers to dwell upon the need for the education of women. His manner was that of a pleasant and

accomplished man of the world, who knew the life which he described and satirised. His colleague, Addison, was a scholar of wide travel and experience, whose influence upon the development of English literature has been enormous. He created the famous Sir Roger de Coverley, the typical English country gentleman; but his greatest achievement was the direction of literary taste upon accurate models, the perfection of an easy and graceful prose style, and the popularising throughout the whole country of the best that English literature had to show. In the work of these two authors may be found the origins of our best modern prose literature; and their names for this reason are great and memorable.

How fruitful was their example, may be seen in the great body of excellent novels that were produced in England before 1750. Those who know the charming pictures of English country life in Addison's story of Sir Roger de Coverley will understand how easily this type of writing could be extended and made more comprehensive. There had been stories in England told with charm and skill before that of Sir Roger de Coverley: but here was a true representation of English life, and an attempt to show men to themselves as they really were. The fantastic and the improbable were rejected, and writers and readers made the discovery that "the proper study of mankind is man." A few years after the *Modals* started by Steele had ceased to circulate, two famous prose works were produced. These were *Robinson Crusoe* by Daniel Defoe (1659-1731) and *Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift (1667-1745). The first was published in 1719, and still holds its place as a great work of fiction. Every schoolboy knows the story of the castaway, the original being Alexander Selkirk, who was thrown on a desert island and there reconstructed his life. *Gulliver's Travels* appeared in 1726. It resembles *Robinson Crusoe* in the great simplicity of its prose, and in the author's attention to the slightest detail of his narrative; but, while it reads like a child's fairy tale, it is in reality a terrible satire upon mankind. Both books are works of unquestioned genius; and in them English prose had

passed beyond all stages of preparation, and become a finished instrument of expression. It is a piece of rare fortune that both these works, like the *Pilgrim's Progress*, have made an irresistible appeal to young readers, thereby solving the schoolmaster's problem—the combination of pleasure and instruction.

Robinson Crusoe and *Gulliver's Travels* hold an isolated position in the history of our literature. The true continuation of Addison's work is to be found in the three authors, all contemporary, who created and developed the novel as we know it in our own day. Samuel Richardson (1689–1761) has often been called the father of English fiction. His works appeared between 1740 and 1753; and his most famous book, *Clarissa Harlowe*, was produced in 1747. Two years later Henry Fielding (1707–54) published his best known novel, *Tom Jones*, a work which is still supreme as a picture of a famous age, and as a commentary upon life and morals. Almost at the same date, Tobias Smollett (1721–71) wrote his *Roderick Random*. This author continued to work up to the year of his death in 1771, and brings the history of the novel down to the close of the 18th century. He had an unrivalled knowledge of the life of his time and a great power of accurate description.

It is impossible to name all the works produced by these authors, or to give more than the briefest account of the great body of literature produced in England in the 18th century. Curiously enough, this literature is epitomised in the miscellaneous work of two famous writers, Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith. To study the lives and writings of these two masters, is to understand one of the greatest periods in the literary history of England. Samuel Johnson (1709–84) is one of the greatest literary figures of Europe. He was poet, dramatist, essayist and novelist; and he gave to England its first great dictionary. He is a master of prose; and, in his lives of the English poets, he spoke with authority upon the art of writing. Goldsmith (1728–74) was likewise a poet and dramatist; but his fame is most securely founded upon his one great novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

In three other departments of prose literature the 18th century was distinguished. History was now written better than ever before in England. Biography rose to the level of a fine art; and the writing of letters was so abundant and of such quality as to create a distinct body of valuable prose literature. David Hume (1711-76), the Scottish philosopher, completed his *History of Great Britain* by the year 1762. William Robertson (1721-93), a Scottish clergyman, became known by his history of Scotland, and famous throughout Europe by his history of America and his history of the reign of Charles V. This work appeared in 1769, about seven years before the first portion of Edward Gibbon's (1737-94) masterpiece was published. *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is a work that ranks with the greatest of European literature, and brings honour to the land of its production. Its style, dignified and sonorous, is in keeping with the majesty of the subject; and in its pages English prose and English scholarship had reached one high level of excellence. From such lengthy and dignified works it is pleasing to turn to the lighter biographical and epistolary writing of this period. The 18th century produced the most famous biography of England, Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson*; and William Cowper, the retired poet of Olney, earned for himself the title of the best letter writer in the English language. James Boswell (1740-95) was the friend and companion of Dr. Samuel Johnson. His work is a faithful picture of a great character, and a wonderful epitome of the literary life of 18th century London. William Cowper (1731-1800) gave to the world, in the letters addressed to his various friends, a variety of charming descriptions of his retired country life and of his literary work. The schoolfellow of Warren Hastings, his life was passed away from the bustle of London; and in his retirement and love of nature, he resembles those more famous writers who were about to make the early 19th century distinguished as a period of great poetry. The simplicity and accuracy of his letters have kept his name on the list of great prose writers.

Here, in the brief space of a century, we may find the

origins of the modern literature of England and the Empire. The newspaper, the essay, and the novel are still with us, a part of our daily intellectual life. History has become a hard taskmaster, demanding accuracy of research and careful balance of judgment; but this branch of letters achieved distinction in England in the 18th century. Biography, especially that of men of letters, developed the art of literary criticism, and gave a dignity to the profession of literature never before achieved in England. In every way, the age was literary on a large scale, and its legacy is one of great value and of inexhaustible pleasure.

JOSEPH ADDISON

Joseph Addison (1672-1719) was educated at Oxford and obtained a fellowship in 1698. He was an accomplished scholar, and attracted the notice of the poet Dryden by his poems, essays and translations. His ability was soon recognised by the political leaders of his time who secured for him a pension to enable him to prepare by travel for public life. As a dramatist and poet he became famous; but his reputation rests chiefly upon his periodical essays contributed to the *Tatler*, *Spectator* and *Guardian*. In these Addison not only popularised the best literature of England and set up a standard of literary taste, but fashioned English prose upon new models. His easy, graceful and polished style is unmistakable; and partly by the charm of his writing, and partly by the application of his scholarship to the improvement of life, manners and taste, he must be regarded as one of the greatest of English men of letters.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY

Spectator, No 106, and No. 116 (July 2, 1711, and July 13, 1711.)

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own

table or in my chamber, as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shews me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields, I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the Knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him. By this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his *valet de chambre* for his brother, his butler is grey-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a grey pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them press'd forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the enquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages every body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with. On the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of

pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation. He heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

* * * *

Sir Roger is so keen at sport, that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rode along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighbourhood towards my friend. The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old Knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind enquiry after their fathers and uncles.

After we had rid about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze-brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavoured to make the company sensible of by extending my arm; but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me *if puss was gone that way?* Upon my answering yes, he immediately called in the dogs, and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country fellows muttering to his companion, *That 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying "STOLE AWAY!"*

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the picture of the whole chase, without the fatigue of

keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find, that instead of running straight forwards, or in hunter's language, *flying the country*, as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired amongst them: If they were at fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly Knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gaiety of five and twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me, that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry in view. I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of everything around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo, from two neighbouring hills, with the hallowing of the sportsmen, and sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies; when the huntsman getting forward threw down his polo before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours,

yet on the signal before mentioned they all made a sudden stand, and tho' they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms; which he soon delivered up to one of his servants with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard; where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good-nature of the Knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

JONATHAN SWIFT

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) is one of the most interesting figures in the history of English literature. In his youth he was befriended by Sir William Temple, the essayist; and, after graduating at Trinity College, Dublin, he became a clergyman. Swift was conscious of his great ability, and took a vigorous part in the political life of Queen Anne's reign. He was disappointed, however, in his hopes of preferment; and regarded the position of Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin as little better than exile from the literary centre of England. His political writings apart, he appears to have given greatest care to the satirical work, *Gulliver's Travels*, which was published in 1726. The book resembles *Robinson Crusoe* in its clear and simple style; and in its power of detailed portraiture. In creating a world of diminutive beings and another of giants, Swift laughs at the absurdities of humanity; but his good humour changes to terrific anger against the corruption of men. The stories of the little and the big people have been the delight of children for nearly two hundred years.

(1) GULLIVER AMONGST THE LITTLE PEOPLE

THE empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the north-east of Lilliput, from which it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I communicated to his majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed; who told me

that in the middle at high water it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most. I walked towards the north-east coast, over against Blefuscu, where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war, and a great number of transports. I then came back to my house, and gave orders for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger; and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground. I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy were so frightened when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face, and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept, among other little necessities, a pair of spectacles, in a private pocket. These I took out, and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose; and thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect than a little to decompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand began to pull: but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors; so that the

boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and having the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred shots in my face and hands. Then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with the greatest ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner. But he was soon eased of his fears; for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant King of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

(2) GULLIVER AMONGST THE BIG PEOPLE

I SHOULD have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents, some of which I shall venture to relate.

The greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet while she went somewhere upon business, or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet window, and skip about from one side to the other: whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down. till

at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room or box; but the monkey, looking in at every side put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me; and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which, being made of that country silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot and held me as a nurse does a child, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet-door, as if somebody was opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted: that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore paws, and feeding me with the other by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men ; which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge-tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves ; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches pocket, brought me down safe.

DANIEL DEFOE

Daniel Defoe (1659-1731) was educated as a clergyman and took part in the troubled political life of England at the time of the Revolution of 1688. He was a diligent writer on political and social subjects ; but his genius tended towards the novel. In 1719 *Robinson Crusoe* was published ; and in the following year he produced *The Memoirs of a Cavalier* and *Captain Singleton*, realistic novels describing the life of 17th and 18th century England. He wrote the life he knew ; and his descriptions of men and manners are more faithful than pleasing. *Robinson Crusoe* is founded upon the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, a Scottish sailor who was thrown on a desert island and lived alone for many years. Yet the story owes nothing to actual fact. The whole life of Crusoe has been created by Defoe's vivid imagination, and represented with an extraordinary power of visualisation. For this reason the book is the favourite reading of children, and ranks with *Gulliver's Travels* and *The Pilgrim's Progress* in its accurate yet imaginary portraiture.

CRUSOE FINDS A COMPANION

I WAS surprised, one morning early, with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side of the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed, and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my measures ; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my measures, to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed :

so I lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomfited : however, I put myself into all the same postures for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was just ready for action, if anything had presented.

Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill, by my two stages, as usual ; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me by any means. Here I observed, by the help of my perspective glass, that they were no less than thirty in number ; that they had a fire kindled, and that they had meat dressed. How they had cooked it I knew not, or what it was ; but they were all dancing, in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, their own way, round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived, by my perspective, two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where, it seems, they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword, for that was their way, and two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very moment, this poor wretch seeing himself a little at liberty, and unbound, nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands, directly towards me, I mean towards that part of the coast where my habitation was. I was dreadfully frightened, I must acknowledge, when I perceived him run my way, and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover, when I found that there were not above three men that followed him ; and still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running, and gained ground of them, so that if he could but hold it for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

There was between them and my castle the creek, which I mentioned often in the first part of my story, where I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and this I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there: but when the savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up; but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes, or thereabouts, landed, and ran on with exceeding strength and swiftness. When the three persons came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that, standing on the other side, he looked at the others, but went no farther, and soon after went softly back again; which, as it happened, was very well for him in the end. I observed, that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow was that fled from them. It came now very warmly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly that now was the time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately ran down the ladders with all possible expedition, fetched my two guns, for they were both at the foot of the ladders; and getting up again, with the same haste, to the top of the hill, I crossed toward the sea, and having a very short cut, and all downhill, placed myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first, perhaps, as much frightened at me as at them; but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and, in the meantime, I slowly advanced towards the two that followed. Rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece. I was loth to fire, because I would not have the rest hear; though, at that distance, it would not have been easily heard, and being out of sight of the smoke too, they would not have easily known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued him stopped; as if he had been frightened, and I advanced a space towards him: but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me: so I was then

necessitated to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage who had fled but had stopped, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frightened with the fire and noise of my piece, that he stood stock still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined still to fly than to come on. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way; then stopped again, and then a little farther, and stopped again; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and had just been to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned to him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in token of acknowledgment for saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer: at length he came close to me; and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head: this, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave for ever. I took him up, and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I knocked down was not killed but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself: so I pointed to him, and showed him the savage, that he was not dead: upon this he spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear; for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard, my own excepted, for above twenty-five years. But there was no time for such reflections now; the savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground, and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I presented my other piece at the man, as if I would shoot him. Upon this my savage, for so I call him now, made a motion to me to lend him my sword which hung naked in a belt by my side, which I did.

He no sooner had it, but he runs to his enemy, and, at one blow, cut off his head ; which I thought very strange for one who, I had reason to believe, never saw a sword in his life before, except their own wooden swords. It seems, as I learned afterwards, they make their wooden swords so sharp, so heavy, and the wood is so hard, that they will cut off heads even with them, ay and arms, and that at one blow too. When he had done this, he comes laughing to me, in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with abundance of gestures, which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed, just before me. But that which astonished him most was to know how I killed the other savage so far off : so pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him ; so I bade him go, as well as I could. When he came to him, he stood like one amazed, turning him first on one side, then on the other, and looked at the wound the bullet had made, which, it seems, was just in his breast where it had made a hole, and no great quantity of blood had followed, but he had bled inwardly for he was quite dead.

He took up his bows and arrows, and came back ; so I turned to go away, and beckoned him to follow me, making signs to him that more might come after them. Upon this, he made signs to me that he should bury them with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest, if they followed ; and so I made signs to him again to do so. He fell to work ; and, in an instant, he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands, big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him ; and did so by the other also. I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle but quite away, to my cave, on the farther part of the island. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for, by his running ; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go and lie down to sleep, showing him a place where I had laid some rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes, so the poor creature lay down, and went to sleep.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON

William Robertson (1721-97), a Scotch historian, became famous in 1759 by his *History of Scotland*, which dealt with the romantic period of Mary Stuart and James VI. He was appointed Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and continued his historical studies, writing on the reign of Charles V. and on the development of America. Both works made his reputation European in extent, and gave him the friendship of all the prominent men of letters of his time. He writes with dignity, vigour and clarity. His work is regarded as marking a definite advance in the development of historical study in Europe.

COLUMBUS LANDS IN AMERICA

COLUMBUS was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice, by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions, he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign, if, by their dastardly behaviour, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence, were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indication of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the

south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided, in several of their discoveries, by the motion of birds, altered his course from the due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly; having seen no object, during thirty days, but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost: the officers, who hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and to return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which having been tried so often had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men, in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him, and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land was not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable. Nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising, that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and

the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and, during night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the 11th of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch, lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land which had been so long the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the Queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of *land! land!* was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to

Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the land with their colours displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the New World which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves about it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind, in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed, in silent admiration, upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered

a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror, that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children from the Sun, who had descended to visit the Earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb, and shrub, and tree, was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses around their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper colour, their features singular, rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their body, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles, in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value that they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called *canoes*; and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, every thing was conducted amicably, and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country.

EDWARD GIBBON

Edward Gibbon (1737-94) was privately educated; and, save for a brief period at Oxford, he owed nothing to schools or colleges. He studied chiefly in Switzerland, and became a master of modern and classical literature. In 1764, when visiting Rome, he decided upon the theme of his life's work, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. He became a member of Parliament; but took little interest in public affairs. In 1776 the first volume of his history was published. Its success was immediate. In 1787 the whole was completed; and its author's fame was established as the writer of the greatest historical work ever produced by an Englishman.

TIMOUR THE TARTAR

TIMOUR's standard was unfurled for the invasion of China; the emirs made their report of two hundred thousand veteran soldiers of Iran and Touran; their baggage and provisions were transported by five hundred great wagons, and an immense train of horses and camels; and the troops might prepare for a long absence, since more than six months were employed in the tranquil journey of a caravan from Samarcand to Peking. Neither age nor the severity of the winter could retard the impatience of Timour; he mounted on horseback, passed the Sihoon on the ice, marched seventy-six parasangs (three hundred miles) from his capital, and pitched his last camp in the neighbourhood of Otrar, where he was expected by the angel of death. Fatigue, and the indiscreet use of iced water, accelerated the progress of his fever; and the conqueror of Asia expired in the seventieth year of his age, thirty-five years after he had ascended the throne of Zagatai. His designs were lost; his armies were disbanded; China was saved; and fourteen years after his decease, the most powerful of his children sent an embassy of friendship and commerce to the court of Peking.

The fame of Timour has pervaded the east and west; his posterity is still invested with the imperial title; and the admiration of his subjects, who revered him almost as a deity, may be justified in some degree by the praise or confession of his bitterest enemies. Although he was

lame of a hand and foot, his form and stature were not unworthy of his rank; and his vigorous health so essential to himself and to the world, was corroborated by temperance and exercise. In his familiar discourse, he was grave and modest, and if he was ignorant of the Arabic language, he spoke with fluency and elegance the Persian and Turkish idioms. It was his delight to converse with the learned on topics of history and science; and the amusement of his leisure hours was the game of chess, which he improved or corrupted with new refinements. In his religion he was a zealous, though not perhaps an orthodox, Mussulman; but his sound understanding may tempt us to believe that a superstitious reverence for omens and prophesies, for saints and astrologers, was only affected as an instrument of policy. In the government of a vast empire he stood alone and absolute, without a rebel to oppose his power, a favourite to seduce his affections, or a minister to mislead his judgment. It was his firmest maxim that whatever might be the consequence, the word of the prince should never be disputed or recalled; but his foes have maliciously observed that the commands of anger and destruction were more strictly executed than those of beneficence and favour. His sons and grandsons, of whom Timour left six-and-thirty at his decease, were his first and most submissive subjects; and whenever they deviated from their duty, they were corrected, according to the laws of Zingis, with the bastonade, and afterwards restored to honour and command. Perhaps his heart was not devoid of the social virtues; perhaps he was not incapable of loving his friends and pardoning his enemies; but the rules of morality are founded on the public interest, and it may be sufficient to applaud the wisdom of a monarch for the liberality by which he is not impoverished, and for the justice by which he is strengthened and enriched. To maintain the harmony of authority and obedience, to chastise the proud, to protect the weak, to reward the deserving, to banish vice and idleness from his dominions, to secure the traveller and merchant, to restrain the depredations of the soldier, to cherish the labours of the husbandman, to encourage

industry and learning, and, by an equal and moderate assessment, to increase the revenue without increasing the taxes, are indeed the duties of a prince; but, in the discharge of these duties, he finds an ample and immediate recompense. Timour might boast that, at his accession to the throne, Asia was the prey of anarchy and rapine, whilst under his prosperous monarchy, a child, fearless and unhurt, might carry a purse of gold from the east to the west. Such was his confidence of merit, that from this reformation he derived an excuse for his victories, and a title to universal dominion. The four following observations will serve to appreciate his claim to the public gratitude; and perhaps we shall conclude that the Mogul emperor was rather the scourge than the benefactor of mankind. 1. If some partial disorders, some local oppressions, were healed by the sword of Timour, the remedy was far more pernicious than the disease. By their rapine, cruelty, and discord, the petty tyrants of Persia might afflict their subjects, but whole nations were crushed under the footsteps of the reformer. The ground which had been occupied by flourishing cities was often marked by his abominable trophies—by columns or pyramids of human heads. Astracan, Carizme, Delhi, Ispahan, Bagdad, Aleppo, Damascus, Boursa, Smyrna, and a thousand others, were sacked, or burned, or utterly destroyed in his presence, and by his troops; and perhaps his conscience would have been startled if a priest or philosopher had dared to number the millions of victims whom he had sacrificed to the establishment of peace and order. 2. His most destructive wars were rather inroads than conquests. He invaded Turkestan, Kipzak, Russia, Hindostan, Syria, Anatolia, Armenia, and Georgia, without a hope or a desire of preserving those distant provinces. From thence he departed laden with spoil, but he left behind him neither troops to awe the contumacious, nor magistrates to protect the obedient natives. When he had broken the fabric of their ancient government, he abandoned them to the evils which his invasion had aggravated or caused; nor were these evils compensated by any present or possible benefits. 3. The kingdoms of

Transoxiana and Persia were the proper field which he laboured to cultivate and adorn, as the perpetual inheritance of his family. But his peaceful labours were often interrupted, and sometimes blasted, by the absence of the conqueror. While he triumphed on the Volga or the Ganges, his servants, and even his sons, forgot their master and their duty. The public and private injuries were poorly redressed by the tardy rigour of inquiry and punishment; and we must be content to praise the institutions of Timour as the specious idea of a perfect monarchy. 4. Whatsoever might be the blessings of his administration, they evaporated with his life. To reign, rather than to govern, was the ambition of his children and grandchildren, the enemies of each other and of the people. A fragment of the empire was upheld with some glory by Sharokh, his youngest son; but after his decease, the scene was again involved in darkness and blood; and before the end of a century, Transoxiana and Persia were trampled by the Uzbeks from the north, and the Turkmen of the black and white sheep. The race of Timour would have been extinct, if a hero, his descendant in the fifth degree, had not fled before the Uzbek arms to the conquest of Hindostan. His successors—the great Moguls—extended their sway from the mountains of Cashmir to Cape Comorin, and from Candahar to the Gulf of Bengal. Since the reign of Aurengzebe, their empire has been dissolved; their treasures of Delhi have been rifled by a Persian robber; and the richest of their kingdoms is now possessed by a company of Christian merchants, of a remote island in the northern ocean.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Oliver Goldsmith (1728–74) ranks with Dr. Samuel Johnson as a master of miscellaneous literature. He was a successful dramatist and essayist; and he has written one of the most popular novels in the English language, *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Goldsmith is well known by his poetry; but his one novel puts him in the front rank of writers of prose. He was a prominent figure in the literary world of London described in Boswell's life of Dr. Johnson.

THE MISFORTUNES OF POVERTY

THE misfortunes of the great, my friend, are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation, and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers : they have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

Yet where is the magnanimity of bearing misfortunes when the whole world is looking on? Men in such circumstances can act bravely even from motives of vanity. He only who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity, who without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to allviate his distresses, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great ; whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect. The miseries of the poor are, however, entirely disregarded ; though some undergo more real hardships in one day than the great in their whole lives.

With what indignation do I hear the heroes of tragedy complain of misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity is founded in arrogance and pride ! Their severest distresses are pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day sustain without murmuring. These may eat, drink and sleep, have slaves to attend them, and are sure of subsistence for life ; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort or to assist them, find enmity in every law, and are too poor to obtain even justice.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow begging at one of the outlets of this town, with a wooden leg. I was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation ; and, after giving him what I thought proper, desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, with an intrepidity truly British, leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows :—

"As for misfortunes, sir, I cannot pretend to have gone through more than others. Except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain. There are some who have lost both legs and an eye; but, thank Heaven, it is not quite so bad with me

"My father was a labourer in the country, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third; till at last it was thought I belonged to no parish at all. At length, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and had actually learned my letters; but the master of the work-house put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet.

"Here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir far from the house, for fear I should run away: but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me.

"I was next bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late, but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died. Being then obliged to provide for myself, I was resolved to go and seek my fortune. Thus I lived, and went from town to town, working when I could get employment, and starving when I could get none, and might have lived so still; but happening one day to go through a field belonging to a magistrate I spied a hare crossing the path just before me. I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me. He called me a villain, and collar'ing me, desired I would give an account of myself. I began immediately to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed and generation: but though I gave a very long account, the justice said I could give no account of myself; so I was indicted, and found guilty of being poor, and sent

to Newgate, in order to be transported to the plantations.

"People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had plenty to eat and drink, and did no work; but alas! this kind of life was too good to last for ever! I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off with two hundred more. Our passage was but indifferent, for we were all confined in the hold, and died very fast, for want of sweet air and provisions; but for my part, I did not want meat, because I had a fever all the way. Providence was kind; when provisions grew short, it took away my desire of eating. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters. I was bound for seven years, and as I was no scholar (for I had forgot my letters) I was obliged to work among the negroes, and served out my time as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go into the country, but kept about town, and did little jobs when I could get them. I was very happy in this manner for some time; till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand still. They belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice, and as I could give no account of myself (that was the thing that always hobbled me), I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man-of-war, or list for a soldier. I chose to be a soldier; and in this post of a gentleman I served two campaigns, was at the battles of Flanders, and received but one wound through the breast, which is troublesome to this day.

"When the peace came on, I was discharged; and as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes painful, I listed for a landman in the East India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and verily believe, that if I could read or write, our captain would have given me promotion, and made me a corporal. But that was not my good fortune. I soon fell sick, and when

I have a good-looking diamond ring to sell, which I saved in the capture. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I expected to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of paying my money, but they were not so wicked then, and I was prevented again by your countrymen not on shore.

"The boatman found me," he said, an obstinate fellow. He swore that I understood my business perfectly well, but that I pretended to know nothing to be able to cheat him. I know nothing of such matters! He kept me without considering what he was about. But still my forty pounds was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost it all!

"Our crew was carried into a French prison, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but for my part it was nothing to me, for I was chained. One night, however, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me (for I always loved to lie well), I was awakened by the boatman, who had a dark-lantern in his hand. 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentry's brains?'—'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand.'—'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I hope we shall do business.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. We had no arms; but one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time: so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by an English privateer, who was glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not so much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with a French man-of-war, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the

Frenchman, but unfortunately we lost almost all our men just as we were going to get the victory. I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to my old jail in Brest; but by good fortune we were retaken, and carried to England once more.

"I had almost forgotten to tell you, that in this last engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. Had I the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life, but that was not my chance. One man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, I enjoy good health, and have no enemy in this world that I know of."

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving my friend and me in an admiration of his intrepidity, and content; nor could we avoid acknowledging that an habitual acquaintance with misery is the truest school of fortitude and philosophy.

WILLIAM COWPER

William Cowper (1731-1800) is best known as a poet; but his correspondence with various friends has earned him the title of the best of English letter-writers. His life was that of a recluse; and he anticipated the work of such poets as Wordsworth, who in the succeeding century lived and wrote in the retirement of the English country. Educated at Westminster along with Warren Hastings, Cowper was trained for the law; but mental disease compelled him to retire from public life. His letters deal with the simple everyday incidents of a retired scholar; and in their unaffected ease are amongst the finest models of English prose literature.

MY TAME HARES

IN the year 1774, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of anything that would

engage my attention, without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner ever day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that, in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my ease required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present, and the consequence was that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them—Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives I must inform you that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment, which was kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the daytime they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him (for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick), and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar

occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of the cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening: in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away, and on the whole it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He, too, was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if after his recovery I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore-feet, spring forward, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way; even his surliness was matter of mirth, and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, when the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest. One evening the cat, being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Bess.

upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws, and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features that he can, by that indication only, distinguish each from all the rest; and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in hares, and am persuaded that among a thousand of them no two could be found exactly similar; a circumstance little suspected by those who have not had opportunity to observe it. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration that is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole being burnt in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the closest scrutiny. They seem, too, to be very much directed by the smell in the choice of their favourites; to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once, his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that, impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins, by a fall; Puss is still living, and has

just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he has grown more discreet and less frolicsome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance, a spaniel that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is, therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it; they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709-84) was the son of a bookseller whose misfortunes in trade compelled him to leave Oxford without a degree. Along with David Garrick, afterwards the distinguished actor, he went to London, and undertook miscellaneous literary work. His poem, *London*, brought him some recognition; and he was commissioned to compile a *Dictionary of the English Language*. This work is still famous. Johnson was a master of what is best described as miscellaneous literature: he was dramatist, essayist, poet and lexicographer, and came to be recognised as the most representative man of letters in England. His best known prose works are *Rasselas*, an imaginary eastern tale, and the *Lives of the English Poets*. In the last work he gave rein to his views on the art of letters; and established his fame as a vigorous, independent and keen-sighted literary critic. His personality and work have been made prominent by the famous story of his life written by his constant companion, James Boswell.

THE HAPPY VALLEY

YE who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of *Rasselas*, prince of Abyssinia.

Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty emperor, in whose dominions the Father of Waters begins his course; whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty, and scatters over the world the harvests of Egypt.

According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

The place, which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes, was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Ambara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern under a rock, of which it had long been disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood; and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy, that no man, without the help of engines, could open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side rivulets descended, that filled the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream, which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice, till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass, or browse the shrubs, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns: the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey

frolicing in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life; and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music: and during eight days, every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hopes that they should pass their lives in blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new scenes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence, raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares, or courts, built with greater or less magnificence, according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massy stone, joined by a cement that grew harder by time; and the building stood from century to century, deriding the solstitial and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers, who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if Suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and a secret passage; every square had a communication

with the rest, either from the upper stories by private galleries, or by subterraneous passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities in which a long race of monarchs had reposed their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigencies of the kingdom; and recorded their accumulations in a book, which was concealed in a tower, not entered but by the emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

Here the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skilful to delight, and gratified with whatever the sense can enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and slept in the fortresses of security. Every art was practised to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them told them of nothing but the miseries of public life and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man. To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with songs, the subject of which was the *happy valley*. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments; and revelry and merriment were the business of every hour, from the dawn of morning to the close of even.

These methods were generally successful: few of the princes ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom nature had excluded from this seat of tranquillity, as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery.

Thus they rose in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves; all but Rasselas, who, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, began to withdraw himself from the pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. He often sat before tables covered with luxury, and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him; he arose abruptly in the midst of the song, and hastily retired

beyond the sound of music. His attendants observed the change and endeavoured to renew his love of pleasure: he neglected their officiousness, repulsed their invitations, and spent day after day on the banks of rivulets sheltered with trees, where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the stream, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals, of which some were biting the herbage, and some sleeping among the bushes. The singularity of his humour made him much observed. One of the sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were browsing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

"What," said he, "makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporeal necessities with myself: he is hungry, and crops the grass; he is thirsty, and drinks the stream: his thirst and hunger are appeased; he is satisfied, and sleeps: he rises again, and is hungry; he is again fed, and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty like him, but when thirst and hunger cease, I am not at rest; I am, like him, pained with want, but am not like him satisfied, with fulness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy: I long again to be hungry, that I may again quicken the attention. The birds pick the berries or the corn, and fly away to the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches, and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutanist and the singer; but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me to-day, and will grow yet more wearisome to-morrow. I can discover in me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense, for which this place affords no gratification: or he has some desires distinct from sense, which must be satisfied before he can be happy."

With observations like these the prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacency in his own perspicacity and to receive some solace of the miseries of life, from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt, and the eloquence with which he bewailed them.

SECTION IV

THE PROSE OF EMPIRE

Throughout the 19th century the history of British India is mainly the record of such social reforms as the various Governors-General initiated. The famous Macaulay Minute of 1835 advocating the introduction of English education, and the founding of the Universities in 1857, are outstanding facts. The development of English instruction in schools and colleges, a movement that ran parallel with popular education in England, has resulted in a closer connection between England and India; while in our own day, the rise of an Anglo-Indian school of literature, chiefly poetical, is an interesting development. In the 19th century for the first time India became a literary theme, extensively handled by such writers as Meadows Taylor, Sir Alfred Lyall, and Sir Edwin Arnold.

THE prose that follows upon Cowper's death in 1800, and belongs to our own day, is the literature of an England geographically extended. In the 18th century a series of successful wars had enlarged the boundaries of the British Empire. The dates of the English victories of this period are familiar to every school-boy. In 1759 Canada came with the Battle of Quebec. Two years earlier the foundation of the British Indian Empire was laid at Plassey. The American Colonies had been an increasing possession of the motherland, until their independence was established in 1783: but their language and their literature remained English. South Africa became finally British in 1814; and from about this time Australia and New Zealand, partly discovered and described by the adventurous Captain Cook in 1770, became English colonies inhabited by English settlers. A single glance at the map of the world will show over what a vast extent of territory the language and literature of England were spread in the first half of the 19th century.

In the preceding century the people of England were not aware of their mighty inheritance. The literature of Dr. Johnson's time was not Imperial in spirit; it was a literature of the city, the court, and the club. The War of American Independence had done much to compel the minds of Englishmen to the problems of their over-sea dominions; and by degrees the importance of their Indian possessions was thrust upon the notice of statesmen. So early as 1797, the famous description of the people of India and their need of western education was published by the liberal-minded Charles Grant. Sir William Jones was the first to interpret the literature of India to England. Robert Southey, in *Thalaba* and the *Curse of Kehama*, had tried to give a faithful picture of eastern religions. These poems appeared between 1800 and 1814. In the latter year the first of the Waverley Novels was published; and in the long series that followed up to the death in 1832 of Sir Walter Scott, the novel was established as the most popular medium of instruction and amusement. Through this medium the whole reviving life of England and her new possessions could find convenient illustration. History, travel, science, politics, and religion are the themes of our 19th-century novelists. The enormous literary production of this period, both in poetry and prose, began to react throughout the Empire; and there arose a literature from beyond the seas. It is impossible to do more than refer briefly to this, before dealing with the extensive and vigorous prose, begotten partly of the Imperial and partly of the scientific spirit, that grew up in England in the middle of the 19th century.

During the life of Clive and of Warren Hastings India became a land of reality to England. Before this time the East in general had been a place of mystery and fable. The rapid growth of the British power and the overcoming of French rivalry had forced India upon the notice of Europe as a centre of political and commercial importance. But little was known of the country or the people. When in 1824 James Justinian Morier described Persia and the oriental character in his famous novel *Hajji Baba*; and when Colonel Meadows Taylor, in his series of historical

romances, related the history and described the people of India, then some real knowledge of the East came to Englishmen. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of such novels as *Tippu Sultan* and *Tara*. *The Confessions of a Thug*, produced soon after Queen Victoria came to the throne of England and read eagerly by that famous sovereign, was the first truly realistic study of Indian life and character from the pen of an Englishman. Much valuable literary work connected with the East was done after this. The whole romantic literature of Arabia was revealed by Sir Richard Burton, who published his translation of the *Thousand and One Nights* in 1885. What this work did in prose for the life and thought of Islam, Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, published in 1878, did in a poetic form for Hinduism. Both works are monumental in the completeness of their picture of the East, in their interpretation of eastern thought to the western mind, and in their attitude of sympathy to the great systems of religion other than Christian. The work of these masters has been continued in our own time by the famous Rudyard Kipling, who takes not only India but the whole British Empire as the subject of his brilliant and facile prose and verse.

The literature of Canada and Australia has not been concerned with the study of a great civilisation or an ancient faith, but has represented the active and adventurous life of these colonies. In his Canadian experiences, R. M. Ballantyne (1825-94) laid the foundation of his long series of travel and adventure stories. Work of the same type was done by Sir Gilbert Parker, who chose the history of Canada as his chief theme. In Australia literary talent has been absorbed chiefly in journalism; but the life of this southern colony has been fully portrayed by Henry Kingsley (1830-76), the brother of the famous Charles Kingsley, who left Oxford in 1853 and started for Australia as a gold-digger. Marcus Clarke (1846-81), a Melbourne journalist, is known as the most distinguished Australian writer of prose. In his best novels he has described the life resulting from the transportation of criminals to the colonies, and the use of convict labour.

In the American Continent miscellaneous literature developed slowly. The first great name is that of Benjamin Franklin (1706-90). He was contemporary with Dr. Johnson in England; and saw the independence of the United States of America established. His most famous work is his *Autobiography*. Washington Irving (1783-1859) was a frequent traveller in Europe. He was the friend of Sir Walter Scott, who helped to popularise his writings in England. His most characteristic work is *The Sketch Book*, published in 1820. This gave to the world such things of beauty as *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. His contemporary, Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851), described the wild life of the Red Indian and the prairie in a series of novels of which *The Pathfinder* is perhaps the most popular. The American historians have produced work of great volume and distinction. W. H. Prescott (1796-1859) told the story of the opening up of the new world by the adventurers of Spain. His *History of the Conquest of Mexico* and *The Conquest of Peru* are amongst the greatest of historical studies. His friend and junior was J. L. Motley (1814-77), the author of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, of which Froude wrote that it was amongst the "finest histories in this or any language." The art of the novel was carefully followed by Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-64); and in his romantic tales Edgar Allan Poe (1809-49) was to win a world-wide reputation. The later American prose writers of the 19th century were distinguished in philosophy, in literary criticism, and in miscellaneous literature. Of these Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-82) is the most distinguished. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-94) and James Russell Lowell (1819-91) were scholars, poets and essayists, whose influence upon American thought and education was profound. The existence of American literature is a living illustration of the expansion of England. This expansion encouraged breadth of view, liberality of mind, and a spirit of inquiry that are reflected in four different kinds of English prose literature throughout the 19th century. For convenience these may be briefly summarised. Firstly there is the novel, still vigorous and educative in

England. Secondly there is history studied in a spirit of minute inquiry, and written with careful reference to original sources. Thirdly there is the literature of science and travel, leading to the creation of Cyclopædias, comprehensive store-houses of knowledge. Fourthly, there is miscellaneous literature, embracing literary criticism and journalism. It is necessary to glance briefly at each of these, and to recall the most famous names connected with them.

In the work of Sir Walter Scott, a new method was applied to the writing of the novel. The whole romantic past of England, Scotland, and Europe was revived as a source of instruction and delight; and from this time the historical novel has been one of the chief glories of English literature. All the world knows such books as *The Cloister and the Hearth* by Charles Reade, *Westward Ho!* by Charles Kingsley, and *Esmond* by W. M. Thackeray. These were the product of Sir Walter Scott's influence and example. This influence did not cease with historical literature, but covered the whole range of the novelist's art, embracing faithful pictures of English life, and a subtle portrayal of character. In India one of Scott's greatest successors, William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-63), was born. His father had been in the service of the East India Company, one of a distinguished family of public servants. In addition to *Esmond*, a historical romance reproducing the age of Queen Anne, the most popular work of Thackeray is *Vanity Fair*, a satirical novel describing the life and manners of a period that ended with the battle of Waterloo. Here humour, satire, and pathos are wonderfully combined in a great interpretation of human life. Thackeray's contemporary, Charles Dickens (1812-70), created a series of pictures of English life that had, and still retain, an enormous popularity. He wrote with a definite moral purpose; and brought into public contempt many of the social evils of his time. He was an educational reformer in so far as, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, he caricatured the absurdities of the English private school system. To literature of this kind the people had learned to look for amusement and instruction; and so the novel

was put to a variety of uses. Society and Politics were brilliantly represented in the works of Lord Beaconsfield (1804-81). George Eliot (1819-80) dealt with English life as one deeply interested in philosophy and religion. Her work was continued by Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose novel *Robert Elsmere* epitomised in the form of a romance the whole controversial religious life of England. But pure romance was not forgotten. Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-94) rekindled the flame of Sir Walter Scott's genius in such fascinating books as *Treasure Island*. Of this kind of literature much will be produced by a people to whom adventure has ever strongly appealed. W. H. G. Kingston (1814-80) has provided the youth of England with more than one hundred stories of romantic life in every part of the world; and, in such writing as that of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. John Buchan, readers of our own day can find an easy access to the ever-living world of pure romance. Of the novel as the most useful means to the interpretation of life, the greatest modern exponents are George Meredith and Thomas Hardy. In their work the best traditions of English prose fiction have been brilliantly maintained.

It is easy to connect the popularity of the historical novel with the development of the modern study of history. The work of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon had served its own day, and endures as a monument of eloquent and judicious writing. Macaulay had succeeded in combining the charm of the novelist with the task of the historian; and Buckle in his *History of Civilization in England* had tried to investigate the laws that govern our social order. A careful study of original sources, and research comprehensive and detailed, came to be the first qualification for historical writing. Amongst research scholars William Stubbs (1825-1901) holds an honoured place. His *Select Charters* provide the best means of understanding his work and his aims. John Richard Green (1837-83) combined research with literary grace in his famous *Short History of the English People*, one of the most popular books of the century. In the year of its production Samuel Rawson Gardiner (1819-1902) was appointed to be Professor of

History in King's College, London. His history of England from James I. is distinguished by its careful accuracy. The size of these works is in itself a witness to the method of their production: a single period, diligently studied and scrutinised in detail, is enough to provide the work of a single lifetime. Of these James Anthony Froude's *History of England from the Fall of Cardinal Wolsey to the Spanish Armada*, which occupied twenty years of labour, is a fine example. Along with this should be remembered Edward Augustus Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest*. For Indian students there are valuable examples of modern historical method and scholarship in Vincent Smith's *Akbar, the Great Mogul*; and in Professor Rushbrook-Williams' *Babar, an Empire Builder of the 16th Century*. In such eyepædies and specialised works as *The Cambridge Modern History* may be seen illustrated the best results of research; and in historical journals and the transactions of various historical societies the minute and scientific investigation of the past is being carried on with industry and zeal.

Much of this patient work has been born of the scientific spirit that revived in England early in the 19th century. We have already seen how Bacon stimulated scientific studies in the 17th century, and how the Royal Society, adorned by the genius of Newton, came into existence. Discovery, exploration, and the establishment of settled government in savage tracts of country made possible the extended investigation of natural science. Of this the first great exponent is Charles Darwin (1809-82). As naturalist during the voyage of the *Beagle* (1831-6), he was able to pursue those studies which were described and classified in 1859 in *The Origin of Species*. Thomas Henry Huxley (1825-95) was likewise appointed to a government vessel for survey work in the Torres Strait. His return to England in 1850 brought him into the centre of scientific thought soon to be stimulated by Darwin's famous work. He was not only a scientist, but a man of letters whose gifts of clear and forcible expression brought the great problems of nature into public notice. He was one of the first to popularise the teaching of

science In his collected essays and in *Man's Place in Nature* his opinions were brilliantly expressed. Along with scientific investigation came a great advance in exploration, extending geographical knowledge and leading to the discovery of new races and languages. At this time the continent of Africa was the chief centre of interest. David Livingstone (1813-73), in his *Missionary Travels*, told of the discovery of the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, and gave faithful pictures of life in what was then known as the dark continent. Sir Richard Burton (1821-90) took Africa and the East as the subjects of his investigation; and his descriptions of races, languages, and primitive customs are amongst the most brilliant and faithful in our literature. Work of this kind leads inevitably to the creation of useful repositories of information, to the founding of museums and the preparation of cyclopædias. The latter are one great feature of our modern literary life. Each section of human knowledge has its special works of reference. Amongst the more popular of these may be mentioned the great work on anthropology and folk-lore compiled by Sir James Frazer, and entitled *The Golden Bough*. In the science of language, *The New English Dictionary* is a monument of vast scholarship; and the *Dictionary of National Biography* is a triumph of comprehensive and accurate information.

In conclusion some reference must be made to miscellaneous literature in which are included essays on various subjects, the critical writings of professional teachers, and journalism of the best type. This literature has increased in the 19th century beyond any chance of complete classification; and it is possible to indicate only the main lines upon which it has progressed. The essay has flourished in England from the time of Addison; and in its carefully balanced treatment of popular themes, it frequently provides the finest specimens of pure English prose. Early in the 19th century this form was revived and brilliantly illustrated by Hazlitt, De Quincey, and Lamb. The latter has won a permanent place in literature as the author of *The Essays of Elia*. With the growth of the critical spirit in literature, history, and science, the

essay came to treat of specialised subjects, appealing to a limited audience. Matthew Arnold's *Essays in Criticism*, published in 1865, and some of the writings of Huxley, are of this kind. Sir Leslie Stephen's *Hours in a Library* contains acute observation upon the life and work of outstanding men of letters, and represents a type of writing that finds its best modern illustration in cyclopædias of literature and in biography. Studies in literature and history, produced by professional scholars and teachers, are really developments of the older essay; and the greater magazines and reviews are, in the main, collections of specialised treatises. The *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly Review*, to which in the early 19th century the foremost literary men of England contributed, popularised the brilliant treatment of literary and political themes. These journals still maintain a high standard of taste; and stand apart from the numerous daily papers whose leading articles are, in their form, the sole relief of a more leisured age. In the growth of modern journalism throughout the Empire there is little of purely literary significance. The artistic aim of the modern newspaper is subordinated to the practical necessities of political and commercial life. But in the reasoned treatment of great questions affecting the welfare of the people, journalism has still an opportunity and a responsibility. These have been realised by the best newspapers from the time when Sir Edwin Arnold, as editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, wrote with abundant knowledge and sympathy on all eastern problems, and did more than any man of his generation to interpret India to England. In the vast numbers of western periodicals, and in the equally vast supply of popular writing, it is hard for the young eastern reader to find what is of true value. For the student of English language and literature there is only one course—to get back to the models, and in the continuous contemplation of their finished beauty to form his own taste and direct his own judgment.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Walter Scott (1771-1832) was trained in Edinburgh as a Scottish lawyer, but devoted most of his time to the study of literature. The romantic history of his native land appealed to him strongly: and he began his career by the publication of tales in verse, the titles of which show their origin. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, in 1805, was followed by such poems as *Marmion* and *The Lord of the Isles*, until in 1814 Scott began the series of novels upon which his great reputation rests. In these works the whole romantic history, not only of Scotland, but of Europe was rediscovered; and the English novel became an enduring source of instruction and pleasure. Conspicuous amongst the Waverley novels, and specially suitable for young readers, are *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, and *Quentin Durward*. Towards his death Scott became interested in Indian history; and, in *The Surgeon's Daughter*, described the court of Hyder Ali of Mysore. As a painter of historical scenes he is unrivalled: and his prose is vivid and well adapted to the dramatic character of his work.

(1) QUEEN ELIZABETH ENTERS KENILWORTH

THE Queen's purveyors had been abroad, sweeping the farms and villages of those articles usually exacted during a royal progress, and for which the owners were afterwards to obtain a tardy payment. The Earl of Leicester's household officers had been scouring the country for the same purpose; and many of his friends and allies, both near and remote, took this opportunity of ingratiating themselves, by sending large quantities of provisions and delicacies of all kinds, with game in huge numbers, and whole tuns of the best liquors, foreign and domestic. Thus the high-roads were filled with droves of bullocks, sheep, calves, and hogs, and choked with loaded wains, whose axle-trees cracked under their burdens of wine-casks and hogsheads of ale, and huge hampers of grocery goods, and slaughtered game, and salted provisions, and sacks of flour. Perpetual stoppages took place as these wains became entangled; and their rude drivers, swearing and brawling till their wild passions were fully raised, began to debate precedence with their waggon-whips; which occasional riots were usually quieted by a deputy-marshal's man, or some other person in authority, breaking the heads of both parties.

At length the princely Castle appeared, upon improving which, and the domains around, the Earl of Leicester had, it is said, expended sixty thousand pounds sterling, a sum equal to half a million of our present money. The outer wall of this splendid and gigantic structure enclosed seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a pleasure garden, with its trim arbours and panterres. The external wall of this royal Castle was, on the south and west sides, adorned and defended by a lake partly artificial, across which Leicester had constructed a stately bridge, that Elizabeth might enter the Castle by a path hitherto untrodden, instead of the usual entrance to the northward, over which he had erected a gate-house or barbican, which still exists, and is equal in extent, and superior in architecture, to the baronial castle of many a northern chief.

* * * * *

It was the twilight of a summer night, the sun having for some time set, and all were in anxious expectation of the Queen's immediate approach. The multitude had remained assembled for many hours, and their numbers were still rather on the increase. A profuse distribution of refreshments, together with roasted oxen, and barrels of ale set in different places of the road, had kept the populace in perfect love and loyalty towards the Queen and her favourite which might have somewhat abated had fasting been added to watching. They passed away the time, therefore, with the usual popular amusements of whooping, halloing, shrieking, and playing rude tricks upon each other, forming the chorus of discordant sounds usual on such occasions. These prevailed all through the crowded roads and fields, and especially beyond the gate of the Chase, where the greater number of the common sort were stationed; when, all of a sudden, a single rocket was seen to shoot into the atmosphere, and, at the instant, far-heard over flood and field, the great bell of the Castle tolled.

Immediately there was a pause of dead silence, succeeded by a deep hum of expectation, the united voice of many thousands, none of whom spoke above their

breath; or, to use a singular expression, the whisper of an immense multitude. As the noise began to abate, a broad glare of light was seen to appear from the gate of the Park, and, broadening and brightening as it came nearer, advanced along the open and fair avenue that led towards the Gallery-tower; which, as we have already noticed, was lined on either hand by the retainers of the Earl of Leicester. The word was passed along the line, "The Queen! The Queen! Silence, and stand fast!" Onward came the cavalcade, illuminated by two hundred thick waxen torches, in the hands of many horsemen, which cast a light like that of broad day all round the procession, but especially on the principal group, of which the Queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid manner, and blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity; and in the whole of her stately and noble carriage, you saw the daughter of an hundred kings.

The ladies of the court, who rode beside her Majesty, had taken especial care that their own external appearance should not be more glorious than their rank and the occasion altogether demanded, so that no inferior luminary might appear to approach the orbit of royalty. But their personal charms, and the magnificence by which, under every prudential restraint, they were necessarily distinguished, exhibited them as the very flower of a realm so far famed for splendour and beauty. The magnificence of the courtiers, free from such restraints as prudence imposed on the ladies, was yet more unbounded.

Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her Majesty's right hand, as well in quality of her host, as of her Master of the Horse. The black steed which he mounted had not a single white hair on his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the Earl at large expense for this royal occasion. As the noble animal chafed at the slow pace of the procession, and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver bits which restrained him, the foam flew from his mouth, and

specked his well-formed limbs as if with spots of snow. The rider well became the high place which he held, and the proud steed which he bestrode; for no man in England, or perhaps in Europe, was more perfect than Dudley in horsemanship, and all other exercises belonging to his quality. He was bare-headed, as were all the courtiers in the train; and the red torehlight shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features, to the beauty of which even the severest criticism could only object the lordly fault, as it may be termed, of a forehead somewhat too high. On that proud evening those features wore all the grateful solicitude of a subject, to show himself sensible of the high honour which the Queen was conferring on him, and all the pride and satisfaction which became so glorious a moment.



(2) THE SIEGE OF TORQUILSTONE

THE noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamour. The heavy, yet hasty step of the men-at-arms traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartisans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers, or directing means of defence; while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armour, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them, which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear, and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text,—"The quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting!"

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and

with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go: if I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance: it is in vain—it is in vain—I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest nought of it," said Wilfred, impatiently; "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury. Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "each lattice, each aperture, will soon be a mark for the archers; some random shaft——"

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable for having given the occasion: at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed—seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance—God of Zion, protect us!—What a dreadful sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields and defences made of planks; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on.—They raise their bows!—God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which mingled with the

deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamour that the contest was to be decided; and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long-bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armour of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of *Front-de-Boeuf*, and his allies, showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with their long-bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on both sides, was only interrupted by the shout which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed *Ivanhoe*, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, *Rebecca* again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now; he heads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers: they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Boeuf heads the defenders: I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed: "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Boeuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness: "But no—but no!—the name of the Lords of Hosts be blessed! He is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken: he snatches an axe from a yeoman: he presses Front-de-Boeuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Boeuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Boeuf!" answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar: their united force compels the champion to pause: they drag Front-de-Boeuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca—"and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulder of each other: down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! Hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts—Who yield?—who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give away?"

"No," exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly; the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe; the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down on the

champion; he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the out-work is won—Oh, God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others—Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the out-work which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfred, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained. O no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron.—Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there be two who can do a deed of such derring-do—a fetterlock and a shacklebolt on a field sable—what may that mean?—seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night-raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further,—but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him

again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength; there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God absolve him of the sin of bloodshed!—it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds.”

“Rebecca,” said Ivanhoe, “thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat. Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprise; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honour of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years’ captivity to fight one day by that good knight’s side in such a quarrel as this.”

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Robert Southey (1774–1843) was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, and became the friend of the poet Coleridge and later of Wordsworth. He belongs to the group of writers who carried on the literary movement of the early 19th century known as the romantic revival. He began his career as a poet; and was attracted to the religions of the East which he described in two long poems *Thalaba* and *The Curse of Kehama*. But his fame rests upon his voluminous prose works including biographies of Wesley, Bunyan, and Nelson, a history of Brazil and a history of the Peninsular war. His most popular work is the life of Nelson written in 1813, and full of a fine enthusiasm for the heroic character of the great admiral. Southey’s life was amongst the most laborious lives in the literary history of England. His short poems are well known; and his prose is clear, simple, and specially adapted to narrative and description.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

EARLY on the following morning Nelson reached Portsmouth; and, having despatched his business on shore, endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a bye-way to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train,

pressing forward to obtain a sight of his face. Many were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that, with perfect and entire devotion he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and, therefore, they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England.

He arrived off Cadiz on the 29th of September,—his birthday. Fearing that, if the enemy knew his force, they might be deterred from venturing to sea, he kept out of sight of land, desired Collingwood to fire no salute and hoist no colours; and wrote to Gibraltar, to request that the force of the fleet might not be inserted there in the *Gazette*. His reception in the Mediterranean fleet was as gratifying as the farewell of his countrymen at Portsmouth: the officers, who came on board to welcome him, forgot his rank as commander, in their joy at seeing him again. On the day of his arrival, Villeneuve received orders to put to sea the first opportunity. Villeneuve, however, hesitated when he heard that Nelson had resumed the command. He called a council of war; and their determination was, that it would not be expedient to leave Cadiz, unless they had reason to believe themselves stronger by one-third than the British force. In the public measures of this country secrecy is seldom practicable and seldom attempted: here, however, by the precautions of Nelson and the wise measures of the Admiralty, the enemy were for once kept in ignorance; for, as the ships appointed to reinforce the Mediterranean fleet were despatched singly—each as soon as it was ready—their collected number was not stated in the newspapers, and their arrival was not known to the enemy.

About half-past nine in the morning of the 19th, the *Mars*, being the nearest to the fleet of the ships which formed the line of communication with the frigates in shore, repeated the signal that the enemy were coming out

of port. The wind was at this time very light, with partial breezes. Nelson ordered the signal to be made for a chase in the south-east quarter. All night the British fleet continued under all sail, steering to the south-east. At daybreak the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the *Victory's* deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates; theirs of thirty-three, and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size and weight of metal, than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships. Little did the Tyrolese, and little did the Spaniards, on that day, imagine what horrors the wicked tyrant whom they served was preparing for their country!

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family; because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought*, with two other line of battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west—light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines; and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee line of thirteen ships; the *Victory* led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote this prayer:—

“May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British Fleet. For myself individually I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my

country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend."

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman; worthy of serving a better master and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived, and as original, as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory, of England shall endure;—Nelson's last signal:—"England expects every man to do his duty!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy, were beheld with ominous apprehension by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships; and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, and to the public secretary desiring that some

person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars, but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honour I gained them," he had said when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure, from speaking to him himself upon a subject in which the weal of England as well as the life of Nelson was concerned, but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood, and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible; and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Temeraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged; for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz: our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the south-west. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy; and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable;—but the British sailors admired only the beauty and the splendour of the spectacle; and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other, what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had

thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epanlette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my back bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately:—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

JAMES JUSTINIAN MORIER

J. J. Morier (1780-1849) was born in the East, educated in England, and appointed as a secretary to the Persian Legation. In 1816 he left Persia; and, having settled in England, he began a series of novels dealing with Persian life. Of these, the most famous is *Hajji Baba of Ispahan*, published in 1824. Even the Persians recognised its truth of description. The book has become a classic; and as a representation of oriental life and manners is unrivalled. The narrative is clear, and of sustained interest.

HAJJI BABA TELLS A STORY

IN the reign of the Caliph Haroun al Rashid, of happy memory, lived in the city of Baghdad a celebrated barber, of the name of Ali Sakal. He was so famous for a steady hand, and dexterity in his profession, that he could shave a head, and trim a beard and whiskers, with his eyes blindfolded, without once drawing blood. There was not a man of any fashion at Baghdad who did not employ

him ; and such a run of business had he, that at length he became proud and insolent, and would scarcely ever touch a head whose master was not a *Beg* or an *Aga*. Wood for fuel was always scarce and dear at Baghdad ; and as his shop consumed a great deal, the wood-cutters brought their loads to him in preference, almost sure of meeting with a ready sale. It happened one day, that a poor wood-cutter, new in his profession, and ignorant of the character of Ali Sakal, went to his shop, and offered him for sale a load of wood, which he had just brought from a considerable distance in the country, on his ass. Ali immediately offered him a price, making use of these words, "For all the wood that was upon the ass." The wood-cutter agreed, unloaded his beast, and asked for the money. "You have not given me all the wood yet," said the barber ; "I must have the pack-saddle (which is chiefly made of wood) into the bargain : that was our agreement." "How," said the other, in great amazement ; "who ever heard of such a bargain ? It is impossible." In short, after many words and much altercation, the overbearing barber seized the pack-saddle, wood and all, and sent away the poor peasant in great distress. He immediately ran to the *cadi*, and stated his griefs : the *cadi* was one of the barber's customers, and refused to hear the case. The wood-cutter applied to a higher judge : he also patronized Ali Sakal, and made light of the complaint. The poor man then appealed to the *mufti* himself ; who, having pondered over the question, at length settled that it was too difficult a case for him to decide, no provision being made for it in the *Koran* ; and therefore he must put up with his loss. The wood-cutter was not disheartened ; but forthwith got a scribe to write a petition to the caliph himself, which he duly presented on Friday, the day when he went in state to the mosque. The caliph's punctuality in reading petitions is well known, and it was not long before the wood-cutter was called to his presence. When he approached the caliph, he knelt and kissed the ground ; and then, placing his arms straight before him, his hands covered with the sleeves of his cloak, and his feet close together, he awaited

the decision of his case. "Friend," said the caliph, "the barber has words on his side—you have equity on yours. The law must be defined by words, and agreements must be made by words: the former must have its course, or it is nothing; and agreements must be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man; therefore the barber must keep all his wood; but——" Then calling the wood-cutter close to him, the caliph whispered something in his ear, which none but he could hear, and then sent him away quite satisfied.

Here then I made a pause in my narrative, and said (whilst I extended a small tin cup which I held in my hand), "Now, my noble audience, if you will give me something, I will tell you what the caliph said to the wood-cutter." I had excited great curiosity, and there was scarcely one of my hearers who did not give me a piece of money.

"Well then," said I, "the caliph whispered to the wood-cutter what he was to do, in order to get satisfaction from the barber, and what that was I will now relate." The wood-cutter having made his obeisances, returned to his ass, which was tied without, took it by the halter, and proceeded to his home. A few days after, he applied to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, requesting that he, and a companion of his from the country, might enjoy the dexterity of his hand; and the price at which both operations were to be performed was settled. When the wood-cutter's crown had been properly shorn, Ali Sakal asked where his companion was. "He is just standing without here," said the other, "and he shall come in presently." Accordingly he went out, and returned, leading his ass after him by the halter. "This is my companion," said he, "and you must shave him."—"Shave him!" exclaimed the barber, in the greatest surprise; "it is enough that I have consented to demean myself by touching you, and do you insult me by asking me to do as much for your ass? Away with you;" and forthwith he drove them out of his shop.

The wood-cutter immediately went to the caliph, was admitted to his presence, and related his case. "'Tis

well," said the commander of the faithful; "bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant," he exclaimed to one of his officers; and in the course of ten minutes the barber stood before him. "Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?" said the caliph to the barber: "was not that your agreement?" Ali, kissing the ground answered, "'Tis true, O caliph, that such was our agreement; but who ever made a companion of an ass before, or who ever thought of treating it like a true believer?" "You may say right," said the caliph: "but, at the same time, who ever thought of insisting upon a pack-saddle being included in a load of wood? No, no, it is the wood-cutter's turn now. To the ass immediately, or you know the consequences." The barber was then obliged to prepare a great quantity of soap, to lather the beast from head to foot, and to shave him in the presence of the caliph and of the whole court, whilst he was jeered and mocked by the taunts and laughing of all the by-standers. The poor wood-cutter was then dismissed with an appropriate present of money, and all Baghldad resounded with the story, and celebrated the justice of the commander of the faithful.

WASHINGTON IRVING

Washington Irving (1783—1859) was educated for the law in America and travelled much in Europe. He wrote a history of New York of a humorous kind, which became almost as popular as *The Sketch Book* of 1820. This work is a series of essays in the best tradition of English prose writing; and, partly through the influence of Sir Walter Scott, it became as well known in England as in America. Irving's most laborious work was done in the *History of Spain*; but his fame rests upon his descriptive essays.

ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE

THE stranger who would form a correct opinion of the English character, must not confine his observations to the metropolis. He must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in the villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farm-houses, cottages; he must wander through

parks and gardens; along hedges and green lanes; he must loiter about country churches; attend wakes and fairs, and other rural festivals; and cope with the people in all their conditions, and all their habits and humours.

The English, in fact, are strongly gifted with the rural feeling. They possess a quick sensibility to the beauties of nature, and a keen relish for the pleasures and employments of the country. This passion seems inherent in them. Even the inhabitants of cities, born and brought up among brick walls and bustling streets, enter with facility into rural habits, and acquire a tact for rural occupation. The merchant has his snug retreat in the vicinity of the metropolis, where he often displays as much pride and zeal in the cultivation of his flower-garden, and the maturing of his fruits, as he does in the conduct of his business and the success of a commercial enterprise. Even those less fortunate individuals, who are doomed to pass their lives in the midst of din and traffic, contrive to have something that shall remind them of the green aspect of nature. In the most dark and dingy quarters of the city, the drawing-room window resembles frequently a bank of flowers; every spot capable of vegetation has its grass-plot and flower-bed; and every square its mimic park, laid out with picturesque taste, and gleaming with refreshing verdure.

The taste of the English in the cultivation of land, and in what is called landscape gardening, is unrivalled. They have studied nature intently, and discover an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms, which in other countries she lavishes in wild solitudes, are here assembled round the haunts of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive graces, and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes.

Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage: the solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare, bounding away to the covert; or the pheasant suddenly bursting upon the

wing the brook, taught to wind in natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake: the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters, while some rustic temple or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

These are but a few of the features of park scenery; but what most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water: all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favourite picture.

The great charm, however, of English scenery is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet and sober well-established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Everything seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its low, massive portal, its Gothic tower, its windows rich with tracery and painted glass, in scrupulous preservation, its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil; its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields, and kneel at the same altar—the parsonage, a quaint, irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupants—the stile and footpath

leading from the churchyard, across pleasant fields, and along shady hedge-rows, according to an immemorial right of way—the neighbouring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported—the antique family mansion, standing apart in some rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene: all these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, and hereditary transmission of homebred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

It is a pleasing sight of a Sunday morning, when the bell is sending its sober melody across the quiet fields, to behold the peasantry in their best finery, with ruddy faces and modest cheerfulness, thronging tranquilly along the green lanes to church; but it is still more pleasing to see them in the evenings, gathering about their cottage doors, and appearing to exult in the humble comforts and embellishments which their own hands have spread around them.

COLONEL JAMES TOD

James Tod (1782-1835) went to Bengal in 1799 in the Company's service; and surveyed and described Rajputana from 1812 to 1817. As political agent in the Rajput States he was able to collect the material which was published in 1823 as *The Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan*, a great repository of ancient legend and romance. This work must rank with such productions as *The Arabian Nights* as a collection of stories throwing light upon Eastern character and manners.

THE SACK OF CHITORE

WHAT nation on earth would have maintained the semblance of civilisation and the spirit of the customs of their forefathers, during so many centuries of overwhelming depression, but one of such singular character as the Rajpoot? Though ardent and reckless, he can, when required, subside into forbearance and apparent

apathy, and reserve himself for the opportunity of revenge. Rajasthan exhibits the sole example in the history of mankind, of a people withstanding every outrage barbarity can inflict, or human nature sustain, and bent to the earth, yet rising buoyant from the pressure, making calamity a whetstone to courage. How did the Britons at once sink under the Romans, and in vain strive to save their groves, their druids, or the altars of Bal from destruction! To the Saxons they alike succumbed; they, again, to the Danes; and this heterogeneous breed to the Normans. Empiro was lost and gained by a single battle, and the laws and religion of the conquered merged in those of the conquerors. Contrast with these the Rajpoots; not an iota of their religion or customs have they lost, though many a foot of land. Some of their states have been expunged from the map of dominion; and, as a punishment of national infidelity, the pride of the Rahtore, and the glory of the Chalook, the overgrown Canouj and gorgeous Anhulwarra, are forgotten names! Mewar alone, the sacred bulwark of religion, never compromised her honour for her safety, and still survives her ancient limits. Since the brave Samarsi gave up his life, the blood of her princes has flowed in copious streams for the maintenance of their honour, religion, and independence.

Lakunsi succeeded his father in A.D. 1275, a memorable era in the annals, when Chitore, the repository of all that was precious yet untouched of the arts of India, was stormed, sacked, and treated with remorseless barbarity, by the Pathan emperor, Alla-o-din. Twice it was attacked by this subjugator of India. In the first siege it escaped spoliation, though at the price of its best defenders: that which followed is the first successful assault and capture of which we have any detailed account.

Bheemsi was the uncle of the young prince, and protector during his minority. He had espoused the daughter of Hamir Sank of Ceylon, the cause of woes unnumbered to the Sesodias. Her name was Pudmani, a title bestowed only on the superlatively fair, and transmitted with renown to posterity by tradition and

the song of the bard. Her beauty, accomplishments, exaltation, and destruction, with other incidental circumstances, constitute the subject of one of the most popular traditions of Rajwarra. The Hindu bard recognises the fair, in preference to fame and love of conquest, as the motivo for the attack of Alla-o-din, who limited his demand to the possession of Pudmani; though this was after a long and fruitless siege. At length he restricted his desire to a mere sight of this extraordinary beauty, and acceded to the proposal of beholding her through the medium of mirrors. Relying on the faith of the Rajpoot, he entered Chitore slightly guarded, and having gratified his wish, returned. The Rajpoot, unwilling to be outdone in confidence, accompanied the king to the foot of the fortress, amidst many complimentary excuses from his guest at the trouble he thus occasioned. It was for this that Alla risked his own safety, relying on the superior faith of the Hindu. Here he had an ambush; Bheemsi was made prisoner, hurried away to the Tatar camp, and his liberty made dependent on the surrender of Pudmani.

Despair reigned in Chitore when this fatal event was known, and it was debated whether Pudmani should be resigned as a ransom for their defender. Of this she was informed, and expressed her acquiescence. Having provided wherewithal to secure her from dishonour, she communed with two chiefs of her own kin and clan of Ceylon, her uncle Gorah, and his nephew Badul, who devised a scheme for the liberation of their prince without hazarding her life or fame. Intimation was despatched to Alla, that on the day he withdrew from his trenches, the fair Pudmani would be sent, but in a manner befitting her own and his high station, surrounded by her females and handmaids; not only those who would accompany her to Delhi, but many others who desired to pay her this last mark of reverence. Strict commands were to be issued to prevent curiosity from violating the sanctity of female decorum and privacy. No less than seven hundred covered litters proceeded to the royal camp. In each was placed one of the bravest of the defenders of Chitore,

borne by six armed soldiers disguised as litter-porters. They reached the camp. The royal tents were enclosed with walls of cloth; the litters were deposited, and half-an hour was granted for a parting interview between the Hindu prince and his bride. They then placed their prince in a litter and returned with him, while the greater number (the supposed damsels) remained to accompany the fair to Delhi. But Alla had no intention to permit Bheemsi's return, and was becoming jealous of the long interview he enjoyed; when, instead of the prince and Pudmani, the devoted band issued from their litters; but Alla was too well guarded. Pursuit was ordered, while these covered the retreat till they perished to a man. A fleet horse was in reserve for Bheemsi, on which he was placed, and in safety ascended the fort, at whose outer gate the host of Alla was encountered. The choicest of the heroes of Chitore met the assault. With Gorah and Badul at their head, animated by the noblest sentiments, the deliverance of their chief and the honour of their queen, they devoted themselves to destruction, and few were the survivors of this slaughter of the flower of Mewar. For a time Alla was defeated in his object, and the havoc they made in his ranks, joined to the dread of their determined resistance, obliged him to desist from the enterprise.

Alla-o-din, having recruited his strength, returned to his object, Chitore. The annals state this to have been in A.D. 1290, but Ferishta gives a date thirteen years later. They had not yet recovered the loss of so many valiant men who had sacrificed themselves for their prince's safety, and Alla carried on his attacks more closely, and at length obtained the hill at the southern point, where he entrenched himself. They still pretend to point out his trenches; but so many have been formed by subsequent attacks that we cannot credit the assertion. The poet has found in the disastrous issue of this siege admirable materials for his song. He represents the Rana, after an arduous day, stretched on his pallet, and during a night of watchful anxiety, pondering on the means by which he might preserve from the general

destruction one at least of his twelve sons; when a voice broke on his solitude, exclaiming "*Myn bhooka ho*"; and raising his eyes, he saw, by the dim glare of the cherahg, advancing between the granite columns, the majestic form of the guardian goddess of Chitore. "Not satiated," exclaimed the Rana, "though eight thousand of my kin were late an offering to thee?" "I must have regal victims; and if twelve who wear the diadem bleed not for Chitore, the land will pass from the line." This said, she vanished.

On the morn he convened a council of his chiefs, to whom he revealed the vision of the night, which they treated as the dream of a disordered fancy. He commanded their attendance at midnight; when again the form appeared, and repeated the terms on which alone she would remain amongst them. "Though thousands of barbarians strew the earth, what are they to me? On each day enthroned a prince. Let the kirnia, the chetra and the chamra, proclaim his sovereignty, and for three days let his decrees be supreme: on the fourth let him meet the foe and his fate. Then only may I remain."

Whether we have merely the fiction of the poet, or whether the scene was got up to animate the spirit of resistance, matters but little, it is consistent with the belief of the tribe; and that the goddess should openly manifest her wish to retain as her tiara the battlements of Chitore on conditions so congenial to the warlike and superstitious Rajpoot, was a gage readily taken up and fully answering the end. A generous contention arose amongst the brave brothers, who should be the first victim to avert the denunciation. Ursi urged his priority of birth: he was proclaimed, the umbrella waved over his head, and on the fourth day he surrendered his short-lived honours and his life. Ajeysi, the next in birth, demanded to follow, but he was the favourite son of his father, and at his request he consented to let his brothers precede him. Eleven had fallen in turn, and but one victim remained to the salvation of the city, when the Rana, calling his chiefs around him, said, "Now I devote myself for Chitore." But another awful sacrifice was to precede

this act of self-devotion, in that horrible rite, the *Johur*, where the females are immolated to preserve them from captivity. The funeral pyre was lighted within the great subterranean retreat, in chambers impervious to the light of day, and the defenders of Chitore beheld in procession the queens, their own wives and daughters to the number of several thousands. The fair Pudmani closed the throng. They were conveyed to the cavern, and the opening closed upon them, leaving them to find security from dishonour in the devouring element.

A contest now arose between the Rana and his surviving son; but the father prevailed, and Ajeysi, in obedience to his commands, with a small band passed through the enemy's lines, and reached Kailwarra in safety. The Rana, satisfied that his line was not extinct, now prepared to follow his brave sons; and calling around him his devoted clans, for whom life had no longer any charms, they threw open the portals and descended to the plains, and with a reckless despair carried death, or met it, in the crowded ranks of Alla. The Tartar conqueror took possession of an inanimate capital, strewn with brave defenders, the smoke yet issuing from the recesses where lay consumed the once fair object of his desire. Since this devoted day the cavern has been sacred: no eye has penetrated its gloom, and superstition has placed as its guardian a huge serpent, whose venomous breath extinguishes the light which might guide intruders to the place of sacrifice.

COLONEL MEADOWS TAYLOR

Philip Meadows Taylor (1808-76) came to India in order to enter a merchant house in Bombay; and through the influence of a relative he secured a commission in the army of the Nizam. He was a distinguished administrator who gained the confidence of the people by his intimate knowledge of their life and speech. His first work was *The Confessions of a Thug*, published in 1839, and founded upon his own personal experiences and those of Col. Henry Sleeman. The book created a great sensation in Europe, and encouraged its author to take up the illustration of Indian history.

One novel, *Tippu Sultan*, described the history of Mysore; and in *Tara*, *Ralph Durnell*, and *Sita*, the main critical periods of Indian history, at intervals of a century, beginning with the Mahratta rising of 1657, were fully described. Colonel Taylor's career is told with great interest in his Autobiography. As a writer he is clear, direct, and picturesque; his knowledge of Indian life giving vigour and reality to his portraiture. He deserves recognition as one of the first writers who tried to interpret the East to the West.

✓ TIPPU SULTAN GOES HUNTING

THE royal huntsman chose a narrow valley for the scene of the Sultan's hunt. Into this an army of beaters, under his superintendence, for a whole day drove game from the plains. A strong body of infantry was placed across the mouth of the valley to prevent the escape of the game; and the precipitous sides of the gorge were guarded by hundreds of beaters and rocket-men. The head of the valley was shut in by a lofty cliff, down which dashed a waterfall.

The following day the hunt began. It was a heart-stirring and magnificent sight to see the advance of that mighty hunting party into the glen. As it was scarcely a quarter of a mile across, the numerous elephants and horsemen were so close together that it was impossible for anything to escape the line which now slowly but steadily advanced. The distance from the mouth of the valley to the waterfall was not more than three-quarters of a mile, and nearly straight, so that the greater part of the intervening distance could be seen distinctly—in some places a thick and impenetrable jungle, in others open. Along the abrupt sides, and in advance of the royal party, were stationed those who, as the line advanced, discharged rockets, which whizzing into the air descended at a short distance among the trees and brushwood, and urged on the game to the end, where it was met by other discharges. Hundreds of men bore large flat drums, which they beat incessantly with sticks; and from time to time the broken and monotonous sound of the kettle-drums which accompanied Tippu, and showed where he was, mingled with the din of shouts, screams, halloos, the shrill blasts of the horns, the shriller trumpet-

ings of the elephants, and the neighings of the wild and frightened horses.

Tippu rode on the back of his noble white-faced elephant, Haidar, in a *howdah* of silver lined with blue velvet. His various guns and rifles were on a rail in front of him, ready to his hand. Only one favourite attendant accompanied him, and he had charge of his powder and bullets. Abdul Rahman Khan, and Kasim, riding upon one of the Sultan's own elephants, had been ordered to keep as near him as the crowd would allow.

At first no game was seen, except hundreds of wild hog, and a few timid deer—all of which perished in trying to break through the advancing line of hunters.

At length two huge black bears were roused from their den among some rocks, and with loud roars strove to pass through the line. They were met by the swords and shields of fifty men upon whom they rushed, and, though they strove gallantly for their lives and wounded several, they were cut to pieces.

The party had now proceeded about half way, and there was before the Sultan's elephant a patch of dry rank grass which reached above its middle. It was of small extent, however, and was already half surrounded by elephants with their gay *howdahs* and more gaily dressed riders.

"Hold!" cried the Sultan, "we would try this alone, or with only a few; it is a likely place. Come Khan, and you Mir Sahib, see what you can do to help us; now, Kasim Ali, prove to me that you can shoot—Bismilla!"

"Bismilla!" cried one and all, and the mahouts urging on the noble beasts, they entered the long grass together. They had not gone many yards, when Haidar, who led, raised his white trunk high into the air, giving at the same time one of those low growls which proved there was something concealed before him. "*Shabash*, Haidar!" cried the Sultan, "you shall eat sugar for this; get on, my son, get on!"

The noble beast seemed almost to understand him, for he quickened his pace even without the command of the

mahout. At that moment a rocket discharged from the side, whizzed through the grass before them. The effect was instantaneous; two beautiful tigers arose at once. One of them stood for an instant, looking proudly around him, and lashing his tail as he looked at the line of elephants, several of which were restless and cowardly. The other tried to sneak off, but was stopped by a shot which turned him; and with a terrific roar, which sounded clear far above the din of the beaters, it charged the nearest elephant. It was beaten off, however, receiving several shots, and was then followed by a crowd of the hunters.

Kasim and the Khan had a mind to pursue it too, but their attention was at once attracted to the Sultan, who, having fired and wounded the other tiger, had been charged by it, and had just fired again. He had missed, however, and the animal excited to fury, had sprung at old Haidar. Haidar had received the onset firmly, and as the tiger strove to fasten upon his shoulders, had kicked him off; but at the second charge, when the Sultan could not fire, the tiger had seized the elephant's leg, and was tearing it with all the energy of rage.

In vain did the Sultan try to fire; he could see the tiger only for a moment at a time, and as Haidar was no longer steady, he again missed his aim. Kasim was, however, near, and with others was anxiously watching his opportunity to fire; but before he could do so, one of the men on foot, a stout brawny soldier with sword drawn and his buckler on his arm, dashed at the tiger, and dealt him a fierce blow on the loins. The blood gushed forth, and the brute, instantly quitting his hold, turned upon the man with a roar which appalled all hearts. The latter met him manfully, but was unskilful, or the beast was too powerful. All was the work of an instant: the tiger and the man rolled upon the ground—but only one arose; the torn and bleeding body of the brave fellow lay there, his face turned upwards to the sun, and his eyes fixed in the leaden stare of death. Now was Kasim's opportunity; as the tiger looked around him for an instant to make another spring—he fired.

The brute reeled a few paces to the foot of the Sultan's elephant, fell back, and his dying struggles were shortened by the vigorous kicks of the old elephant, who bandied the carcase between his legs like a football.

"Enough! old Haidar," cried the Sultan, who had been soundly shaken. "Enough! enough! he is dead—thanks to your friend yonder; what! not satisfied yet? Well, then, this is to please you," and he fired again. It was apparently sufficient, for the noble beast became once more composed.

While the mahout dismounted to examine the elephant's wounds, the Sultan made some hurried inquiries about the man who had been killed. No one, however, knew him; so directing his body to be borne to the rear, and the mahout having reported that there was no injury of consequence done to Haidar, the Sultan, and with him the whole line, once more pressed forward.

As he passed Kasim, the Sultan now greeted him heartily. "You did me good service, youth," he cried; "but for you my poor Haidar would have been sorely hurt. Enough—look sharp! there may be more work for your gun yet."

So indeed there was: at every step, as they advanced, the quantity of game appeared to increase. Another bear was aroused, and, after producing a vast deal of merriment and shouting, was slain as the former ones had been. Several hyænas were speared or shot; guns were discharged in all directions at the deer and hogs which were everywhere running about, and bullets were flying, much to the danger of the hunters themselves. Indeed, one or two men were severely wounded during the day.

Suddenly, when they had nearly reached the head of the glen, the Sultan, who was leading, stopped. The others hastened after him, as fast as the thick crowd would allow, and all beheld a sight which raised their excitement to the utmost. Before them on a small open spot, under a rock, close to the right side of the glen, stood three elephants; one a huge male, the others a female and her calf.

No one spoke—all were breathless with anxiety; for

it was impossible to say whether it would be best to attack the large elephant where he stood, or to allow him to advance. The latter seemed to be the opinion of most; and the Sultan awaited his coming, while he hallooed to those in advance to urge him on. The wild elephant stood, awaiting his foes. His small red eyes twinkled with excitement; his looks were savage, and he appeared almost resolved upon a rush, to endeavour to break the line and escape, or perish. However, there was no time for consideration. As the Sultan raised his gun to his shoulder several shots were fired, and the noble beast, impelled by rage and agony, rushed at once upon the nearest elephant among his enemies. A shower of balls met him, but he heeded them not: he was maddened, and could see or feel only his own revenge. In vain the mahout of the elephant that was attacked strove to turn his beast, which had been suddenly paralysed by fear; but the wild one appeared to have no revengeful feelings against his fellow. While they all looked on, without being able to afford the least aid, the wild elephant had seized in his trunk the mahout of the one he had attacked, wheeled him round high in the air, and dashed him upon the ground. A cry of horror burst from all present, and a volley of bullets were rained upon him. It had the effect of making him drop the body: but though sorely wounded, he did not fall, and retreating, he passed from their sight into the thick jungle.

"Pursue! pursue!" cried Tippu from his elephant. "Are we to be defied by such a brute? We will have him yet. A hundred rupees to him who shoots him dead."

The crowd hurried on; their excitement had reached almost a kind of madness. Everyone scrambled to be first, horsemen and foot, and those who rode the elephants, all in confusion, and shouting more tumultuously than ever.

They came close to the top of the glen; the murmur of the fall could sometimes be heard when the shouting ceased for an instant. The ground underneath them was quite clear, so that the elephants could advance easily.

"He is there—I see him!" cried the Sultan, aiming at the wounded elephant, and firing. "He comes! be ready—Fire!"

The noble animal came thundering on with his trunk uplifted, roaring fearfully, followed by the two others. It was a last and desperate effort to break the line. The blood was streaming from fifty wounds in his sides, and he was already weak; with that one effort he had hoped to have saved himself and the female, but in vain. As he came on, the Khan cried hurriedly to Kasim, "Above the eye! above the eye! you are sure of him there." He was met by a shower of balls, several of which hit him in the head. He seemed to stagger for a moment; his trunk, which had been raised high in the air, dropped, and he fell; his limbs quivered for an instant, and then he lay still in death. Kasim's bullet had been too truly aimed.

"*Shabash Shabash!* he is dead!" shouted the Sultan, wild with excitement; "now for the rest. Spare the young one; now for the female—beware, she will be savage!"

But she was not so at first. She retreated as far as the rock would allow her, and placing herself between her enemies and her calf, which unconscious of danger, still strove to suck her milk, she tried to protect it from the shot, that hit her almost every time. Now and then she would utter low plaintive moans, which if those who fired at her possessed any feeling, would have pleaded with them to leave her alone. At times, goaded on by maddening pain she charged the line, but only to be driven back foiled and disheartened.

"Will they not let her go free," cried Kasim—"she and the young one? Listen, Khan, to her moans. I will not fire—I cannot."

"Put her out of pain!" said the Khan. "Aim now again just over the eye, in the temple; be steady, the shot is sure to kill. Now! see they are going to fire again at her."

Kasim raised his unerring gun: the firing had ceased at the moment—all were loading. One sharp crack was

heard, and the poor beast sank down without a moan or a struggle. This was the end of the hunt. Soon after the Sultan mounted his elephant, and the hunters began to return to the camp.

LORD MACAULAY

Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-59) was a distinguished scholar and lawyer. Early in his career he became a contributor to *The Edinburgh Review*, and in this periodical his best essays were published. He came to India in 1834 as legal adviser to the Council; and his name will live in the history of India by his judgment in favour of teaching English in schools and colleges, and by his work on the Indian Penal Code. On his return to England, he entered Parliament and began his *History of England from the Reign of James II.* His early death prevented the completion of this work. Macaulay is best known as a brilliant essayist, some of his most popular productions being the essays on Clive and Warren Hastings, the material for which he collected in India. His prose is vigorous and picturesque; and his vast historical knowledge enabled him to provide a wealth of interesting allusion and comparison in his treatment of politics and manners.

THE DECLINE OF THE MOGUL EMPIRE

THE history of the successors of Theodosius bears no small analogy to that of the successors of Aurungzebe. But perhaps the fall of the Carolingians furnishes the nearest parallel to the fall of the Moguls. Charlemagne was scarcely interred when the imbecility and the disputes of his descendants began to bring contempt on themselves and destruction on their subjects. The wide dominion of the Franks was severed into a thousand pieces. Nothing more than a nominal dignity was left to the abject heirs of an illustrious name, Charles the Bald, and Charles the Fat, and Charles the Simple. Fierce invaders, differing from each other in race, language, and religion, flocked, as if by concert, from the farthest corners of the earth, to plunder provinces which the government could no longer defend. The pirates of the Northern Sea extended their ravages from the Elbe to the Pyrenees, and at length

fixed their seat in the rich valley of the Seine. The Hungarian, in whom the trembling monks fancied that they recognised the Gog or Magog of prophecy, carried back the plunder of the cities of Lombardy to the depths of the Pannonian forests. The Saracen ruled in Sicily, desolated the fertile plains of Campania, and spread terror even to the walls of Rome. In the midst of these sufferings, a great internal change passed upon the empire. The corruption of death began to ferment into new forms of life. While the great body, as a whole, was torpid and passive, every separate member began to feel with a sense, and to move with an energy all its own. Just here, in the most barren and dreary tract of European history, all feudal privileges, all modern nobility, take their source. It is to this point that we trace the power of those princes, who, nominally vassals, but really independent, long governed, with the titles of dukes, marquesses, and counts, almost every part of the dominions which had obeyed Charlemagne.

Such, or nearly such, was the change which passed on the Mogul empire during the forty years which followed the death of Aurungzebe. A succession of nominal sovereigns, sunk in indolence, sauntered away life in secluded places. A succession of ferocious invaders descended through the western passes, to prey on the defenceless wealth of Hindostan. A Persian conqueror crossed the Indus, marched through the Gates of Delhi, and bore away in triumph those treasures of which the magnificence had astounded Roe and Bernier, the Peacock Throne, on which the richest jewels of Golconda had been disposed by the most skilful hands of Europe, and the inestimable Mountain of Light, which, after many strange vicissitudes, lately shone in the bracelet of Runjeet Sing. The Afghan soon followed to complete the work of devastation which the Persian had begun. The warlike tribes of Rajpootana threw off the Mussulman yoke. A band of mercenary soldiers occupied Rohilcund. The Seiks ruled on the Indus. The Jauts spread dismay along the Jumna. The highlands which border on the western sea-coast of India poured forth a yet more formidable race, a race which

was long the terror of every native power, and which, after many desperate and doubtful struggles, yielded only to the fortune and genius of England. It was under the reign of Aurungzebe that this wild clan of plunderers first descended from their mountains; and soon after his death, every corner of his wide empire learned to tremble at the mighty name of the Mahrattas. Many fertile vice-royalties were entirely subdued by them. Their dominions stretched across the peninsula from sea to sea. Mahratta captains reigned at Poonah, at Gualior, in Guzerat, in Berar, and in Tanjore. Nor did they, though they had become great sovereigns, therefore cease to be freebooters. They still retained the predatory habits of their forefathers. Every region which was not subject to their rule was wasted by their incursions. Wherever their kettle-drums were heard, the peasant threw his bag of rice on his shoulder, hid his small savings in his girdle, and fled with his wife and children to the mountains or the jungles, to the milder neighbourhood of the hyena and the tiger. Many provinces redeemed their harvests by the payment of an annual ransom. Even the wretched phantom who still bore the imperial title stooped to pay this ignominious black-mail. The camp fires of one rapacious leader were seen from the walls of the palace of Delhi. Another, at the head of his innumerable cavalry, descended year after year on the rice-fields of Bengal. Even the European factors trembled for their magazines. Less than a hundred years ago, it was thought necessary to fortify Calcutta against the horsemen of Berar, and the name of the Mahratta ditch still preserves the memory of the danger.

Wherever the viceroys of the Mogul retained authority they became sovereigns. They might still acknowledge in words the superiority of the house of Tamerlane; as a Count of Flanders or a Duke of Burgundy might have acknowledged the superiority of the most helpless driveller among the later Carolingians. They might occasionally send to their titular sovereign a complimentary present, or solicit from him a title of honour. In truth, however, they were no longer lieutenants

removable at pleasure, but independent hereditary princes. In this way originated those great Mussulman houses which formerly ruled Bengal and the Carnatic, and those which still exercise some of the powers of royalty at Lucknow and Hyderabad.

In what was this confusion to end? Was the strife to continue during centuries? Was it to terminate in the rise of another great monarchy? Was the Mussulman or the Mahratta to be the Lord of India? Was another Báber to descend from the mountains, and to lead the hardy tribes of Cabul and Chorasán against a wealthier and less warlike race? None of these events seemed improbable. But scarcely any man, however sagacious, would have thought it possible that a trading company, separated from India by fifteen thousand miles of sea, and possessing in India only a few acres for purposes of commerce, would, in less than a hundred years, spread its empire from Cape Comorin to the eternal snow of the Himalayas; would compel Mahratta and Mahomedan to forget their mutual feuds in common subjection; would tame down even those wild races which had resisted the most powerful of the Moguls; and, having united under its laws a hundred millions of subjects, would carry its victorious arms far to the east of the Brahmaputra, and far to the west of the Hydaspes, dictate terms of peace at the gates of Ava, and seat its vassal on the throne of Khandahar.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER

Sir William Francis Patrick Napier (1785-1860) belonged to a distinguished military family. He entered the British army at an early age and served throughout the Peninsular war. The history of this campaign which appeared finally in 1840 is the brilliant record not only of an eye-witness but of an expert soldier, and ranks with the best of English military histories. Napier wrote also of his brother, Sir Charles Napier's work in India.

WELLINGTON AND NAPOLEON

NAPOLEON'S system of war was admirably adapted to draw forth and augment the military excellence and to

strengthen the weakness of the national character. His discipline, severe, but appealing to the feelings of hope and honour, wrought the quick temperament of the French soldiers to patience under hardships, and strong endurance under fire. He taught the generals to rely on their own talents, to look to the country wherein they made war for resources, and to dare everything, even with the smallest numbers, that the impetuous valour of France might have full play: hence the violence of their attacks. But he also taught them to combine all arms together, and to keep strong reserves that sudden disorders might be repaired and the discouraged troops have time to rally and recover their pristine spirit; certain that they would then renew the battle with the same confidence as before. He thus made his troops, not invincible indeed—nature had put a bar to that in the character of the British soldier; yet so terrible and sure in war that the number and greatness of their exploits surpassed those of all other nations, the Romans not excepted if regard be had to the shortness of the period, nor the Macedonians if the quality of their opponents be considered.

Wellington's campaigns furnish lessons for generals of all nations, but they must always be special models for British commanders in future continental wars; because he modified and reconciled the great principles of art with the peculiar difficulties which attend generals controlled by politicians who prefer parliamentary intrigue to national interests. An English commander must not trust his fortune. He dare not risk much, however conscious he may be of personal resources, when one disaster will be his ruin at home: his measures must be subordinate to this primary consideration. Wellington's caution, springing from that source, has led friends and foes alike into wrong conclusions as to his system of war. The French call it want of enterprise, timidity; the English have denominated it the Fabian system. These are mere phrases. His system was the same as that of all great generals. He held his army in hand, keeping it with unmitigated labour always in a fit state to march or to fight, and acted indifferently as occasion offered on the

offensive or defensive, displaying in both a complete mastery of his art. Sometimes he was indebted to fortune, sometimes to his natural genius, always to his untiring industry; for he was emphatically a painstaking man.

That he was less vast in his designs, less daring in execution, neither so rapid nor so original a commander as Napoleon, must be admitted; and being later in the field of glory it is to be presumed he learned something of the art from that greatest of all masters. Yet something besides the difference of genius must be allowed for the difference of situation. Napoleon was never, even in his first campaign of Italy, so harassed by the French as Wellington was by the English, Spanish and Portuguese governments: their systems of war were, however, alike in principle, their operations being only modified by their different political positions. Great bodily exertion, unceasing watchfulness, exact combinations to protect their flanks and communications without scattering their forces; these were common to both; in defence firm, cool, enduring, in attack fierce and obstinate; daring when daring was politic, yet always operating by the flanks in preference to the front. In these things they were alike: in following up a victory the English general fell short of the French emperor. The battle of Wellington was the stroke of a battering-ram; down went the wall in ruins; the battle of Napoleon was the swell and dash of a mighty wave before which the barrier yielded and the roaring flood poured onwards covering all.

But there was nothing of timidity or natural want of enterprise to be discerned in the English general's campaigns. Neither was he of the Fabian school. He recommended that commander's system to the Spaniards: he did not follow it himself. His military policy more resembled that of Scipio Africanus. Fabius, dreading Hannibal's veterans, red with the blood of four consular armies, hovered on the mountains, refused battle, and to the unmatched skill and valour of the great Carthaginian opposed the almost inexhaustible military resources of Rome. Wellington was never loath to fight when there

was any equality of numbers : he landed in Portugal with only nine thousand men, with intent to attack Junot who had twenty-four thousand.

To say that he committed faults is only to say that he made war; to deny him the qualities of a great commander is to rail against the clear mid-day sun for want of light. How few of his combinations failed! How many battles he fought, victorious in all! Iron hardihood of body, a quick and sure vision, a grasping mind, untiring power of thought, and the habit of laborious, minute investigation and arrangement; all these qualities he possessed, and with them that most rare faculty of coming to prompt and sure conclusions on sudden emergencies. This is the certain mark of a master-spirit in war; without it a commander may be distinguished, he may be a great man, he cannot be a great captain: where troops nearly alike in arms and knowledge are opposed, the battle generally turns upon the decision of the moment.

Fortune, however, always asserts her supremacy in war, and often from a slight mistake such disastrous consequences flow, that in every age and every nation the uncertainty of arms has been proverbial. Napoleon's march upon Madrid in 1808, before he knew the exact situation of the British army, is an example. By that march he lent his flank to the enemy. Sir John Moore seized the advantage, and though the French emperor repaired the error for the moment by his astonishing march from Madrid to Astorga, the fate of the Peninsula was then decided. If he had not been forced to turn against Moore, Lisbon would have fallen, Portugal could not have been organised for resistance, and the jealousy of the Spaniards would never have suffered Wellington to establish a solid base at Cadiz. That general's after-successes would then have been with the things that are unborn. It was not so ordained. Wellington was victorious; the great conqueror was overthrown; England stood the most triumphant nation of the world, but with an enormous debt, a dissatisfied people, gaining peace without tranquillity, greatness without intrinsic strength, the present time uneasy, the future dark and threatening.

Yet she rejoices in the glory of her arms! And it is a stirring sound! War is the condition of this world. From man to the smallest insect all are at strife; and the glory of arms, which cannot be obtained without the exercise of honour, fortitude, courage, obedience, modesty, and temperance, excites the brave man's patriotism and is a chastening corrective for the rich man's pride. It is yet no security for power. Napoleon, the greatest man of whom history makes mention—Napoleon, the most wonderful commander, the most sagacious politician, the most profound statesman, lost by arms, Poland, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain, and France. Fortune, that name for the unknown combinations of infinite power, was wanting to him, and without her aid the designs of man are as bubbles on a troubled ocean.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

J. A. Froude (1818-94) was educated at Westminster and Oxford. He distinguished himself by his essays, now known as *Short Studies on Great Subjects*; and in 1856 published his *History of England from the Fall of Cardinal Wolsey to the Spanish Armada*. This work has done more than any other to illumine the romantic history of the Tudors; and to make Englishmen familiar with the period brilliantly illustrated by Charles Kingsley in *Westward Ho!* Froude's *English Seamen in the 16th Century* should be read by every boy in the British Empire.

ENGLAND ON THE SEA

It is the purpose of this chapter to trace the first movements of the struggle which transferred from Spain to England the sovereignty of the seas; the first beginnings of that proud power which, rising out of the heart of the people, has planted the saplings of the English race in every quarter of the globe, has covered the ocean with its merchant-fleets, and flaunts its flag in easy supremacy among the nations of the earth.

In the English nature there were and are two antagonistic tendencies—visible alike in our laws, in our institutions, in our religion, in our families, in the thoughts and

actions of our greatest men : a disposition on the one hand to live by rule and precedent, to distrust novelties, to hold the experience of the past as a surer guide than the keenest conclusions of logic, and to maintain with loving reverence the customs, the convictions, and traditions which have come down to us from other generations : on the other hand, a restless impetuous energy, inventing, expanding, pressing forward into the future, regarding what has been already achieved only as a step or landing-place leading upwards and onwards to higher conquests—a mode of thought which in the half-educated takes the form of a rash disdain of earlier ages, which in the best and wisest creates a sense that we shall be unworthy of our ancestors if we do not eclipse them in all that they touched, if we do not draw larger circles round the compass of their knowledge and extend our power over nature, over the world, and over ourselves.

In healthy ages as in healthy persons the two tendencies coexist, and produce that even progress, that strong vitality at once so vigorous and so composed, which is legible everywhere in the pages of English history. Under the accidental pressure of special causes, one or other disposition has for a time become predominant ; and intervals of torpor and inactivity have been followed by a burst of license, when in one direction or another law and order have become powerless ; when the people, shaking themselves free from custom, have hurried forward in the energy of their individual impulses, and now thoughts and new inclinations, like a rush of pent-up waters, have swept all before them.

Through the century and a half which intervened between the death of Edward the Third and the fall of Wolsey, the English sea-going population with but few exceptions had moved in a groove, in which they lived and worked from day to day and year to year with unerring uniformity. The wine brigs made their annual voyages to Bordeaux and Cadiz ; the hoys plied, with such regularity as the winds allowed them, between the Scheldt and the Thames ; summer after summer the " Iceland fleet " went north for the cod and ling, which were the food of the

winter fasting days; the boats of Yarmouth and Rye, Southampton, Poole, Brixham, Dartmouth, Plymouth, and Fowey fished the channel. The people themselves, though hardy and industrious, and though as much at home upon the ocean as their Scandinavian forefathers or their descendants in modern England, were yet contented to live in an unchanging round, from which they neither attempted nor desired to extricate themselves. The number of fishermen who found employment remained stationary; the produce of their labour supported their families in such comforts as they considered necessary. The officials of the London Companies ruled despotically in every English harbour: not a vessel cleared for a foreign port, not a smack went out for the herring season, without the official license; and the sale of every bale of goods or every hundredweight of fish was carried on under the eyes of the authorities, and at prices fixed by Act of Parliament.

To men contented to be so employed and so rewarded it was in vain that Columbus held out as a temptation the discovery of a New World; it was in vain that foreigners guided English ships across the Atlantic, and opened out the road before their eyes. In 1497 John Cabot, the Venetian, with his son Sebastian—then a little boy—sailed from Bristol for “the Islands of Cathay.” He struck the American continent at Nova Scotia, sailed up into the Greenland seas till he was blocked by the ice, then coasted back to Florida, and returned with the news of another continent waiting to be occupied. The English mariners turned away with indifference; their own soil and their own seas had been sufficient for the wants of their fathers, and it was left to Spain, in that grand burst of energy which followed on the expulsion of the Moors and the union of the Crowns, to add a hemisphere to the globe, and found empires in lands beyond the sunset.

Strange indeed was the contrast between the two races, and stranger still the interchange of character, as we look back over three hundred years. Before the sixteenth century had measured half its course, the shadow of Spain already stretched beyond the Andes; from the mines of Peru and the custom-houses of Antwerp the golden river

streamed into her imperial treasury; the crowns of Aragon and Castile, of Burgundy, Milan, Naples, and Sicily, clustered on the brow of her sovereigns; and the Spaniards themselves, before their national liberties were broken, were beyond comparison the noblest, grandest, and most enlightened people in the known world.

Meanwhile a vast intellectual revolution, of which the religious reformation was rather a sign than a cause, was making its way in the English mind. The discovery of the form of the earth and of its place in the planetary system, was producing an effect on the imagination, which long familiarity with the truth renders it hard for us now to realise. The very heaven itself had been rolled up like a scroll, laying bare the illimitable abyss of space; the solid frame of the earth had become a transparent ball; and in a hemisphere below their feet men saw the sunny Palm Isles and the golden glories of the tropic seas. Long impassive, long unable from the very toughness of their natures to apprehend these novel wonders, indifferent to them, even hating them as at first they hated the doctrines of Luther, the English opened their eyes at last. In the convulsions which rent England from the Papacy, a thousand superstitions were blown away, a thousand new thoughts rushed in, bringing with them their train of new desires and new emotions; and when the fire was once kindled, the dry wood burnt fiercely in the wind.

Having thrown down the gauntlet to the Pope, Henry the Eighth had to look to the defences of the kingdom; and knowing that his best security lay in the command of the "broad ditch," as he called it, which cut him off from Europe, he turned his mind with instant sagacity to the development of the Navy.

The mariners and merchants had caught the impulse of the time. In 1530, when the divorce question was in its early stages, Mr. William Hawkins of Plymouth, "a man for his wisdom, valour, experience, and skill of sea causes, much esteemed and beloved of King Henry the Eighth, armed out a tall and goodly ship," sailed for the coast of Guinea, where he first trafficked with the negroes for gold dust and ivory, and then crossed the Atlantic to

Brazil, "where he behaved himself so wisely with the savage people" that "the King of Brazil came back with him to see the wonders of England," and was introduced to Henry at Whitehall. The year after, Hawkins went back again, and "the King" with him; the King on the passage home died of change of air, bad diet, and confinement; and there were fears for the Englishmen who had been left as hostages among the Indians. But they were satisfied that there had been no foul play; they welcomed Englishmen as cordially as they hated the Spaniards; and a trade was opened which was continued chiefly by the merchants of Southampton.

In 1549, Sebastian Cabot, who in his late manhood had returned to Bristol, was appointed, by Edward the Sixth, Grand Pilot of England; and as enterprise expanded with freedom and with the cracking up of superstition, the merchant-adventurers who had started up in London on principles of free trade, sent their ships up the Straits to the Levant, explored the Baltic, and had their factors at Novgorod. In 1552, Captain Windham of Norfolk followed William Hawkins to the coast of Guinea; and again in 1553, with Antonio Pinteado, he led a second expedition to the Bight of Benin and up the river to the court of the King. The same year the noble Sir Hugh Willoughby, enchanted like John Cabot with visions of "The Islands of Cathay," sailed in search of them into the Arctic circle, turned eastward into the frozen seas, and perished in the ice.

But neither the 'frost giants' of the north nor the deadly vapours of the African rivers could quell the spirit which had been at last aroused. Windham and Pinteado died of fever in the Benin waters; and of a hundred and forty mariners who sailed with them forty only ever saw Ramhead and Plymouth Sound again; but the year following, John Lok was tempted to the same shores by the ivory and gold dust; and he—first of Englishmen—carried off five negroes as slaves.

It is noticeable that on their first appearance on the west coast of Africa, the English visitors were received by the natives with marked cordiality. The slave trade

hitherto had been a monopoly of the Spaniards and Portuguese; it had been established in concert with the native chiefs, as a means of relieving the tribes of bad subjects, who would otherwise have been hanged. Thieves, murderers, and such like, were taken down to the depôts and sold to the West Indian traders. But the theory—as was inevitable—soon ceased to correspond with the practice; to be able-bodied and helpless became a sufficient crime to justify deportation; the Portuguese stations became institutions for an organised kidnapping; and when the English vessels appeared, they were welcomed by the smaller negro tribes as more harmless specimens of the dangerous white race. But the theft of five men made them fear that the new comers were no better than the rest: the alarm was spread all along the coast; and Towerson, a London merchant, found his voyage the next year made unprofitable through their unwillingness to trade. The injury was so considerable, and the value of the slaves in England so trifling, that they were sent back; and the captain who took them home was touched at the passionate joy with which the poor creatures were welcomed.

Thus it was that the accession of Elizabeth found trade leaving its old channels, and stretching in a thousand new directions. While the fishing trade was ruined by the change of creed, a taste came in for luxuries undreamt of in the simpler days which were passing away. Statesmen accustomed to rule the habits of private life with sumptuary laws, and to measure the imports of the realm by their own conceptions of the necessities of the people, took alarm at the inroads upon established ways and usages, and could see only “a most lamentable spoil to the realm, in the over quantity of unnecessary wares brought into the port of London.”

From India came perfumes, spices, rice, cotton, indigo, and precious stones; from Persia and Turkey, carpets, velvets, satins, damasks, cloth of gold, and silk robes, “wrought in divers colours.” Russia gave its ermines and sables, its wolf and bear skins, its tallow, flax, and hemp, its steel and iron, its ropes, cables, pitch, tar, masts for

ships, and even deal boards. The New World sent over sugar, rare woods, gold, silver, and pearls; and these, with the pomegranates, lemons, and oranges, the silks and satins, the scented soaps and oils, and the fanciful variety of ornaments which were imported from the south of Europe, shocked the austere sense of the race of Englishmen who had been bred up in an age when heaven was of more importance than earthly pleasure. Fathers were filled with panic for the morals of their children, and statesmen trembled before the imminent ruin of the realm.

GEORGE GROTE

George Grote (1794-1871) was a banker and Member of Parliament for the City of London. After his retirement from business he became Vice Chancellor of the London University, and gave himself to hard historical study. His *History of Greece* was published in 1856. The work is a great monument of careful investigation and independent judgment.

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER

It appears that he already had the seeds of a fever upon him, which was so fatally aggravated that he was too ill to return to his palace. He took the bath, and slept in the house of Medius; on the next morning he was unable to rise. After having been carried out on a couch to celebrate sacrifice (which was his daily habit) he was obliged to lie in bed all day. Nevertheless he summoned the generals to his presence, prescribing all the details of the impending expedition, and ordering that the land-force should begin its march on the fourth day following, while the fleet, with himself aboard, would sail on the fifth day. In the evening, he was carried on a couch across the Euphrates into a garden on the other side, where he bathed and rested for the night. The fever still continued, so that in the morning, after bathing and being carried out to perform the sacrifices, he remained on his couch all day, talking and playing dice with

Medius; in the evening he bathed, sacrificed again, and ate a light supper, but endured a bad night with increased fever. The next two days passed in the same manner, the fever becoming worse and worse; nevertheless Alexander still summoned Nearchus to his bedside, discussed with him many points about his maritime projects, and repeated his order that the fleet should be ready by the third day. On the ensuing morning the fever was violent; Alexander reposed all day in a bathing-house in the garden, yet still calling in the generals to direct the filling up of vacancies among the officers, and ordering that the armament should be ready to move. Throughout the two next days his malady became hourly more aggravated. On the second of the two Alexander could with difficulty support the being lifted out of bed to perform the sacrifice; even then, however, he continued to give orders to the generals about the expedition. On the morrow, though desperately ill, he still made the effort requisite for performing the sacrifice; he was then carried across from the garden-house to the palace, giving orders that the generals and officers should remain in permanent attendance in and near the hall. He caused some of them to be called to his bedside; but though he knew them perfectly, he had by this time become incapable of utterance.

For two nights and a day he continued in this state, without either amendment or repose. Meanwhile the news of his malady had spread through the army, filling them with grief and consternation. Many of the soldiers, eager to see him once more, forced their way into the palace, and were admitted unarmed. They passed along by the bedside, with all the demonstrations of affliction and sympathy: Alexander knew them, and made show of friendly recognition as well as he could; but was unable to say a word. In the afternoon he expired—June, 323 B.C.—after a life of thirty-two years and eight months—and a reign of twelve years and eight months.

The death of Alexander, thus suddenly cut off by a fever in the plenitude of health, vigour, and aspirations, was an event impressive as well as important in the

highest possible degree, to his contemporaries far and near. He had mastered, in defiance of fatigue, hardship, and combat, not merely all the eastern half of the Persian empire, but unknown Indian regions beyond its easternmost limits. Besides Macedonia, Greece and Thrace, he possessed all that immense treasure and military force which had once rendered the Great King so formidable. By no contemporary man had any such power ever been known or conceived. With the turn of imagination then prevalent, many were doubtless disposed to take him for God on earth, as Grecian spectators had once supposed with regard to Xerxes, when they beheld the innumerable Persian host crossing the Hellespont.

Exalted to this prodigious grandeur, Alexander was at the time of his death little more than thirty-two years old—the age at which a citizen of Athens was growing into important commands; ten years less than the age for a consul at Rome; two years younger than the age at which Timour first acquired the crown, and began his foreign conquests. His extraordinary bodily powers were unabated; he had acquired a large stock of military experience; and, what is still more important, his appetite for further conquest was as voracious, and his readiness to purchase it at the largest cost of toil or danger, as complete, as it had been when he first crossed the Hellespont. Great as his past career had been, his future achievements, with such increased means and experience, were likely to be yet greater. His ambition would have been satisfied with nothing less than the conquest of the whole habitable world as then known; and if his life had been prolonged, he would probably have accomplished it. Nowhere (so far as our knowledge reaches) did there reside any military power capable of making head against him; nor were his soldiers, when he commanded them, daunted or baffled by any extremity of cold, heat, or fatigue.

Among all the qualities which go to constitute the highest military excellence, either as a general or as a soldier, none was wanting in the character of Alexander. Together with his own chivalrous courage—sometimes,

indeed, both excessive and unseasonable, so as to form the only military defect which can be fairly imputed to him—we trace in all his operations the most careful dispositions taken beforehand, vigilant precaution in guarding against possible reverse, and abundant resource in adapting himself to new contingencies. Amidst constant success, these precautionary combinations were never discontinued. His achievements are the earliest recorded evidence of scientific military organisation on a large scale, and of its overwhelming effects. Alexander overawes the imagination more than any other personage of antiquity, by the matchless development of all that constitutes effective force—as an individual warrior, and as an organiser and leader of armed masses; not merely the blind impetuosity ascribed by Homer to Ares, but also the intelligent, methodised, and all-subduing compression which he personifies in Athene. But all his great qualities were fit for use only against enemies; in which category, indeed, were numbered all mankind, known and unknown, except those who chose to submit to him. In his Indian campaigns, amidst tribes of utter strangers, we perceive that not only those who stand on their defence, but also those who abandon their property and flee to the mountains, are alike pursued and slaughtered.

Apart from the transcendent merits of Alexander as a soldier and a general, some authors give him credit for grand and beneficent views on the subject of imperial government, and for intentions highly favourable to the improvement of mankind. I see no ground for adopting this opinion. As far as we can venture to anticipate what would have been Alexander's future, we see nothing in prospect except years of ever-repeated aggression and conquest, not to be concluded until he had traversed and subjugated all the inhabited globe. The acquisition of universal dominion—conceived not metaphorically, but literally, and conceived with greater facility in consequence of the imperfect geographical knowledge of the time—was the master-passion of his soul.

JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM

J S Buckingham (1786-1855) is one of the most interesting figures in the history of British India. A sailor by profession, he came to Bombay in order to establish trade relations between India and Egypt. He next visited Calcutta, where in 1818 he settled and founded the *Calcutta Journal*. In 1823 he was deported owing to his defiance of the Press laws; but he became Member of Parliament for Sheffield, and compelled the East India Company to recompense him for the financial loss following upon the confiscation of his journal. He was an extensive traveller and a voluminous writer on his travels. His autobiography gives the story of his life up to 1855, the year of his death. It is of value in describing Anglo-Indian society of a century ago.

ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER

AMONG the personal adventures which happened to me in Bombay, two or three may be selected from a multitude, to be given here. On one occasion I went to dine and pass the evening with Captain Dickinson, of the Bombay Engineers, in Salsette. The house in which he resided at Gora Bunder, on the narrow arm of the sea which divides Salsette from the Mahratta coast, had been a Catholic convent in the time of the Portuguese dominion. It was situated on an elevated rock, for the double enjoyment of pure and cool air and fine prospect, and evinced the good taste of its founders. The ascent to it was by a long flight of steps cut in the steep sides of the rock itself. After dinner, the company retired to the drawing room for music; and whether the sweet sounds of the voices and instruments combined, or the glare of light from the doors and windows, all of which were opened for air in the usual Indian fashion, or whether the scent of so much flesh and blood congregated in a small space, formed the chief attraction, we could not of course decide; but, just as some of the party had commenced a vocal quartet, the ayah, or Indian nurse, came running in with the greatest affright, dragging a little child after her, and exclaiming, "A tiger on the steps! a tiger on the steps!" On rushing to the outer door, two immense tigers were

seen steadily creeping up the flight of steps with noiseless feet and crouching bodies ; and we were only just in time to slam the glass door in the very face of one, who, in a moment more of time, would have had some victim in his jaws, carrying him or her off in triumph, as young Hector Munro was seized by a tiger, while in a picnic party at the Island of Saugor, and killed before the very eyes of his companions. It caused a chill and shudder to run through all the party ; and it was not till the tigers had both disappeared that harmony was restored.

A still narrower escape for myself individually, happened on another occasion, not long after this. I had gone to dine in Salsette with Colonel Hunt, the governor of the Fort of Tannah, about seven or eight miles from Bombay ; and as I had an appointment at home in the morning, and the night was remarkably fine, with a brilliant moonlight, I declined the hospitable invitation of my host and hostess to remain with them during the night ; and ordering my palanquin to be ready at ten o'clock, I left Tannah at that hour for Bombay. A great portion of the way was over a level plain of some extent ; and while we were in the midst of this, the bearers, of whom there were eight, four to carry and four for a relay, with two lantern-bearers, who carry their lights in the moonlight as well as in the dark, as a matter of etiquette which it is thought disrespectful to omit—in short, the whole party of ten in an instant disappeared, scattering themselves in all directions, and each running at his utmost speed. I was astonished at this sudden halt, and wholly unable to conjecture its cause, and all my calling and remonstrance were in vain. In casting my eyes behind the palanquin, however, I saw, to my horror and dismay, a huge tiger, in full career towards me, with his tail almost perpendicular, and with a growl that indicated too distinctly the intense satisfaction with which he anticipated a savoury morsel for his hunger. There was not a moment to lose, or even to deliberate. To get out of the palanquin, and try to escape, would be running into the jaws of certain death. To remain within was the only alternative. The palanquin is an oblong chest or

box, about six feet long, two feet broad, and two feet high. It has four short legs for resting it on the ground, three or four inches only above the soil. Its bottom and sides are flat, and its top is gently convex to carry off the rain. By a pole projecting from the centre of each end, the bearers carry it on their shoulders, and the occupant lies stretched along upon a thin mattress on an open cane bottom, like a couch or bed, with a pillow beneath his head. The mode of entering and leaving the palanquin, is through a square opening in each side, which, when the sun or rain requires it, may be closed by a sliding door; this is usually composed of Venetian blinds, to allow light and air, in a wooden frame, and may be fastened, if needed, by a small brass hook and eye. Everything about the palanquin, however, is made as light as possible, to lessen the labour of the bearers; and there is no part of the panelling or sides more than half an inch thick, if so much.

All I could do, therefore, was in the shortest possible space of time to close the two sliding doors, and lie along on my back. I had often heard that if you can suspend your breath, and put on the semblance of being dead, the most ferocious of wild beasts will leave you. I attempted this, by holding my breath as long as possible, and remaining as still as a recumbent statue. But I found it of no avail. The doors were hardly closed before the tiger was close alongside, and his smelling and snorting were horrible. He first butted one of the sides with his head, and as there was no resistance on the other, the palanquin went over on its beam ends, and lay perfectly flat, with its cane-bottom presented to the tiger's view. Through this, and the mattress, heated no doubt by my lying on it, the odour of the living flesh came out stronger than through the wood, and the snuffing and smelling were repeated with increased strength. I certainly expected every moment that, with a powerful blow of one of its paws, he would break in some part of the palanquin, and drag me out for his devouring. But another butting of the head against the bottom of the palanquin rolled it over on its convex top, and then it rocked to and fro

like a cradle. All this while I was obliged, of course, to turn my body with the revolutions of the palanquin itself; and every time I moved, I dreaded lest it should provoke some fresh aggression. The beast, however, wanting sagacity, did not use his powerful paw as I expected; and, giving it up in despair, set up a hideous howl of disappointment and slinked off in the direction from whence he came. I rejoiced, as may be well imagined, at the cessation of all sound and smell to indicate his presence; but it was a full quarter of an hour before I had courage to open one of the side doors, and put my head out to see whether he was gone or not. Happily he had entirely disappeared and I was infinitely relieved.

The next course to be considered was, whether I should get out and walk to Bombay, a distance of four miles, now near midnight, or whether I should again close my doors and remain where I was. I deemed this the safest plan, and remained accordingly; when, about half an hour beyond midnight, all my bearers returned, with several peons or foot soldiers, and muskets, pistols, and sabres, enough to capture and kill a dozen tigers; but these were too late to be of any use. They made many apologies for leaving me, but said that as one of them would have been certain of being seized by the tiger if they remained, and no one could say which, they thought it best that all should try at least to escape, and I readily forgave them. After which they bore me home with more than usual alacrity, and I enjoyed my repose all the more sweetly for the danger I escaped.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

W. M. Thackeray (1811-63) was born in Calcutta, and after a short period at Cambridge, he travelled in France and Germany, intending to become an artist. He inherited a private fortune in 1832, and was free to follow his own inclinations. He did much miscellaneous literary work before his great novels began to appear in 1847. *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Levy* and *The Newcomes* are his best known works. His knowledge of 18th-century England

was extensive; and his lectures on *The Four Georges*, from which an extract is given below, are full of interesting historical details. Thackeray writes with a fine scholarly sense of the use of language; and as a critic of life and manners his place is with the greatest of England's novelists.

SOME ENGLISH GENTLEMEN

I WILL take men of my own profession of letters. I will take Walter Scott, who loved the King, and who was his sword and buckler, and championed him like that brave Highlander in his own story, who fights round his chief. What a good gentleman! What a friendly soul, what a generous hand, what an amiable life was that of the noble Sir Walter! I will take another man of letters, whose life I admire even more—an English worthy, doing his duty for fifty noble years of labour, day by day storing up learning, day by day working for scant wages, most charitable out of his small means, bravely faithful to the calling which he had chosen, refusing to turn from his path for popular praise or prince's favour—I mean *Robert Southey*. We have left his old political landmarks miles and miles behind; we protest against his dogmatism; nay, we begin to forget it and his politics; but I hope his life will not be forgotten, for it is sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honour, its affection. In the combat between Time and Thalaba, I suspect the former destroyer has conquered. *Kehama's Curse* frightens very few readers now; but Southey's private letters are worth piles of epics, and are sure to last among us, as long as kind hearts like to sympathise with goodness and purity, and love and upright life. "If your feelings are like mine," he writes to his wife, "I will not go to Lisbon without you, or I will stay at home, and not part from you. For though not unhappy when away, still without you I am not happy. For your sake, as well as my own and little Edith's, I will not consent to any separation; the growth of a year's love between her and me, if it please God she should live, is a thing too delightful in itself, and too valuable in its consequences, to be given up for any light inconvenience on your part or mine. On

these things we will talk at leisure ; only dear, dear Edith, *we must not part !* ”

“ I have,” he wrote, “ a pension of £200 a year, conferred upon me by the good offices of my old friend, and I have the laureateship. The salary of the latter was immediately appropriated, as far as it went, to a life-insurance for £3000 which, with an earlier insurance, is the sole provision I have made for my family. All beyond must be derived from my own industry. Writing for a livelihood, a livelihood is all that I have gained ; for, having also something better in view, and never, therefore, having courted popularity, nor written for the mere sake of gain, it has not been possible for me to lay by anything. Last year, for the first time in my life, I was provided with a year’s expenditure beforehand. This exposition may show how unbecoming and unwise it would be to accept the rank which, so greatly to my honour, you have solicited for me.”

How noble his poverty is ! His acceptance even of a pension was made the object of his opponents’ satire ; but *think of the merit and modesty of this State pensioner.*

Another true knight of those days was Cuthbert Collingwood ; and I think, since heaven made gentlemen, there is no record of a better one than that. Of brighter deeds, I grant you, we may read performed by others, but where of a nobler, kinder, more beautiful life of duty, of a gentler, truer heart ? Beyond dazzle of success and blaze of genius, I fancy shining a hundred and a hundred times higher, the sublime purity of Collingwood’s gentle glory. His heroism stirs British hearts when we recall it. His love, and goodness and piety make one thrill with happy emotion. As one reads of him and his great comrade going into the victory with which their names are immortally connected, how the old English word comes up, and that old English feeling of what I should like to call Christian honour ! What gentlemen they were, what hearts they had ! “ We can, my dear Coll,” writes Nelson to him, “ have no little jealousies ; we have only one great object in view,—that of meeting the enemy, and getting a glorious peace for our country.” At Trafalgar, when the

Royal Sovereign was pressing alone into the midst of the combined fleets, Lord Nelson said to Captain Blackwood: "See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action! How I envy him!" The very same throb and impulse of heroic generosity was beating in Collingwood's honest bosom. As he led into the fight, he said, "What would Nelson give to be here!"

After the action of June 1, he writes: "We cruised for a few days, like disappointed people looking for what they could not find, *until the morning of little Sarah's birthday*, between eight and nine o'clock, when the French fleet of twenty-five sail of the line was discovered to windward. We chased them, and they bore down within about five miles of us. The night was spent in watching and preparation for the succeeding day; and many a blessing did I send forth to my Sarah, lest I should never bless her more. At dawn, we made our approach on the enemy, then drew up, dressed our ranks, and it was about eight when the admiral made the signal for each ship to engage her opponent, and bring her to close action; and then down we went under a crowd of sail, and in a manner that would have animated the coldest heart, and struck terror into the most intrepid enemy. The ship we were to engage was two ahead of the French admiral, so we had to go through his fire, and that of two ships next to him, and received all their broadsides two or three times before we fired a gun. It was then near ten o'clock. I observed to the admiral that about that time our wives were going to church, but that I thought the peal we should ring about the Frenchman's ear would outdo their parish bells."

There are no words to tell what the heart feels in reading the simple phrases of such a hero. Here is victory and courage, but love sublimer and superior. Here is a Christian soldier spending the night before battle in watching and preparing for the succeeding day, thinking of his dearest home, and sending many blessings forth to his Sarah, "lest he should never bless her more." Who would not say Amen to his supplication? It was a benediction to his country—the prayer of that intrepid loving heart.

We have spoken of a good soldier and good men of letters as specimens of English gentlemen of the age just past; may we not also—many of my elder hearers, I am sure, have read, and fondly remember his delightful story—speak of a good divine, and mention Reginald Heber as one of the best of English gentlemen? The charming poet, the happy possessor of all sorts of gifts and accomplishments, birth, wit, fame, high character, competence—he was the beloved parish priest in his own home of Hodnet, counselling his people in their troubles, advising them in their difficulties, comforting them in distress, kneeling often at their sick beds at the hazard of his own life; exhorting, encouraging where there was need; where there was strife the peacemaker; where there was want the free giver.

When the Indian bishopric was offered to him he refused at first; but after communing with himself (and committing his case to the quarter whither such pious men are wont to carry their doubts), he withdrew his refusal, and prepared himself for his mission and to leave his beloved parish. "Little children, love one another, and forgive one another," were the last sacred words he said to his weeping people. He parted with them, knowing, perhaps, he should see them no more. Like those other good men of whom we have just spoken, love and duty were his life's aim. Happy he, happy they who were so gloriously faithful to both!

How touching is a remark Heber makes in his *Travels through India*, that on inquiring of the people at a town, which of the governors of India stood highest in the opinion of the people, he found that, though Lord Wellesley and Warren Hastings were honoured as the two greatest men who had ever ruled this part of the world, the people spoke with chief affection of Judge Cleveland, who had died, aged twenty-nine, in 1784. The people have built a monument over him, and still hold a religious feast in his memory. So does his own country still tend with a heart's regard the memory of the gentle Heber.

CHARLES DARWIN

Charles Robert Darwin (1809-82) came of a family of physicians and was educated at Edinburgh and Cambridge. He was appointed to the *Beagle*, a government vessel chartered for scientific inquiry and exploration in 1831; and his observations made during the years before 1836 influenced the whole of his later work in science. Before thirty Darwin was an accomplished naturalist and a trained investigator in original lines of thought. His greatest work is *The Origin of Species*, published in 1859. From this date until his death, he published a variety of books on biology and natural history. As a thinker and investigator he ranks with the greatest of the world's scientists. His most popular work was the journal of his cruise on the *Beagle*, where he did not disdain to record observations on the simplest things seen in the life around him. From this book the following extracts are taken :

(1) SOUTH AMERICAN JAGUARS

THE wooded banks of the great rivers appear to be the favourite haunts of the jaguar; but south of the Plata, I was told that they frequented the reeds bordering lakes; wherever they are, they seem to require water. Their common prey is the capybara, so that it is generally said, where capybaras are numerous there is little danger from the jaguar. Falconer states that near the southern side of the mouth of the Plata there are many jaguars, and that they chiefly live on fish; this account I have heard repeated. On the Parana they have killed many woodcutters, and have even entered vessels at night. There is a man now living in the Bajada, who, coming up from below when it was dark, was seized on the deck; he escaped, however, with the loss of the use of one arm. When the floods drive these animals from the islands, they are most dangerous. I was told that a few years since a very large one found its way into a church at St. Fé: two padres entering one after the other were killed, and a third, who came to see what was the matter, escaped with difficulty. The beast was destroyed by being shot from a corner of the building which was unroofed. They commit also at these times great ravages among cattle and horses. It is said that they kill their

prey by breaking their necks. If driven from the carcase, they seldom return to it. The Gauchos say that the jaguar, when wandering about at night, is much tormented by the foxes yelping as they follow him. This is a curious coincidence with the fact, which is generally affirmed, of the jackals accompanying, in a similarly officious manner, the East Indian tiger. The jaguar is a noisy animal, roaring much by night, and especially before bad weather.

One day, when hunting on the banks of the Uruguay, I was shown certain trees, to which these animals constantly recur for the purpose, it is said, of sharpening their claws. I saw three well-known trees; in front, the bark was worn smooth, as if by the breast of the animal, and on each side there were deep scratches, or rather grooves, extending in an oblique line, nearly a yard in length. The scars were of different ages. A common method of ascertaining whether a jaguar is in the neighbourhood is to examine these trees. I imagine this habit of the jaguar is exactly similar to one which may any day be seen in the common cat, as with outstretched legs and exerted claws it scrapes the leg of a chair; and I have heard of young fruit-trees in an orchard in England having been thus much injured. Some such habit must also be common to the puma, for on the bare hard soil of Patagonia I have frequently seen scores so deep that no other animal could have made them. The object of this practice is, I believe, to tear off the ragged points of their claws, and not, as the Gauchos think, to sharpen them. The jaguar is killed, without much difficulty, by the aid of dogs baying, and driving him up a tree, where he is despatched with bullets.

(2) THE BREAKING OF HORSES

ONE evening a "domidor" (a subduer of horses) came for the purpose of breaking in some colts. I will describe the preparatory steps, for I believe they have not been mentioned by other travellers. A troop of wild young horses is driven into the corral, or large enclosure of

stakes, and the door is shut. We will suppose that one man alone has to catch and mount a horse, which as yet had never felt bridle or saddle. I conceive, except by a Gaucho, such a feat would be utterly impracticable. The Gaucho picks out a full-grown colt; and as the beast rushes round the circus, he throws his lazo so as to catch both the front legs. Instantly the horse rolls over with a heavy shock, and whilst struggling on the ground, the Gaucho, holding the lazo tight, makes a circle, so as to catch one of the hind legs, just beneath the fetlock, and draws it close to the two front legs: he then hitches the lazo, so that the three are bound together. Then sitting on the horse's neck, he fixes a strong bridle, without a bit, to the lower jaw: this he does by passing a narrow thong through the eye-holes at the end of the reins, and several times round both jaw and tongue. The two front legs are now tied closely together with a strong leathern thong, fastened by a slip-knot. The lazo, which bound the three together, being then loosed, the horse rises with difficulty. The Gaucho now holding fast the bridle fixed to the lower jaw, leads the horse outside the corral. If a second man is present (otherwise the trouble is much greater) he holds the animal's head whilst the first puts on the horsecloths and saddle, and girths the whole together. The horse, from dread and astonishment at thus being bound round the waist, throws himself over and over again on the ground, and, till beaten, is unwilling to rise. At last, when the saddling is finished, the poor animal can hardly breathe from fear, and is white with foam and sweat. The man now prepares to mount by pressing heavily on the stirrup, so that the horse may not lose its balance; and at the moment that he throws his leg over the animal's back, he pulls the slip-knot binding the front legs, and the beast is free. Some "domidors" pull the knot while the animal is lying on the ground, and standing over the saddle allow him to rise beneath them. The horse, wild with dread, gives a few most violent bounds, and then starts off at full gallop. When quite exhausted, the man, by patience, brings him back to the corral, where reeking hot and

scarcely alive, the poor beast is let free. Those animals which will not gallop away, but obstinately throw themselves on the ground, are by far the most troublesome. This process is tremendously severe, but in two or three trials the horse is tamed. It is not, however, for some weeks that the animal is ridden with the iron bit and solid ring, for it must learn to associate the will of its rider with the feel of the rein, before the most powerful bridle can be of any service.

The Gauchos are well known to be perfect riders. The idea of being thrown, let the horse do what it likes, never enters their head. Their criterion of a good rider is, a man who can manage an untamed colt, or who, if his horse falls, alights on his own feet, or can perform other such exploits. I have heard of a man betting that he would throw his horse down twenty times, and that nineteen times he would not fall himself. I recollect seeing a Gaucho riding a very stubborn horse, which three times successively reared so high as to fall backwards with great violence. The man judged with uncommon coolness the proper moment for shipping off, not an instant before or after the right time; and as soon as the horse got up the man jumped on his back, and at last they started at a gallop. The Gaucho never appears to exert any muscular force. I was one day watching a good rider, as we were galloping along at a rapid pace, and thought to myself, "Surely if the horse starts, you appear so careless on your seat, you must fall." At this moment a male ostrich sprang from its nest right beneath the horse's nose; the young colt bounded on one side like a stag; but as for the man, all that could be said was, that he started and took fright with his horse.

In Chile and Peru more pains are taken with the mouth of the horse than in La Plata, and this is evidently a consequence of the more intricate nature of the country. In Chile a horse is not considered perfectly broken till he can be brought up standing, in the midst of his full speed, on any particular spot—for instance, on a cloak thrown on the ground: or, again, he will charge a wall, and rearing, scrape the surface with his hoofs. I have seen

an animal bounding with spirit, yet merely reined by a forefinger and thumb, taken at full gallop across a courtyard, and then made to wheel round the post of a verandah with great speed, but at so equal a distance, that the rider, with outstretched arm, all the while kept one finger rubbing the post. Then, making a demi-volte in the air, with the other arm outstretched in a like manner, he wheeled round, with astonishing force, in an opposite direction.

Such a horse is well broken; and although this at first may appear useless, it is far otherwise. It is only carrying that which is daily necessary into perfection. When a bullock is cheeked and caught by the lazo it will sometimes gallop round and round in a circle, and the horse being alarmed at the great strain, if not well broken, will not readily turn like the pivot of a wheel. In consequence many men have been killed; for if the lazo once takes a twist round a man's body, it will instantly, from the power of the two opposed animals, almost cut him in twain. On the same principle the races are managed: the course is only two or three hundred yards long, the wish being to have horses that can make a rapid dash. The race-horses are trained not only to stand with their hoofs touching a line, but to draw all four feet together, so as at the first spring to bring into play the full action of the hind-quarters. In Chile I was told an anecdote, which I believe was true; and it offers a good illustration of the use of a well-broken animal. A respectable man riding one day met two others, one of whom was mounted on a horse which he knew to have been stolen from himself. He challenged them; they answered him by drawing their sabres and giving chase. The man, on his good and fleet beast, kept just ahead. As he passed a thick bush he wheeled round it, and brought up his horse to a dead check. The pursuers were obliged to shoot on one side and ahead. Then instantly dashing on, right behind them, he buried his knife in the back of one, wounded the other, recovered his horse from the dying robber, and rode home. For these feats of horsemanship two things are necessary: a most severe bit like the Mameluke, the

power of which, though seldom used, the horse knows full well, and large blunt spurs, that can be applied either as a mere touch or as an instrument of extreme pain. I conceive that with English spurs, the slightest touch of which pricks the skin, it would be impossible to break-in a horse after the South American fashion.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

David Livingstone (1813-73) was trained by the London Missionary Society and went to Africa, where his knowledge of medicine greatly aided his work amongst the people. At heart an explorer, he travelled the whole breadth of the African continent, and made his reputation by his discovery in 1857 of the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. After this he was employed by Government and the Royal Geographical Society in the work of exploration which resulted in the opening up of the great lake system of Africa. His literary work is embodied in his *Missionary Travels*, the value of which lies in its simple and vivid description of discoveries that are now world-famous.

THE VICTORIA FALLS

AFTER twenty minutes' sail, we came in sight, for the first time, of the columns of vapour, appropriately called "smoke," rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa. Five columns now arose, and bending in the direction of the wind, they seemed placed against a low ridge covered with trees; the tops of the columns at this distance appeared to mingle with the clouds. They were white below, and higher up became dark, so as to simulate smoke very closely. The whole scene was extremely beautiful: the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of colour and form. At the period of our visit several trees were spangled over with blossoms. Trees have each their own physiognomy. There, towering over all, stands the great burly *baobab*, each of whose enormous arms would form the trunk of a large tree, besides groups of graceful palms which, with their feathery-shaped leaves depicted on the sky, lend their beauty to the scene. As a hieroglyphic they always

mean "far from home," for one can never get over their foreign air in a picture of a landscape. The silvery *mohonono*, which in the tropics is in form like the cedar of Lebanon, stands in pleasing contrast with the dark colour of the *motsouri* whose cypress-form is dotted over at present with its pleasant scarlet fruit. Some trees resemble the great spreading oak, others assume the character of our own elms and chestnuts; but no one can imagine the beauty of the view from anything witnessed in England. It had never been seen before by European eyes; but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight. The only want felt, is that of mountains in the background.

The falls are bounded on three sides by ridges 300 or 400 feet in height, which are covered with forest, with the red soil appearing along the trees. When about half a mile from the falls, I left the canoe by which we had come down thus far, and embarked in a lighter one, with men well acquainted with the rapids, who, by passing down the centre of the stream in the eddies and still places caused by many jutting rocks, brought me to an island situated in the middle of the river, and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. In coming hither, there was danger of being swept down by the streams which rushed along on each side of the island; but the river was now low, and we sailed where it is totally impossible to go when the water is high. But though we had reached the island and were within a few yards of the spot, a view from which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went: it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only eighty feet distant. At least I did not comprehend it until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into the large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and

then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills.

In looking down into the fissure-on the right of the island, one sees nothing but a dense white cloud, which, at the time we visited the spot, had two bright rainbows on it. From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapour exactly like steam, and it mounted two hundred or three hundred feet high; there condensing, it changed its hue to that of dark smoke and came back in a constant shower, which soon wetted us to the skin. This shower falls chiefly on the opposite side of the fissure; and a few yards back from the lip, there stands a straight hedge of evergreen trees, whose leaves are always wet. From their roots a number of little rills run back into the gulf; but as they flow down the steep wall there the column of vapour, in its ascent, licks them up clean off the rock and away they mount again. They are constantly running down, but never reach the bottom.

On the left of the island we see the water at the bottom, a white rolling mass moving away to the prolongation of the fissure which branches off near the left bank of the river. A piece of the rock has fallen off a spot on the left of the island and juts out from the water below, and from it I judged the distance which the water falls to be about one hundred feet. The walls of this gigantic crack are perpendicular and composed of one homogeneous mass of rock. The edge of that side over which the water falls is worn off two or three feet, and pieces have fallen away, so as to give it somewhat of a serrated appearance. That over which the water does not fall is quite straight, except at the left corner, where a rent appears and a piece seems inclined to fall off. Upon the whole, it is nearly in the state in which it was left at the period of its formation. The rock is dark brown in colour, except about ten feet from the bottom, which is discoloured by the annual rise of the water to that or a greater height. On the left side of the island we have a good view of the mass of water which causes one of the columns of vapour to ascend, as it leaps quite clear of the rock, and forms a thick unbroken fleece all the way to

the bottom. Its whitens gave the idea of snow, a sight I had not seen for many a day. As it broke into (if I may use the term) pieces of water, all rushing on in the same direction, each gave off several rays of foam, exactly as bits of steel, when burnt in oxygen gas, give off rays of sparks. The snow-white sheet seemed like myriads of small comets rushing on in one direction, each of which left behind its nucleus rays of foam. I never saw the appearance referred to noticed elsewhere. It seemed to be the effect of the mass of water leaping at once clear of the rock, and but slowly breaking up into spray.

At three spots near these falls, one of them the island in the middle of which we were, three Batoka chiefs offered up prayers and sacrifices. They chose their places of prayer within the sound of the roar of the cataract, and in sight of the bright bow in the cloud. They must have looked upon the scene with awe. Fear may have induced the selection. The river itself is to them mysterious. The words of the canoe-song are :

"The *Lecanthe*! Nobody knows,
Whence it comes and whither it goes."

The play of colours of the double iris on the cloud, seen by them elsewhere only as the rainbow, may have led them to the idea that this was the abode of Deity. Some of the Makololo who went with me, looked upon the same sign with awe. When seen in the heavens it is named *motsé oa barimo*—the pestle of the gods. Here they could approach the emblem, and see it stand steadily above the blustering uproar below—a type of Him who sits supreme, alone unchangeable, though ruling over all changing things.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE

A. W. Kinglake (1809-91) was a lawyer whose interests lay chiefly in politics, literature and travel. He was an eye-witness of the battle of the Alma in the Crimean War, the history of which he wrote and published in 1887. This work gives him high rank as an English

historian: but his reputation rests chiefly upon his small volume of Eastern travel entitled *Tothen*, which appeared in 1844. The book is unconventional and full of charm.

THE DESERT AND THE PYRAMIDS

FOR several miles beyond Gaza the land, freshened by the rains of the last week, was covered with rich verdure, and thickly jewelled with meadow flowers so bright and fragrant that I began to grow almost uneasy—to fancy that the very desert was receding before me, and that the long-desired adventure of passing its burning sands was to end in a mere ride across a field. But as I advanced, the true character of the country began to display itself with sufficient clearness to dispel my apprehensions; and before the close of my first day's journey, I had the gratification of finding that I was surrounded on all sides by a tract of real sand, and had nothing at all to complain of, except that there peeped forth at intervals a few isolated blades of grass, and many of those stunted shrubs which are the accustomed food of the camel.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains, you pass over newly raised hills, you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so empty, that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in case of evil. You look to the sun, for he is your time-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning; and then, for the first hour of the day, as you make forward on your camel, he is at your right side and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a little while yet, as he is no more before you are tired and distressed, and dare not look upon the prospect of his

glory: but you know where he strides over head, by the touch of the flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, and your shoulders ache. Time labours on: your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same glare of light beyond; but conquering Time marches on, and by and by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses: the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

Then begins your season of rest. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound. The beast instantly understood and obeyed the sign, and slowly sank under me, till she brought her body to a level with the ground: then gladly enough I alighted. The rest of the camels were unloaded and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the desert, where shrubs there were, or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food that was allowed them out of our stores.

After the fifth day of my journey, I no longer travelled over shifting hills, but came upon a dead level—a dead level bed of sand, quite hard, and studded with small shining pebbles. The heat grew fierce; there was no valley, nor hollow, no hill, no mound, no shadow of hill nor of mound by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change: I was still the very centre of a round horizon; hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same, and the same, and the same—the same circle of flaming sky—the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over

all the heaven above—over all the earth beneath—there was no visible power that could baulk the fierce will of the Sun. From pole to pole, and from the East to the West, he brandished his fiery sceptre as though he had usurped all Heaven and Earth. As he bid the soft Persian in ancient times, so now, and fiercely too, he bid me bow down and worship him; so now in his pride he seemed to command me, and say: "Thou shalt have none other gods but me." I was all alone before him. There were these two pitted together, and face to face—the mighty Sun for one, and for the other—this poor, pale, solitary self of mine that I always carry about with me.

But on the eighth day, there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here and there as though it were sown with diamonds. There then before me were the gardens and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile, and I had lived to see, and I saw them.

The next day I entered upon Egypt, and floated along (for the delight was as the delight of bathing) through green wavy fields of rice, and pastures fresh and plentiful, and dived into the cold verdure of groves and gardens and quenched my hot eyes in shade, as though in a bed of deep waters.

* * * * *

I went to see and to explore the Pyramids.

Familiar to one from the days of early childhood are the forms of the Egyptian Pyramids; and now, as I approached them from the banks of the Nile, I had no print, no picture before me, and yet the old shapes were there; there was no change: they were just as I had always known them. I straightened myself in my stirrups; and strived to persuade my understanding that this was real Egypt, and that these angles which stood up between me and the West were of harder stuff, and more ancient than the paper pyramids of the green portfolio. Yet it was not till I came to the base of the great Pyramid, that reality began to weigh upon my mind.

Strange to say, the bigness of the distinct blocks of stones was the first sign by which I attained to feel the immensity of the whole pile. When I came, and trod, and touched with my hands, and climbed, in order that by climbing I might come to the top of one single stone, then, and almost suddenly, a cold sense and understanding of the Pyramid's enormity came down overcasting my brain.

And Time too; the remoteness of its origin, no less than the enormity of its proportions, screens an Egyptian Pyramid from the easy and familiar contact of our modern minds; at its base the Earth ends and all above is a world,—one not created of God,—or seeming to be made by men's hands, but rather the sheer giant-work of some old dismal age weighing down this younger planet.

Fine sayings! but the truth seems to be, after all, that the Pyramids are quite of this world; that they were piled up into the air for the realization of some kingly crotchets about immortality—some priestly longing for burial fees; and that as for the building—they were built like coral rocks by swarms of poor Egyptians, who were not only the abject tools and slaves of power, but who also ate onions for the reward of their immortal labours! The Pyramids are quite of this world.

'And near the Pyramids, more wondrous, and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphinx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because Greece drew forth Cytherea, from the flashing foam of the Aegean, and in her image created new forms of beauty; and made it a law among men that the short and prondly wreathed lip would stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious

gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphinx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard, the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will and intent for ever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian Kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern Empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday and Warburton to-day—upon all and more this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and the Englishman straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE

H. T. Buckle (1821-62) was the son of a wealthy father who did not compel his choice of any profession. His education was at first meagre; but a year's travel stimulated his interest in history, and he began to study seriously the chief languages of Europe. In 1861 he published his *History of Civilization in Europe*. The book was enormously popular, and its author's reputation was at once established. He visited the East and died at Damascus. His work was original in so far as he had determined to discover the causes that shape the destiny of a people; and, as in the following extract, he made much of such natural forces as climate and geographical position in a nation's development.

MAN AND NATURE

THE trade-wind, blowing on the eastern coast of South America, and proceeding from the east, crosses the Atlantic

Ocean, and therefore reaches the land surecharged with the vapours accumulated in its passage. These vapours, on touching the shore, are, at periodical intervals, condensed into rain; and as their progress westward is checked by that gigantic chain of the Andes, which they are unable to pass, they pour the whole of their moisture on Brazil, which, in consequence, is often deluged by the most destructive torrents. This abundant supply, being aided by that vast river-system peculiar to the eastern part of America, and being also accompanied by heat, has stimulated the soil into an activity unequalled in any part of the world. Brazil, which is nearly as large as the whole of Europe, is covered with a vegetation of incredible profusion. Indeed, so rank and luxuriant is the growth, that Nature seems to riot in the very wantonness of power. A great part of this immense country is filled with dense and tangled forests, whose noble trees, blossoming in unrivalled beauty, and exquisite with a thousand hues, throw out their produce in endless prodigality. On their summit are perched birds of gorgeous plumage, which nestle in their dark and lofty recesses. Below, their base and trunks are crowded with brushwood, creeping plants, innumerable parasites, all swarming with life. There, too, are myriads of insects of every variety: reptiles of strange and singular form; serpents and lizards, spotted with deadly beauty: all of which find means of existence in this vast workshop and repository of Nature. And that nothing may be wanting to this land of marvels, the forests are skirted by enormous meadows, which, reeking with heat and moisture, supply nourishment to countless herds of wild cattle, that browse and fatten on their herbage: while the adjoining plains, rich in another form of life, are the chosen abode of the subtlest and most ferocious animals, which prey on each other, but which it might almost seem no human power can hope to extirpate.

Such is the flow and abundance of life by which Brazil is marked above all the other countries on the earth. But, amid that pomp and splendour of Nature, no place is left for Man. He is reduced to insignificance by the majesty

with which he is surrounded. The forces that oppose him are so formidable that he has never been able to make head against them, never able to rally against their accumulated pressure. The whole of Brazil, notwithstanding its immense apparent advantages, has always remained entirely uncivilized; its inhabitants wandering savages, incompetent to resist those obstacles which the very bounty of Nature has put in their way. For the natives, like every people in the infancy of society, are averse to enterprise; and being unacquainted with the arts by which physical impediments are removed, they have never attempted to grapple with the difficulties that stopped their social progress. Indeed, those difficulties are so serious, that during more than three hundred years the resources of European knowledge have been vainly employed in endeavouring to get rid of them. Along the coast of Brazil, there has been introduced from Europe a certain amount of that civilization, which the natives by their own efforts could never have reached. But such civilization, in itself very imperfect, has never penetrated the recesses of the country; and in the interior there is still found a state of things similar to that which has always existed. The people, ignorant, and therefore brutal, practising no restraint, and recognizing no law, continue to live on in their old and inveterate barbarism. In their country, the physical causes are so active, and do their work on a scale of such unrivalled magnitude, that it has hitherto been found impossible to escape from the effects of their united action. The progress of agriculture is stopped by impassable forests, and the harvests are destroyed by innumerable insects. The mountains are too high to scale, the rivers are too wide to bridge; every thing is contrived to keep back the human mind, and repress its rising ambition. It is thus that the energies of nature have hampered the spirit of man. Nowhere else is there so painful a contrast between the grandeur of the external world and the littleness of the internal. And the mind, cowed by their unequal struggle, has not only been unable to advance, but without foreign aid it would undoubtedly have receded. For even at present, with all

the improvements constantly introduced from Europe, there are no signs of real progress; while, notwithstanding the frequency of colonial settlements, less than one-fiftieth of the land is cultivated. The habits of the people are as barbarous as ever, and as to their numbers, it is well worthy of remark, that Brazil, the country where, of all others, physical resources are most powerful, where both vegetable and animals are most abundant, where the soil is watered by the noblest rivers, and the coast studded by the finest harbours--this immense territory, which is more than twelve times the size of France, contains a population not exceeding six million of people.

GEORGE BRUCE MALLESON

G. B. Malleson (1821-98) joined the Bengal Army in 1844, and served in the Burmese War and in the Mutiny. He was a frequent contributor to journals and a devoted student of Indian history. He had a large and varied experience as an official before he retired in 1877. His most ambitious work is his *History of the French in India*, a book which describes the rise and fall of the French power in the East with singular vigour and charm.

THE FRENCH AND THE ENGLISH IN INDIA

WE have now brought to a conclusion the history of that stirring episode adorned with so many brilliant names, and boasting of some of the most original and striking achievements ever performed on Eastern soil. Beginning with small means, then suddenly astonishing the world by its dazzling promise, the venture of the French in India was destined to end thus early in humiliation and failure. It was the sad fate of France in this, the most unfortunate of her wars, to be disgraced on the Continent, and to lose simultaneously her possessions in the East and in the West. First, in endeavouring to save Canada, she lost the best chance she ever had of conquering Southern India; for it cannot be doubted but that the troops, the ships, and the money, which the French Government diverted at the last moment from Lally's expedition,

would have sufficed to make him victorious everywhere on the Koromandel coast, might possibly even have enabled him to carry out his meditated designs upon Bengal. The diversion, whilst it caused the failure of the blow struck at English India, did not save Canada. After Canada had fallen, sound policy would have dictated the strengthening of Lally's hands in the Carnatic, but the troops and the money which might still have enabled him to carry out his original designs, were frittered upon the armies of the nominees of Madame de Pompadour. To keep up those costly armies—which nevertheless were barely able to make headway against a lieutenant of the King of Prussia—and their more costly contingents, French India was left without money sufficient to carry on a campaign, without reinforcements, without even the few ships that might have sufficed to save her. However much, then, the candid Frenchman of the present day may lament the corruption that was rampant amongst the officials of Pondicherry, however he may mourn over the want of unanimity in her Council and the intrigues of her councillors, however much he may condemn the absence of patriotic devotion that contributed to her fall, he will still be forced to lay the chief blame at the door of France, on the shoulders of the sensual monarch under whose rule the resources of the kingdom were so lavishly wasted and misdirected. Whilst English India received plentiful supplies of men and ships in abundance, and thought herself hardly used because, in the last year of the war, she did not also receive her annual supply of money, French India, after the revival of Lally's troops, received from the mother-country scarcely more than two millions of francs! There could be but one result to such a mode of supporting a colony, and that result appeared on the 16th of January, 1761.

But was there not, it may be asked, something due to the different characters of the rival nations that contributed to a result so disastrous to France? Much, very much, in our opinion. England, doubtless, in the greater wealth of her East India Company, in the greater wealth of its directors with the government, and in her free

parliamentary system possessed advantages which were denied to France. We believe that the fact that the Directors of the East India Company were often members of parliament, and as such possessed considerable influence with the ministry of the day, tended not a little to that prompt action of the latter, to that despatch of royal fleets to defend the Company's possessions, which acted so favourably for English interests. Under the despotic system of France such action was but seldom taken; the Company was, except in rare instances, left to defend its possessions with its own ships alone.

Never was England better served than during that struggle. Never was there more apparent, alike amongst her civil and military agents, that patriotic devotion to duty, which ought to be the highest aim of every servant of his country. In the French settlement this feeling burned far less brightly. The efforts of the greatest amongst her leaders were marred and thwarted by the bickerings and jealousies of subordinates. We see La Bourdonnais sacrificing the best interests of France to his greed for money and to his jealousy of Dupleix; Godeheu, owing to the last named feeling, undoing the brilliant work of his predecessor; Maissin refusing to annihilate the English at Trichinopoly; de Leyrit and his Council thwarting Lally; the very Councillors scrambling for illegal gains, and dabbling in speculation; those energies which should have been united against a common enemy employed to ruin one another. Under such circumstances the result could not have been long deferred. Sooner or later it was inevitable. But for one man the stake for which the two countries played would never have been so great. It was Dupleix who made French India; it was France who lost it. If, in the present day, there exist amongst her citizens regrets at the loss of an Empire so vast, so powerful, so important, inhabited by a people who were civilised when we were naked savages, and who possess so many claims to the sympathy and attachment of every intelligent European, it will be impossible for France herself—however much she may condemn the action of her Government of those days, and lament the

infatuation and misconduct of her countrymen—to suppress a glow of pride at the recollection that it was a child of her soil who dared first to aspire to that great dominion, and that, by means of the impulse which he gave, the inhabitants of Hindustan have become permanently united to their long-parted kinsmen—the members of the great family of Europe.

JOHN RUSKIN

John Ruskin (1819-1900) was educated at Oxford, and gave himself to the study of European art. His first work, *Modern Painters*, appeared in 1843; and this gave him a place amongst the thinkers and critics of his day. Other publications were *Seven Lamps of Architecture* and the *Stones of Venice*. In 1869 Ruskin became Professor of Fine Art at Oxford. He is not only a critic of the arts, but a reformer, whose knowledge of the beautiful would mould the whole of society and manners. His prose is recognized as of the highest quality, and his fame will rest rather upon his literary than his philosophical powers.

THE MEANING OF THE TERM, "GENTLEMAN"

Two great errors, colouring, or rather discolouring, the minds of the higher and lower classes, have sown wide dissension, and wider misfortune, through the society of modern days. These errors are in our modes of interpreting the word "gentleman."

Its primal, literal, and perpetual meaning is "a man of pure race"; well bred, in the sense that a horse is well bred.

The so-called higher classes, being generally of purer race than the lower, have retained the true idea, and the convictions associated with it; but are afraid to speak it out; and equivocate about it in public; this equivocation mainly proceeding from their desire to connect another meaning with it, and a false one—that of "a man living in idleness on other people's labour"—with which idea the term has nothing whatever to do.

The lower classes, denying vigorously, and with reason, the notion that a gentleman means an idler, and

rightly to long that the more any one works, the more of a gentleman he becomes, and is likely to become, have nevertheless got little of the good they otherwise might from the truth, because, with it, they wanted to hold a falsehood, namely, that race was of no consequence. It being precisely of as much consequence in man as it is in any other animal.

The nation cannot truly prosper till both these errors are finally got quit of. Gentlemen have to learn that it is no part of their duty or privilege to live on other people's toil. They have to learn that there is no degradation in the hardest manual, or the humblest servile labour, when it is honest. But that there is degradation, and that deep, in extravagance, in bribery, in indolence, in pride, in taking places they are not fit for, or in coining places for which there is no need. It does not disgrace a gentleman to become an errand boy, or a day labourer; but it disgraces him much to become a knave, or a thief. And knavery is not the less knavery because it involves large interests, nor theft the less theft because it is countenanced by usage, or accompanied by failure in undertaken duty. It is an incomparably less guilty form of robbery to cut a purse out of a man's pocket, than to take it out of his hand on the understanding that you are to steer his ship up channel, when you do not know the soundings.

On the other hand, the lower orders, and all orders, have to learn that every vicious habit and chronic disease communicates itself by descent; and that by purity of birth the entire system of the human body and soul may be gradually elevated, or, by recklessness of birth, degraded; until there shall be as much difference between the well-bred and ill-bred human creature (whatever pains be taken with their education) as between a wolf-hound and the vilest mongrel cur. And the knowledge of this great fact ought to regulate the education of our youth, and the entire conduct of the nation.

A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body, which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation; and of structure in the mind

which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies—one may say, simply, “fineness of nature.” This is, of course, compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness; in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy. Elephantine strength may drive its way through a forest and feel no touch of the boughs; but the white skin of Homer’s Atrides would have felt a bent rose-leaf, yet subdue its feeling in glow of battle, and behave itself like iron. I do not mean to call an elephant a vulgar animal, but if you think about him carefully, you will find that his non-vulgarity consists in such gentleness as is possible to elephantine nature, not in his insensitive hide, nor in his clumsy foot, but in the way he will lift his foot if a child lies in his way, and in his sensitive trunk, and still more sensitive mind, and capability of pique on points of honour.

And, though rightness of moral conduct is ultimately the great purifier of race, the sign of nobleness is not in this rightness of moral conduct, but in sensitiveness. When the make of the creature is fine, its temptations are strong, as well as its perceptions; it is liable to all kinds of impressions from without in their most violent form; liable therefore to be abused and hurt by all kinds of rough things which would do a coarser creature little harm, and thus to fall into frightful wrong if its fate will have it so.

Hence it will follow that one of the probable signs of high-breeding in men generally, will be their kindness and mercifulness, these always indicating more or less fineness of make in the mind, and miserliness and cruelty the contrary. But a thousand things may prevent this kindness from displaying or continuing itself; the mind of the man may be warped so as to bear mainly on his own interests, and then all his sensibilities will take the form of pride, or fastidiousness, or revengefulness; and other wicked, but not ungentlemanly tempers; or, further, they may run into utter sensuality and covetousness, if he is bent on pleasure, accompanied with quite infinite cruelty when the pride is wounded or the passions thwarted;—until your gentleman becomes Ezzelin, and

your lady, the deadly Lucrece ; yet still gentleman and lady, quite incapable of making anything else of themselves, being so born.

A truer sign of breeding than mere kindness is therefore sympathy. A vulgar man may often be kind in a hard way, on principle, and because he thinks he ought to be ; whereas, a highly-bred man, even when cruel, will be cruel in a softer way, understanding and feeling what he inflicts, and pitying his victim. Only we must carefully remember that the quantity of sympathy a gentleman feels can never be judged of by its outward expression, for another of his chief characteristics is apparent reserve. I say "apparent" reserve ; for the sympathy is real, but the reserve not : a perfect gentleman is never reserved, but sweetly and entirely open, so far as it is good for others, or possible, that he should be.

Self-command is often thought a characteristic of high-breeding ; and to a certain extent it is so, at least it is one of the means of forming and strengthening character ; but it is rather a way of imitating a gentleman than a characteristic of him ; a true gentleman has no need of self-command ; he simply feels rightly on all occasions ; and desiring only to express so much of his feeling as it is right to express does not need to command himself. Hence perfect ease is indeed characteristic of him ; but perfect ease is inconsistent with self-restraint. Nevertheless, gentlemen, so far as they fail of their own ideal, need to command themselves, and do so ; while, on the contrary, to feel unwisely, and to be unable to restrain the expression of the unwise feeling, is vulgarity ; and yet even then, the vulgarity, at its root, is not in the mistimed expression, but in the unseemly feeling. When we find fault with a vulgar person for "exposing himself," it is not his openness, but clumsiness ; and yet more the want of sensibility to his own failure, which we blame ; so that still the vulgarity resolves itself into want of sensibility. Also, it is to be noted that great powers of self-restraint may be attained by very vulgar persons when it suits their purposes.

Selections from the writings of John Ruskin, published by George Allen.

CHARLES READE

Charles Reade (1814-84) was educated at Oxford and called to the bar in 1843. He wrote many novels, most of which, as *It is Never too Late to Mend*, were directed against the social abuses of his time. His reputation rests upon *The Cloister and the Hearth*, an historical romance dealing with the Renaissance in Europe. The book is known wherever English is spoken; and should be read along with *Westward Ho!* which deals with the same period. Reade was a vivid story-teller, as may be seen in the following incident from the adventures of his hero in *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

THE FIGHT WITH THE BEAR

It was a peculiar sound, like something heavy, but not hard, rushing softly over the dead leaves. Gerard turned round with some little curiosity. A colossal creature was coming down the road at about sixty paces distant.

He looked at it in a sort of calm stupor at first, but the next moment he turned ashy pale.

"Denys!" he cried. "Denys!"

Denys whirled round.

It was a bear as big as a cart-horse.

It was tearing along with its huge head down, running on a hot scent. The very moment he saw it Denys said in a sickening whisper:

"The Cub!"

Oh! the concentrated horror of that one word, whispered hoarsely, with dilating eyes! For in that syllable it all flashed upon them both like a sudden stroke of lightning in the dark—the trail, the murdered cub, the mother upon them, and it—Death.

All this in a moment of time. The next she saw them. Huge as she was, she seemed to double herself (it was her long hair bristling with rage): she raised her head big as a bull's, her swine-shaped jaws opened wide at them, her eyes turned to blood and flame, and she rushed upon them, scattering the leaves about her like a whirlwind as she came.

"Shoot!" screamed Denys, but Gerard stood shaking from head to foot, useless.

"Shoot, man! shoot! too late! Tree! tree!" and he

dropped the cub, pushed Gerard across the road, and flew to the first tree and climbed it; Gerard did the same on his side; and as they fled, both men uttered inhuman howls like savage creatures grazed by death.

With all their speed one or other would have been torn to fragments at the foot of his tree; but the bear stopped a moment at the cub.

Without taking her bloodshot eyes off those she was hunting, she smelt it all round, and found that it was dead, quite dead. She gave a yell such as neither of the hunted ones had ever heard, nor dreamed to be in nature, and flew after Denys. She reared and struck at him as he climbed. He was just out of reach.

Instantly she seized the tree, and with her huge teeth tore a great piece out of it with a crash. Then she reared again, dug her claws deep into the bark, and began to mount it slowly, but as surely as a monkey.

Denys's evil star had led him to a dead tree, a mere shaft, and of no very great height. He climbed faster than his pursuer, and was soon at the top. He looked this way and that for some bough of another tree to spring to. There was none; and if he jumped down, he knew the bear would be upon him ere he could recover the fall, and make short work of him. Moreover, Denys was little used to turning his back on danger, and his blood was rising at being hunted. He turned to bay.

"My hour is come," thought he, "let me meet death like a man." He kneeled down and grasped his long knife and clenched his teeth. Of this combat the result was not doubtful. The monster's head and neck were scarce vulnerable for bone and masses of hair. The man was going to sting the bear, and the bear to crack the man like a nut.

Gerard's heart was better than his nerves. He saw his friend's mortal danger, and passed at once from fear to blindish rage. He slipped down his tree in a moment, caught up the crossbow, which he had dropped in the road, and running furiously up, sent a bolt into the bear's body with a loud shout. The bear gave a snarl of rage and pain, and turned its head irresolutely.

"Keep aloof!" cried Denys, "or you are a dead man."

"I care not;" and in a moment he had another bolt ready and shot it fiercely into the bear, screaming, "Take that! Take that!"

Denys poured a volley of oaths down at him. "Get away, idiot!"

He was right: the bear, finding so formidable and noisy a foe behind him, slipped growling down the tree, rending deep furrows in it as she slipped. Gerard ran back to his tree and climbed it swiftly. But while his legs were dangling some eight feet from the ground, the bear came rearing and struck with her fore paw, and out flew a piece of bloody cloth from Gerard's hose. He climbed, and climbed; and presently he heard as it were in the air a voice say, "Go out on the bough!" He looked, and there was a long massive branch before him shooting upwards at a slight angle: he threw his body across it, and by a series of convulsive efforts worked up it to the end.

Then he looked round panting.

The bear was mounting the tree on the other side. He heard her claws scrape, and saw her bulge on both sides of the massive tree. Her eye not being very quick, she reached the fork and passed it, mounting the main stem. Gerard drew breath more freely. The bear either heard him, or found by scent she was wrong: she paused; presently she caught sight of him. She eyed him steadily, then quietly descended to the fork. Slowly and cautiously she stretched out a paw and tried the bough. It was a stiff oak branch, sound as iron. Instinct taught the creature this: it crawled carefully out on the bough, growling savagely as it came.

Gerard looked wildly down. He was forty feet from the ground. Death below. Death moving slow but sure on him in a still more horrible form. His hair bristled. The sweat poured from him. He sat helpless, fascinated, tongue-tied.

The bear crawled on. And now the stupor of death fell on the doomed man; he saw the open jaws and blood-shot eyes coming, but in a mist.

As in a mist he heard a twang: he glanced down; Denys, white and silent as death, was shooting up at the bear. The bear snarled at the twang, but crawled on. Again the cross-bow twanged, and the bear snarled, and came nearer. Again the cross-bow twanged; and the next moment the bear was close upon Gerard, where he sat, with hair standing stiff on end and eyes staring from their sockets, palsied. The bear opened her jaws like a grave, and hot blood spouted from them upon Gerard as from a pump. The bough rocked. The wounded monster was recling; it clung, it stuck its sickles of claws deep into the wood; it toppled, its claws held firm, but its body rolled off, and the sudden shock to the branch shook Gerard forward on his stomach with his face upon one of the bear's straining paws. At this, by a convulsive effort, she raised her head up, up, till he felt her hot foetid breath. Then huge teeth snapped together loudly close below him in the air, with a last effort of baffled hate. The ponderous carcass rent the claws out of the bough, then pounded the earth with a tremendous thump. There was a shout of triumph below, and the very next instant a cry of dismay, for Gerard had swooned, and without an attempt to save himself, rolled headlong from the perilous height.

Denys caught at Gerard, and somewhat checked his fall; but it may be doubted whether this alone would have saved him from breaking his neck, or a limb. His best friend now was the dying bear, on whose hairy carcass his head and shoulders descended. Denys tore him off her. It was needless. She panted still, and her limbs quivered, but a hare was not so harmless; and soon she breathed her last.

SIR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL

W. H. Russell (1821-1907) was educated for the law, but joined the staff of the *Times*, and witnessed as war correspondent the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Civil War in America, and the Franco-Prussian War. In 1877 he revisited India as private secretary to King

Edward VII., then Prince of Wales. In 1895 he was awarded the honour of knighthood. He is a master of brilliant and picturesque writing; but the type of campaign which made his descriptive work possible, has passed away. On his first visit to India he recorded his experiences in a diary from which the following extract is taken.

THE SPLENDOUR OF AN INDIAN COURT

By some ingenious usage of the court tongue it was intimated to the Rajah that if we had a wish on earth it was to see him enter Puttiala; but he would not deign to yield till he had made particular inquiries as to the general health of the Queen of England, of myself, of my relations and friends, and acquired some geographical notes as to my route and length of time I had been in India, and such matters of etiquette. All this time we were the observed of many observers, and I could barely turn my eye to repay the compliment, and see what manner of men they were who were staring at us. The elephants, which were impatient of the long colloquy, and rolled to and-fro in an alarming way, were at last turned round, and we went on our way towards Puttiala, the temple tops of which were visible in the distance. The crowd aforesaid consisted, for the most part, of the officials and followers of the court, some on foot and some on horse. There were men with wands of silver, and batons of silver-gilt, with banners and silver spears, with gold sticks, in waiting, with musical instruments of silver in the shape of serpents, with kettledrums and trumpets of the same precious metal, with swords and lances flashing in the sun. There were men dressed in harlequin suits of red and yellow, with masks and vizards, with skins of bears and wild beasts, who danced and leaped to the sound of the wild music of the band, like mummers and mystery-men of our old plays. There were grey-bearded, black-bearded, white-bearded, stern, long-nosed, grave Sikh chiefs on fine horses, dressed in the noble and rich simplicity of forms and colours which seem to be a heritage of their race. There were braceleted, ear-ringed, necklaced courtiers on prancing chargers; there were wild, fierce-looking sowars on lean, restive, fiery horses; there

were quaint fantassins with matchlock, musket, tulwar, and bow; and in our front there was a section of some eighteen or twenty camels, caparisoned in the Rajah's colours of red and white, with swivel guns, mounted on their backs, and an artilleryman or two to each. As we moved, the trumpets fanfared, the drums rattled, the morrice-dancers leaped and tumbled, the horses neighed, and just in front of the elephants, the men with gold and silver badges and sticks, and the heralds with blazons, in loud voices shouted out the names and honours and titles of the Rajah in chorus, and invoked blessings on him whom the king delighted to honour.

The Rajah is, as I have said, a man approaching middle age, and far above the average height. He is, I should think, six feet and an inch or more. His face, a large oval, is decidedly handsome; a fine aquiline nose; a well-cut, but rather heavy-lipped mouth; a full chin; hair slightly grizzled; large lustrous, almond-shaped black eyes, with a sort of slumbering fire in their inner depths: these altogether make up a good-looking man. His feet and hands are uncommonly small and delicate. The expression of his eye and face is by no means feminine; it indicates courage, craft, forethought, mingled with a certain want of resolution and tendency towards what is called good-nature. The jaw and mouth are powerful enough, and the forehead is sagacious and deep. He seemed to me a right gracious and noble sort of monarch. As to his dress, it is more than I can venture to describe; for it was so resplendent with jewels that one could scarce look upon it. On the right arm, was a famous bracelet or armlet of large emeralds, pearls and diamonds, twining round and round from elbow to wrist in a veritable simplon, or cataract of treasure. This is said to be worth three lacs of rupees; but it was mere theatrical tinsel in comparison with the ornaments round his neck and on his breast, which consisted of emeralds as large as pigeon's eggs, which were drilled through and carved all over so as to destroy their value in our eyes, and of brilliants of immense size, forming a sort of breast-plate. The hilt of his sword was an aggregate of diamonds and rubies; in

front of his turban there was a plaque of diamonds and emeralds; on his fingers were enormous silver rings, set with brilliants, rubies, and emeralds; his waist-belt was set with the same precious stones—and in his hand he carried a pair of grey wool gloves. One attendant on the back of the howdah flapped away the flies with a yak's tail richly mounted; two others held a large umbrella of silk, with gold-lace fringe over our heads, but it did not prevent the sun smiting me fiercely on the back of the neck. As it was now past nine o'clock, and my breakfast had consisted of only a cup of tea, there were reasons why I should feel eager for the termination of the pageant. But the pace of the procession was very slow, and the noise, din, dust, and heat nearly made me sick. All the time I had to keep up a conversation with the Rajah, who evinced great judgment and tact in the selection of his subjects and questions. And thus we went on for nearly three-quarters of an hour, when the entrance to the city of Puttiala was gained.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

Edwin Arnold (1832-1904) was educated at Oxford and won the Newdigate prize for English verse. He came to India as principal of the Deccan College, Poona; but returned to England in 1861 and accepted a post as journalist on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. From this time his career was that of a London journalist; and as editor of the *Telegraph* he became prominent in the political and imperial life of Queen Victoria's reign. Ever interested in India and a diligent student of oriental languages, he published in 1879 *The Light of Asia*, an epic poem dealing with the life and teaching of Buddha. On this his literary reputation was founded. Along with Sir Richard Burton he is one of the first Englishmen to have interpreted the life of the East to Europe. His prose writings dealt mainly with travel in India and Japan. He had a distinct gift of picturesque writing which brought home to the England of his day the charm and the beauty of the Eastern portion of the British Empire.

(1) THE PEACE OF AN INDIAN CITY

How an Indian city itself, and its everyday sights and sounds under the continual and exhilarating sunlight,

would astonish some of this overdriven American public! No tram-rails cut up the streets, no importunate clang of the electric bell, no rush and pelt and rattle of hack and cab and express waggon or overloaded omnibus upon rugged paving-stones jar the nerves. The very busiest street in Delhi, Jeypore, Agra or Poona is a perfect garden of repose for its calm and quiet compared to the uproar and diurnal fever of a byway in any third-rate American town. The unpaved sand or loam of the broad or narrow passage between the shops and houses gives back no echo to the footfall of the men, cattle and vehicles that traverse it. They might be moving flower-beds for their colour and their silence of soft motion. The men are all diversified with clean, becoming robes of white or grey, and with brilliant turbans surmounting their neat, cool attire—turbans of purple, lilac, sky-blue, rose-red, green and amber—and the women draw over their smooth black brows and shapely shoulders *saris* of the loveliest contrasted and blended tints imaginable, bordered with rich patterns and threaded with gold and silver embroidery, or inlaid with little flashing plates of glass and pearl shell. The bare feet of the women and children and the sandals of the men and boys create no noise, and the sleepy, patient animals in the ox-carts go up or down the highway with broad, noiseless hoofs and light loads of sugar-cane, fodder, or cotton, disturbing the long and warm midday lull with nothing louder than the chafing of the wooden yoke-beam or the creak of an ungreased wheel. The babies astride upon the hips of their mothers never cry, and never have anything to cry about. The boys never want to be noisy, devilish, or cruel, but always go about their games or errands gravely and silently. Here and there a group of friends newly met converse in elevated tones of pleasure, and there is, perhaps, a wrangle somewhere about a doubtful bargain or a little harmless quarrel over a bad eight-anna piece, which ends, as it began, in words. But the traders in the open shops never vociferate, and never madly advertise their goods, nor put up rival statements of supernatural cheapness, nor struggle fiercely and perpetually one with

the other for the almighty dollar or its Asiatic equivalent. Placid and dignified and self-contained, with the established habits of thirty centuries, they squat alongside their goods, not pushing their sale, seeing that what is wanted will surely be asked for when "Allah wills" or "Purshuram pleases"; and meantime, while calmly awaiting customers, they smoke drowsily-bubbling hookah or leisurely balance their accounts with a reed pen, or upon the abacus.

There may be hundreds, nay thousands, perambulating a long street like that of the lively and famous Chandnichowk in Delhi or the Moti Bagh in Poona, and yet withal not more uproar or hubbub than in a retired-nook of the Central Park at New York. Nobody is in a hurry, and for everybody alike it is quite enough prosperity merely to live under such a glad, bright, existence-gilding sun, and amid so many sweet and pleasing sights of surrounding nature. For nature is everywhere present around and among these Asiatic communities, not terrified out of contact by business and the noise and smoke of big cities, as with us and you. In every corner the palm-tree lifts its stately feathered head and sings a hymn from its waving plumos to the cooling breeze; the banana hangs her broad green flags over the white house walls and window lattices. The Indian convolvuli, great bells of blue and white, with the splendid yellow lupins and the tender lilae and gold sprays of the Bougainvilliers, adorn the very meanest huts; and upon the roofs and ridge-poles thus beautified the animals take part in the general city life. There will be as likely as not monkeys sitting upon many a housetop. The four-handed folk come in from the jungles to squat upon the highest tiles, all talking jungle gossip, to the disparagement, no doubt, of their bimanous and over-busy kindred.

The little striped squirrels run up and down the doorposts of the grain-seller's shop; the sacred cow from the nearest temple wanders by each store of open corn and pulse, putting her privileged muzzle into the rice bags; the green parrots flash up and down the mid-street with a lively clamour, and the great black bats—the flying

foxes—hang in hundreds by their hooked wings from the bare fig-tree. You can hear, amid the full tide of the city's traffic, the "swash" of the clothes being washed and beaten at the tank, and the scream of the kites as they circle round and round in the pale, clear sky overhead. The loudest sounds in the long, thronged, lively but peaceful street will be the *ekka* rumbling along on two ponderous wheels with some merchant's family, its oxen and its red curtains all covered with bells which jingle not unmusically, or some half-naked religious mendicant blowing his big copper trumpet or beating his cymbals for alms. Peace—the sustained, philosophic, contemplative peace of Asia—broods over the people and the place. Life has of itself become a luxury in ceasing to be a task, a mill-grind, a never-ending work and worry. Ah! if I could only transport some of the nerve-weary workers, men and women, whose intelligent faces and kindly eyes I see amid these many splendid cities of the United States, worn with the fever and the rush of daily affairs, to the quiet of my Indian cities and fields, how quickly I could give them back again *la joie de vivre*, that lost calm and gladness of the healthy human soul, which cures everything, and is an earthly side of the "peace that passeth understanding."

(2) MODERN LIFE

YET, upon the face of facts, is life—even were it transient—so bad a thing as some people make out? Look at common modern existence as we see it, and note to what rich elaboration and large degrees of comfort it has come. I leave aside for the moment uncivilized nations, and the bygone struggles of our race; its wars and woes, its tyrannies and superstitions; all of which history has greatly exaggerated, not telling us of the contemporaneous contentments. I invite you briefly to contemplate the material side of an artisan's existence in your own Birmingham. Let alone the greatness of being an Englishman, and the supreme safety and liberty of his daily life, what king of old records ever fared so royally?

What magician of fairy tales ever owned so many slaves to bring him treasures and pleasures at a wish? Observe his dinner board! Without being luxurious, the whole globe has played him serving-man to spread it. Russia gave the hemp, or India or South Carolina the cotton, for that cloth which his wife lays upon it. The Eastern Islands placed there those condiments and spices which were once the secret relishes of the wealthy. Australian Downs send him frozen mutton or canned beef; the prairies of America meal for his bisenit or pudding; and if he will eat fruit, the orchards of Tasmania and the palm woods of the West Indies proffer delicious gifts; while the orange groves of Florida and of the Hesperides cheapen for his use those "golden apples" which dragons used to guard. His coffee comes from where jewelled humming-birds hang in the bowers of Brazil, or purple butterflies flutter amid the Javan mangroves. Great clipper ships, racing by night and day under clouds of canvas, convey to him his tea from China or Assam, or from the green Singhalese Hills. The sugar which sweetens it was crushed from canes that waved by the Nile or the Orinoco; and the plating of the spoon with which he stirs it was dug for him from Mexican or Nevadan mines. The currants in his dumpling are a tribute from classic Greece, and his tinned salmon or kippered herring a token from the seas and rivers of Canada or Norway. He may partake, if he will, of rice that ripened under the hot skies of Patna or Rangoon; of cocoa, that "food of the gods," plucked under the burning blue of the Equator. For his rasher of bacon the hog-express runs daily with 10,000 grunting victims into Chicago; Dutch or Brittany hens have laid him his eggs, and Danish cows grazed the daisies of Elsinore to produce his cheese and butter. If he drinks beer, it is odds that Belgium and Bavaria have contributed to it the barley and the hops; and, when he has finished eating, it will be the Mississippi flats or the gardens of the Antilles that fill for him his pipe with the comforting tobacco. He has fared, I say, at home as no Heliogabalus or Lueullus ever fared; and then, for a trifle, his daily newspaper puts at his command information

from the whole globe, the freshness and fulness of which make the newbearers of Augustus Cæsar, thronging hourly into Rome, ridiculous. At work, machinery of wonderful invention redeems his toil from servitude and elevates it to an art. Is he fond of reading? There are free libraries open to him, full of intellectual and imaginative wealth. Is he artistic? Galleries rich with beautiful paintings and statues are prepared for him. Has he children? They can be excellently educated for next to nothing. Would he communicate with absent friends? His messengers pass in the Queen's livery, faithfully bearing his letters everywhere by sea and land; or in hour of urgency the Ariel of electricity will flash for him a message to the ends of the kingdom at the price of a quart of small beer. Steam shall carry him wherever he would go for a half-penny a mile; and when he is ill, the charitable institutions he has too often forgotten in health render him such succour as sick goddesses never got from Æsculapius, nor Ulysses at the white hands of Queen Helen. Does he encounter accident? For him as for all others the benignant science of our time, with the hypodermic syringe or a waft of chloroform, has abolished agony; while for dignity of citizenship he may help, when election time comes, by his vote, to sustain or to shake down the noblest empire ever built by genius and valour. Let fancy fill up the imperfect picture with those thousand helps and adornments that civilization has brought even to lowly lives; and does it not seem stupid and ungrateful to say, as some go about saying, that such an existence, even if it were transitory, is not for itself distinctly worth possessing?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

R. L. Stevenson (1850-94) was educated in Edinburgh for the law; but gave himself entirely to literature. As an essayist and novelist he stands in the first rank of British authors; and is distinguished specially by his careful choice of words and phrases in a style that seems to have inherited the best traditions of English prose.

His most valuable essays are *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*; and his most popular romance, beloved of young and old, is *Treasure Island*. Other novels are *Kidnapped* and *The Master of Ballantrae*. Stevenson travelled widely and settled finally in Samoa, in the Pacific. His health was always delicate; but he loved the life of action and adventure; and was at his best as an artist in describing the most vigorous scenes of romance. The following extract is from *Kidnapped* where the Jacobite hero, Alan Breck, defies the crew of the vessel in which accident had compelled him to travel.

THE FIGHT ON THE BRIG

I WAS still arguing it back and forth, and getting no great clearness, when I came into the round-house and saw the Jacobite eating his supper under the lamp; and at that my mind was made up all in a moment. I have no credit by it; it was by no choice of mine, but as if by compulsion, that I walked right up to the table and put my hand on his shoulder.

"Do you want to be killed?" said I.

He sprang to his feet, and looked a question at me as clear as if he had spoken.

"Oh!" cried I, "they're all murderers here; it's a ship full of them. They've murdered a boy already. Now it's you."

"Ay, ay," said he; "but they haven't got me yet." And then looking at me curiously. "Will you stand with me?"

"That will I!" said I. "I am no thief, nor yet murderer. I'll stand by you."

"Why, then," said he, "what's your name?"

"David Balfour," said I; and then thinking that a man with so fine a coat must like fine people, I added for the first time, "of Shaws."

It never occurred to him to doubt me, for a Highlander is used to see great gentlefolk in great poverty; but as he had no estate of his own, my words nettled a very childish vanity he had.

"My name is Stewart," he said, drawing himself up. "'Alan Breck,' they call me. A king's name is good enough for me, though I bear it plain."

And having administered this rebuke, as though it

were something of a chief importance, he turned to examine our defences.

The round-house was built very strong, to support the breaching of the seas. Of its five apertures, only the skylight and the two doors were large enough for the passage of a man. The doors, besides, could be drawn close: they were of stout oak, and ran in grooves, and were fitted with hooks to keep them either shut or open, as the need arose. The one that was already shut, I secured in this fashion: but when I was proceeding to slide to the other, Alan stopped me.

Alan whistled. "Well," said he, "that can't be cured. And now follow me. It is my part to keep this door, where I look for the main battle. In that, you have no hand. And do not fire to this side unless they get me down; for I would rather have ten foes in front of me than one friend like you cracking pistols at my back."

I told him, indeed I was no great shot.

"And that's very bravely said," he cried, in a great admiration of my candour. "There's many a pretty gentleman that would not dare to say it."

"But then, sir, said I, there is the door behind you, which they may perhaps break in."

"Yes," said he, "and that is part of your work. No sooner the pistols charged, than you must climb up into the bed where you're handy at the window; and if they lift hand against the door, you're to shoot. But that's not all. Let's make a bit of a soldier of you, David. What else have you to guard?"

"There's the skylight," said I. "But, indeed, Mr. Stewart, I would need to have eyes upon both sides to keep the two of them; for when my face is at the one, my back is to the other."

"And that's very true," said Alan. "But have you no ears to your head?"

"To be sure!" cried I. "I must hear the bursting of glass!"

"You have some rudiments of sense," said Alan, grimly.

But now our time of truce was to come to an end. Those on deck had waited for my coming till they grew impatient; and scarce had Alan spoken, when the captain showed face in the open door.

"Stand!" cried Alan, and pointed his sword at him.

The captain stood, indeed; but he neither winced nor drew back a foot.

"A naked sword?" says he. "This is a strange return for hospitality."

"Do you see me," said Alan. "I am come of kings; I bear a king's name. My badge is the oak. Do you see my sword? Call up your vermin to your back, sir, and

fall on' The sooner the clash begins, the sooner you'll taste this steel throughout your vitals."

The captain said nothing to Alan, but he looked over at me with an ugly look. "David," said he, "I'll mind this;" and the sound of his voice went through me with a jar.

Next moment he was gone.

"And now," said Alan, "let your hand keep your head, for the grip is coming."

Alan drew a dirk, which he held in his left hand in case they should run in under his sword. I, on my part, clambered up into the berth with an armful of pistols and something of a heavy heart, and set open the window where I was to watch. It was a small part of the deck that I could overlook, but enough for our purpose. The sea had gone down, and the wind was steady and kept the sails quiet; so that there was a great stillness in the ship, in which I made sure I heard the sound of muttering voices. A little after, and there came a clash of steel upon the deck, by which I knew they were dealing out the cutlasses and one had been let fall; and after that, silence again.

I do not know if I was what you call afraid; but my heart beat like a bird's, both quick and little; and there was a dimness came before my eyes which I continually rubbed away, and which continually returned. As for hope, I had none; but only a darkness of despair and a sort of anger against all the world that made me long to sell my life as dear as I was able. I tried to pray, I remember, but that same hurry of my mind, like a man running, would not suffer me to think upon the words; and my chief wish was to have the thing begin and be done with it.

It came all of a sudden when it did, with a rush of feet and a roar, and then a shout from Alan, and a sound of blows and some one crying out as if hurt. I looked back over my shoulder, and saw Mr. Shuan in the doorway, crossing blades with Alan.

"That's him that killed the boy!" I cried.

"Look to your window!" said Alan; and as I turned

back to my place, I saw him pass his sword through the mate's body.

It was none too soon for me to look to my own part; for my head was scarce back at the window, before five men carrying a spare yard for a battering-ram, ran past me and took post to drive the door in. I had never fired with a pistol in my life, and not often with a gun; far less against a fellow creature. But it was now or never; and just as they swung the yard, I cried out, "Take that!" and shot into their midst.

I must have hit one of them, for he sang out and gave back a step, and the rest stopped as if a little disconcerted. Before they had time to recover, I sent another ball over their heads; and at my third shot (which went as wide as the second) the whole party threw down the yard and ran for it.

Then I looked round again into the deck-house. The whole place was full of the smoke of my own firing, just as my ears seemed to be burst with the noise of the shots. But there was Alan, standing as before; only now his sword was running blood to the hilt, and himself so swelled with triumph and fallen into so fine an attitude, that he looked to be invincible. Right before him on the floor was Mr. Shuan, on his hands and knees; the blood was pouring from his mouth, and he was sinking slowly lower, with a terrible, white face; and just as I looked, some of those from behind caught hold of him by the heels and dragged him bodily out of the round-house. I believe he died as they were doing it.

I settled back to my place, re-charging the three pistols I had fired, and keeping watch with both eye and ear.

By this, my pistols were ready, and there was nothing to do but listen and wait. While the brush lasted, I had not the time to think if I was frightened; but now, when all was still again, my mind ran upon nothing else. The thought of the sharp swords and the cold steel was strong in me; and, presently, when I began to hear stealthy steps and a brushing of men's clothes against the round-house wall, I could have found it in my mind to cry out aloud.

All this was upon Alan's side; and I had begun to think my share of fight was at an end, when I heard some one drop softly on the roof above me.

Then there came a single eall on the sea-pipe, and that was the signal. A knot of them made one rush of it, eutlass in hand, against the door; and at the same moment the glass of the skylight was dashed in a thousand pieces, and a man leaped through and landed on the floor. Before he got his feet, I had elapped a pistol to his baek, and might have shot him, too; only at the touch of him my whole flesh misgave me, and I could no more pull the trigger than I could have flown.

He had dropped his eutlass as he jumped, and when he felt the pistol, whipped straight round and laid hold of me, roaring out an oath; and at that either my courago eame again, or I grew so much afraid as eame to the same thing; for I gave a shriek and shot him in the midst of the body. He gave the most horrible, ugly groan and fell to the floor. The foot of a seecnd fellow, whose legs were dangling through the skylight, struek me at the same time upon the head, and at that I snatched another pistol and shot this one through the thigh, so that he slipped through and tumbled in a lump on his companion's body. There was no talk of missing, any more than there was time to aim; I clapped the muzzle to the very place and fired.

I might have stood and stared at them for long, but I heard Alan shout as if for help, and that brought me to my senses.

He had kept the door so long; but one of the seamen, while he was engaged with others, had run in under his guard and caught him about the body. Alan was dirking him with his left hand, but the fellow elung like a leech. Another had broken in and had his eutlass raised. The door was thronged with their faeces. I thought wo were lost, and eatohing up my eutlass, fell on them in flank.

But I had not time to be of help. The wrestler dropped at last; and Alan, leaping baek to get his distance, ran upon the others like a bull, roaring as he went. They broke before him like water, turning, and.

running, and falling one against another in their haste. The sword in his hands flashed like quicksilver into the huddle of our fleeting enemies; and at every flash there came the scream of a man hurt. I was still thinking we were lost, when lo! they were all gone, and Alan was driving them along the deck as a sheepdog chases sheep.

Yet he was no sooner out than he was back again, being as cautious as he was brave; and meanwhile the seamen continued running and crying out as if he was still behind them; and we heard them tumble one upon another into the fore-castle, and clap-to the hatch upon the top.

The round-house was like a shambles; there were dead inside, another lay in his death agony across the threshold; and there were Alan and I victorious and unhurt.

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GEORGE W. STEEVENS

G. W. Steevens (1868-1900) was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, became a journalist, and was appointed to the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. His first work of distinction was done as a war correspondent in the Balkan peninsula when he published *With the Conquering Turk*. Representing the *Daily Mail* he went to the Sudan and witnessed the battle of Omdurman, Kitchener's famous victory. His experiences were recorded in his next volume, *With Kitchener to Khartum*. When the Boer war broke out in 1899, he went to South Africa where, during the siege of Ladysmith, he died of typhoid fever. His writing, like that of William Russell, is brilliantly picturesque. His little book of studies *In India*, is considered one of the most successful of his works. From this the following extract is taken.

MOGUL SPLENDOUR

AGRA is the mirror of Shah Jahan. In the fort and palace you can read all the story of the warrior and the lover—in the fort so nakedly grim without and the palace so richly voluptuous within. Under the brow of the sheer sandstone walls you are dwarfed to a pigmy. Before and beneath the great gateway stands a double

curtain of loophole and machicolation and tower: you go in through cavernous guardhouses, up a ramp between sky-closing walls. Only thus do you reach the real entrance—the Great Elephant Gate—two jutting octagon towers supporting spacious chambers thrown across the passage. On the lower storey all is closed, and only white plaster designs relieve the savage masses of the sandstone; in the upper balconies are windows and recesses, all decked with white, and above all runs a gallery crowned with cupolas.

Under this arch you go, a dome above, deep and lofty recesses on either hand; now you are past the sternness. Shah Jehan is soldier no longer, but artist and amorist at large. You come to the Pearl Mosque. There is a Pearl Mosque at Delhi, sandstone slabs without, marble within as this is; but the Delhi Mosque is a bauble to this. This is a broad court, paved with slabs of marble, veined with white and blue, grey and yellow. This is all marble—marble walls with moulded panels, marble cloisters of multifoliate arches, marble gateways breaking three walls of the square, marble columns supporting bell-cupolas above them and at each corner, a marble basin in the centre of the court, a marble sundial beside it. Along the west side of the court shines the glorious face of the mosque itself—only a roofed quarter of the whole space, a mere portico, but colonnaded with three rows of seven pillars apiece, each branching to right and left, to front and back, with eight-pointed, nine-leaved arches. Along the entablature above runs a Persian inscription in mosaic of black marble; on the roof, over each pillar of the front row, is a cupola with four columns, and at each corner a cupola with eight columns. Three domes fold their broad white wings behind and above all.

* * * *

Now follow Shah Jehan to the Taj. Under the great gateway of strong sandstone-ribbed with delicate marble, its vaulted red arch cobwebbed with white threads, and then before you—then the miracle of miracles, the final wonder of the world. In chaste majesty it stands suddenly before you, as if the magical word had called

it this moment out of the earth. On a white marble platform it stands exactly four-square, but that the angles are cut off; nothing so rude as a corner could find place in its soft harmonies. Seen through the avenue, it looks high rather than broad; seen from the pavement below, it looks broad rather than high; you doubt, then conclude that its proportions are perfect. Above its centre rises a full white dome, at each corner of whose base nestles a smaller dome, upheld on eight arches. The centre of each face is a lofty-headed gateway rising above the line of the roof; within it is again a pointed recess, half arch, half dome; within this, again, a screen of latticed marble. On each flank of these and on the facets of the cut-off angles, are pairs of smaller, blind recesses of the same design, one above the other. From each junction of facets rises a slim pinnacle. Everywhere it is embellished with elaborate profusion. Moulding, sculpture, inlaid frets and scrolls of coloured marbles, twining branches and garlands of jade and agate and cornelian—here is every point of lavish splendour you saw in the palace combined in one supreme embodiment—superb dignity matched with graceful richness.

But it is vain to flounder amid epithets; the man who should describe the Taj must own genius equal to his who built it. Description halts between its mass and its fineness. It makes you giddy to look up at it, yet it is so delicate you feel that a brick would lay it in shivers at your feet. It is a rock temple and a Chinese casket, together with a giant gem.

Nothing jars; for if the jewel were away the setting would still be among the noblest monuments on earth. The minarets at the four corners of the platform are a moment's stumbling-block: they look irreverently like the military masts of a battleship, and the hard lines where the stones join remind you of a London subway. But look at the Taj itself, and the minarets fall instantly into place; they set off its glories, and, standing like acolytes, seem to be challenging you not to worship it. At each side, below the Taj, is a triple-domed building of sandstone and marble; the hot red throws up the

pearl-and-ivory softness on the Taj. The eloisters round the garden, the lordly caravanserai outside the gate, the elustering domes and mosaic texts from the Koran on the great gate itself—all this you hardly notice; but when you do, you find that every point is perfection. As for the garden, with shady trees of every hue, from sprightly yellow to funeral cypress, with purple blossoms cascading from the topmost boughs, with roses and lilies, phloxes and carnations—and the channel of clear water with twenty fountains that runs through the garden, and the basin with the goldfish. . . . It is pure Arabian Nights! You listen for the speaking bird and the singing tree. Surely man never made such a Paradise: it must be the fabric of a dream wafted through gates of silver and opal.

Oh Shah Jehan, Shah Jchan, you are bewitching a respectable newspaper correspondent! The thought of you is strong wine. Shah Jehan, with your queens and concubines without number, their amber feet mirrored in marble, their ivory limbs mirrored in quicksilver; Shah Jehan, who starved them in the black oubliettes, and hung them from the mouldy beam, and sluiced their beautiful bodies into the cold river; Shah Jehan, with elephants and peacocks; Shah Jehan, returning from the conquered Dekan, dismounting in the Armoury Square, hastening through the Grape Garden, hastening past the fair ones in the Golden Pavilion to the fairest within the Jasmine Tower!

Shah Jehan—Grape Garden—Golden Pavilion—Jasmine Tower—there is dizzy magic in the very names. And when I turn aside in your garden, shunning your fierce black-and-searlet petals to bring back my senses with English stocks and pansies, the sight of your Taj through the trees sends my brain areel again. I go in and stand by your tomb. The jewel-creepers blossom more luxuriantly than ever in the trellised screen that enclosed it, and the two oblong cenotaphs are emhowered in gems. But here it is dark and cool: light comes in only through double lattices of feathery marble. You look up into a dome, obscure and mysterious, but mightily

expansive, as it were the vault of the heaven of the dead. It is very well; it is the fit close. In this breathless twilight, after his battles and buildings, his ecstasies and torments, his love and his loss, Shah Jehan has come to his own again for ever.

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RICHARD JEFFERIES

Richard Jefferies (1848-87) was descended from west country yeoman stock, the Jefferies having been for many generations farmers in the neighbourhood of Swindon. In boyhood he was fond of natural history, and when he was grown up he devoted himself to literature and wrote mainly about natural history subjects. Perhaps his best known books are *The Gamekeeper at Home*, published in 1877, and *Wild Life in a Southern County*, published in 1879.

WICK Farm—almost every village has its outlying “wiek”—stands alone in the fields. It is an ancient rambling building, the present form of which is the result of successive additions at different dates and in various styles.

When a homestead, like this, has been owned and occupied by the same family for six or seven generations, it seems to possess a distinct personality of its own. A history grows up round about it; memories of the past accumulate, and are handed down fresh and green, linking to-day and seventy years ago as if hardly any lapse of time had intervened. The inmates talk familiarly of the “comet year,” as if it were but just over; or the days when a load of wheat was worth a little fortune; of the great snows and floods of the previous century. They date events from the year when the Foremeads were purchased and added to the patrimony, as if that transaction which took place ninety years before, was of such importance that it must necessarily be still known to all the world.

The house has somehow shaped and fitted itself to the character of the dwellers within it—hidden and retired

among trees, fresh and green with cherry and pear against the wall, yet the brown thatch and the old bricks subdued in tone by the weather. This individuality extends to the furniture; it is a little stiff and angular, but solid, and there are nooks and corners—as the window-seat—suggestive of placid repose: a strange opposite mixture throughout of flowery peace and silence, with an almost total lack of modern conveniences and appliances of comfort—as though the sinewy vigour of the residents disdained artificial ease.

In the oaken cupboards—not black, but a deep tawny colour with age and frequent polishing—may be found a few pieces of old china, and on the table at tea-time, perhaps, other pieces, which a connoisseur would tremble to see in use, lest a clumsy arm should shatter their fragile antiquity. Though apparently so little valued, you shall not be able to buy these things for money—not so much because their artistic beauty is appreciated, but because of the instinctive clinging to everything old, characteristic of the place and people. These have been there of old time; they shall remain still. Somewhere in the cupboards, too, is a curiously carved piece of iron, to fit into the hand, with a front of steel before the fingers, like a skeleton rapier guard; it is the ancient steel with which, and a flint, the tinder and the sulphur match were ignited.

Up in the lumber-room are carved oaken bedsteads of unknown age; linen-presses of black oak with carved panels, and a drawer at the side for the lavender-bags; a rusty rapier, the point broken off; a flintlock pistol, the barrel of portentous length, and the butt weighted with a mace-like knob of metal, wherewith to knock the enemy on the head. An old yeomanry sabre lies about somewhere, which the good man of the time wore when he rode in the troop against the rioters in the days of machine-burning—which was like a civil war in the country, and is yet recollected and talked of. The present farmer, who is getting just a trifle heavy in the saddle himself, can tell you the names of labourers living in the village whose forefathers rose in that insur-

rection. It is a memory of the house how one of the family paid £40 for a substitute to serve in the wars against the French.

The mistress of the household still bakes a batch of bread at home in the oven once now and then, priding herself that it is never "duneh," or heavy. She makes all kinds of preserves, and wines too—cowslip, elderberry, ginger—and used to prepare a specially delicate biscuit, the paste being dropped on paper and baked by exposure to the sun's rays only. She has a bitter memory of some money having been lost to the family sixty years ago through roguery, harping upon it as a most direful misfortune; the old folk, even those having a stocking or a teapot well filled with guineas, thought a great deal of small sums. After listening to a tirade of this kind, in the belief that the family were at least half ruined, it turns out to be all about £100. Her grandmother after marriage travelled home on horseback behind her husband; there had been a sudden flood, and the newly-married couple had to wait for several hours till the waters went down before they could pass. Times are altered now.

The parlour is always full of flowers—mantelpiece and grate in spring quite hidden by fresh green boughs of horse-chestnut in bloom, or with lilac, bluebells, or wild hyacinths; in summer nodding grasses from the meadows, roses, sweet-brier; in the autumn two or three apples, the finest of the year, put as ornaments among the china, and the corners of the looking-glass decorated with bunches of ripe wheat. A badger's skin lies across the back of the armchair; a fox's head, the sharp white tusks showing, snarls over the doorway; and in glass cases are a couple of stuffed kingfishers, a polecat, a white blackbird, and a diver—rare here—shot in the mere hard by.

All the summer through fresh beauties, indeed, wait upon the owner's footsteps. In the spring the mowing-grass rises thick, strong, and richly green, or hidden by the cloth-of-gold thrown over it by the buttercups. He knows when it is ready for the scythe without reference to the almanac, because of the brown tint which spreads over it from the ripening seeds, sometimes tinged with

a dull red, when the stems of the sorrel are plentiful. At first the aftermath has a trace of yellow, as if it were fading; but a shower falls, and fresh green blades shoot up. Or passing from the hollow meads up on the rising slopes where the plough rules the earth, what so beautiful to watch as the wheat through its various phases of colour?

First green and succulent; then, presently, see a modest ear comes forth with promise of the future. By-and-by, when every stalk is tipped like a sceptre, the lower stalk leaves are still green, but the stems have a faint bluish tinge, and the ears are paling into yellow. Next the white pollen—the bloom—shows under the warm sunshine, and then the birds begin to grow busy among it. They perch on the stalk itself—it is at that time strong and stiff enough to uphold their weight, one on a stem—but not now for mischief. You may see the sparrow carry away with him caterpillars for his young upon the housetop hard by; later on, it is true, he will revel on the ripe grains.

Out of the depths of what to it must seem an impenetrable jungle, from visiting a flower hidden below, a bumble-bee climbs rapidly up a stalk a yard or two away while you look, and mounting to the top of the ear, as a post of vantage clear of obstructions, sails away upon the wind.

From "Wild Life in a Southern County," by Richard Jefferies. By kind permission of Mr. John Murray, London.

SELECTIONS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE

PROFESSOR RUSHBROOK-WILLIAMS

L. F. Rushbrook-Williams (1891-) was educated at Oxford, where he graduated in 1913, becoming a fellow of All Souls' College in the following year. He is Professor of Modern Indian History in the University of Allahabad, and has made valuable contributions to the literature of his subject. Of these the *History of the Abbey of St. Albans* is well known. In Indian history his Student's supplement to the *Ayeeen Akbari*, and his *Babur, an Empire Builder of the Sixteenth Century*, exemplify the modern methods of historical research. From the last work the following vivid extract has been taken.

THE BATTLE OF KANUA

It seems that the number of troops under Babur's command was greater than at Panipat, but the depression and vacillation which the Padshah was at such pains to overcome proves that the average *morale* was not so good. To the sturdy Turki and Mongol troops who had won him the throne of Delhi, Babur had by this time added contingents of Afghan troops of poorer quality. That these had swelled the total force to any considerable extent is unlikely, in view of the wastage which must have occurred in the original army from the ravages of climate and warfare, as well as from the exigencies of garrison duty. In the absence of precise information, no sound conclusion can be arrived at: but from the general character of the fighting, as well as from the number of individual leaders mentioned by name in the official account, we may perhaps hazard a guess that Babur's

army numbered eight or ten thousand effectives. That the numerical odds were prodigiously unfavourable to him is beyond question. According to the Mughal official estimate, Singram Singh's immediate adherents numbered 100,000, and the followers of the confederated chieftains who marched with him another 100,000. These numbers are plainly exaggerated so far as fighting men are concerned, although if camp followers were reckoned in, it is conceivable that so great a total might be approached. In the Turki account it is stated that only one-third of Rana Singram Singh's personal feudatories had already given proof of their fidelity in previous battles; but even so, it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that in effectives the Rajput chieftain outnumbered his antagonist by seven or eight to one.

It was about three hours after sunrise when the battle began, a fact which fixes the first Rajput attack somewhere between 9 and 9.30 a.m. Apparently Singram Singh's idea was to roll up the Mughal line from the extreme right, for his first desperate charge was delivered against the *tulghma* troops under Malik Kasim, and the right division of the right wing under Khusrû Kukultash. For some time, the centre, the left, and even the main body of the right, were out of action, and the men upon each side contented themselves with watching the movements of their adversaries. Very soon, however, it became necessary for the Mughals to reinforce the troops on the extreme right, who were suffering severely. The moment was one of great danger. A *tulghma* was accustomed to attack, not to resist, and signs of weakening began to show themselves. If the end divisions of the right wing gave way, the whole line would be rolled up, and defeat would be immediate and irreparable. Babur instantly determined to despatch his trustiest leader to the threatened point. The assistance came just in time. Chin Timur Sultan, with a body of picked men, charged the Rajput left wing, smashed into their midst, and so relieved the pressure upon the Mughal right. The attack was well pushed home, and a gap was apparently opened between the Rajput left and centre. Of this the Mughal

leaders were quick to take advantage. Mustafa, the artilleryman, trundled his culverins and his tripods into the open field, and from this position of advantage commenced a destructive fire with small-calibre ordnance and matchlocks. So great was the effect that the *morale* of the discomfited Mughals was restored. Fresh troops were hurried up, and little by little the fighting involved all the men of the right wing, as Kasim Husain Sultan, Kawan Beg, Urdu-Shah, Hindu Beg, Muhammad Kulkash, and Khwajaji Asad were successively drawn into action. Before long, as Rajput reinforcements brought ever-increasing pressure to bear upon the Mughal right, contingents from the nearest division of the centre were hurled into the fray: first Yunnas Ali, Shah Mansur Barlas and Abdulla Kitabdar. An instant later came Dost-Ishaq Agha. Thus supported, and aided in addition by Mustafa's deadly firearms, the Mughal right beat off all attacks and inflicted severe losses upon the enemy.

Rana Singram Singh now turned his energies elsewhere. Avoiding for a moment the centre, where Ustad Ali and the heavy ordnance were making themselves unpleasantly active, the Rajputs delivered a series of fierce charges upon the left. But while the main body of the left wing, manned by Muhammad Sultan Mirza, Adil Sultan, Muhammad Ali Jang-Jang, and other stout warriors, stood fast and declined to yield a foot, the *tulghma* under Rustam Turkman and Mumin Atkah swept round and fell upon the rear of the enemy. A *tulghma* attacking, the Rajputs soon found, was a very different thing from a *tulghma* attacked: and when Mullah Mahmud, Ali Atkah, and at last Khalifa himself, hurried up, the effect produced by the charge in rear was serious. None the less, by sheer weight the Rajputs maintained a formidable pressure upon the left wing, and Babur found it necessary to despatch Khwaja Husain with a picked body of household troops as a reinforcement.

The battle now raged all along the line, and remained for some time indecisive. On the one hand the Mughal artillery caused fearful carnage in the crowded Rajput ranks, and on the other, the unceasing pressure of superior

numbers reduced Babur's men almost to their last gasp. Realising the necessity for a supreme effort, if the scales of victory were not to incline against him, the Padshah ordered the household cavalry in the centre to charge in two compact bodies, one on each side of the artillery, leaving a clear passage down the middle for Ustad Ali's "great balls." Simultaneously, it would appear, a strong body of matchlockmen was brought from the right wing, whose fire supplemented the efforts of Ustad Ali. This clever manœuvre was crowned with success. The charge of the household troops forced back the Rajput centre, and the fire-arms blasted a lane of death into the thick of the foe. The matchlockmen then advanced from behind the artillery, trundling their tripods in front of them, and the ground gained was quickly occupied by the Mughal infantry. The Padshah in person now ordered a general advance in the centre. The guns were moved forward, and Ustad Ali redoubled his activities. At the spectacle of Babur's advance with the victorious centre, the Mughal right and left wing struggled desperately to straighten the line. So fierce were their charges that they forced the Rajput right and left wings back in confusion, and drove them inwards upon the centre. Once more was the fight evenly contested for some time. Although the Rajputs were plainly outmanœuvred, their superiority in numbers was still a terrible strain upon the wearied Mughals. Rousing themselves for a last effort, Rana Singram Singh's men hurled themselves upon the right and left wings of their opponents, who were now threatening to surround them. Desperate indeed was that final charge; the Mughal wings were driven from their enveloping position, and forced back almost in a line with their centre, nearly it seems to the place where Babur himself was standing. On the left, where the pressure was greatest, the Rajputs came within an ace of breaking through. But the advantage gained by their antagonists was too marked, and the toll taken by the artillery was too severe. Sullenly the Rajput chivalry ebbed back; the Mughal wings in their turn charged once more, this time with decisive effect. Their opponents broke and fled. As Babur was

gallantly forcing his way forward in the centre, his lieutenants on each wing came to tell him that the day was won. The hosts of Singram Singh melted away like snow at noonday, and the battle of Kanua was over.

The consequences of the battle of Kanua were most momentous. In the first place, the menace of Rajput supremacy, which had loomed large before the eyes of Muhammadans in India for the last ten years, was removed once for all. The powerful confederacy, which depended so largely for its unity upon the strength and reputation of Mewar, was shattered by a single great defeat, and ceased henceforth to be a dominant factor in the politics of Hindustan. Secondly, the Mughal empire in India was now firmly established. Babur had definitely seated himself upon the throne of Sultan Ibrahim, and the sign and seal of his achievement had been the annihilation of Sultan Ibrahim's most formidable antagonists. Hitherto, the occupation of Hindustan might have been looked upon as a mere episode in Babur's career of adventure; but from henceforth it becomes the keynote of his activities for the remainder of his life. His days of wandering in search of a fortune are now passed away: the fortune is his, and he has but to show himself worthy of it. And it is significant of the new stage in his career, which this battle marks, that never afterwards does he have to stake his throne and life upon the issue of a stricken field. Fighting there is, and fighting in plenty, to be done: but it is fighting for the extension of his power, for the reduction of rebels, for the ordering of his kingdom. It is never fighting for his throne. And it is also significant of Babur's grasp of vital issues that from henceforth the centre of gravity of his power is shifted from Kabul to Hindustan. He recognised clearly that the greater must rule the less, and that from the little kingdom of former days he could never hope to control the destinies of his new empire. Often as his heart sighed for the streams and meadows of his mountain home, he resolutely remained in India for the rest of his life, fighting, governing, administering, striving to put all things upon a sound basis ere death called him away.

MAJOR J. C. JACK

Major J. C. Jack joined the Indian Civil Service in 1899, and served in Eastern Bengal as Settlement Officer. In 1912 he was appointed Director of Land Records in Calcutta; and in both these posts he had special opportunities of studying the life and conditions of the Indian peasantry. On the outbreak of war, when he was on leave in England, he was given a commission in the Royal Field Artillery. Twice wounded in France, he was awarded the Military Cross; and having returned to the front, he saw the heaviest of the fighting on the Somme. *The Economic Life of a Bengal District*, the book from which this extract is taken, was written before the author's departure to France. His death from wounds received in action has deprived Bengal of one of its ablest officials. His work is a model of clear descriptive writing.

THE BENGALI PEASANT

THE life of the cultivator in Eastern Bengal is in many ways a very happy life. Nature is bountiful to him; the soil of his little farm yields in such abundance that he is able to meet all his desires without excessive work. He can produce the food of his own family and sufficient to purchase everything else which he requires from a few acres of land that he can cultivate unaided without overwork. The whole of his labour is over in three months if he grows a rice crop only. He may take a second crop out of the land by sowing a spring or autumn crop. If he sows a spring crop, he pays it but little attention and only for a very short period; while if he sows an autumn crop, he sows it only on a portion of his land and thereby reduces his work. In those parts of the country in which jute is grown he works at two seasons of the year, growing rice on one portion of his land and jute on another; but many of the cultivators content themselves with the winter rice crop and so put all their labour into the months of March, April, and May. The harvest, which most of those who can afford it get in by hiring the labour of others, takes place in November. If they have decided to grow a spring crop, they will spend a day or two in December in preparing the ground and in planting the seed, and will give very little further attention to it. If they grow the

autumn crop of jute, they will need to spend much labour in July and August at the time of harvest in steeping and stripping the fibre. This work will not fill the whole of the day, but will be sufficient to occupy their energies for a few hours of every day during a month or six weeks. The time table of the cultivator, therefore, when his land is unfit for jute, shows three months' hard work, and nine months' idleness; if he grows jute as well as rice, he will have an additional six weeks' work in July and August. These are not conditions of which he can reasonably complain.

During the months of March, April, and May, when he is really hard at work, the cultivator will get up at sunrise about five o'clock, smoke for a few minutes at his hookah and go forth to his field with his plough and cattle, where he will plough in the heavy soil until his children arrive with his hookah and tobacco. From that time until nine or ten o'clock he will work and smoke by turns. The children will bring him his breakfast to the fields about ten o'clock, and after breakfast he will continue his ploughing until noon. As a usual thing the breakfast consists of the rice cooked the evening before, heated up, and mixed with green pepper. When his work is over at mid-day he goes off with his children for a bathe in the nearest river or stream, or in the pond near his house. He then returns to his house and eats the mid-day meal, which his women-folk have prepared for him. This consists of rice mixed with a liquid preparation of pulses and a curry made of vegetables and fish. After his midday meal he will go to sleep for an hour or two and set out for his field about three or four o'clock, when he will engage himself in either harrowing or weeding. He will work in the field until dark and sometimes even later, if the field be close to the homestead; ordinarily, however, he is too superstitious and too much afraid of ghosts to work in the dark. On return to his house he will wash, again, and if the night is, as usual, fine and balmy, sit on a stool in his courtyard and smoke hookah after hookah while his neighbours drop in to have a chat about the crops. At 8 or 8.30 they will go off to their evening

meal and he to his, very much the same food being eaten as at the mid-day meal. After his meal is finished he will smoke for a short time and retire to rest, usually about 9 or 9.30. He sleeps on a blanket or sheet on the floor of his hut, although some of the prosperous cultivators sleep in beds with or without mattresses, and often with a mosquito curtain.

At other seasons of the year the cultivator has very little work in his fields and rarely pays a visit to them. If he has sown jute or an autumn crop, the ploughing has also been finished in April, but he will be busy with it at the harvest time in July and August. The harvest of the autumn crop is a simple operation taking only a few days, but the harvest of the jute crop is much more laborious. He has to cut it by degrees, steep it in some neighbouring water, which lies everywhere after the torrential rains at that season of the year, wash it and strip the fibre; all of which will occupy him for perhaps a month from early morning till the afternoon. He rarely pays a visit to his fields after the mid-day meal.

During the dismal period of the rains from July to September the cultivators spend much of their time in fishing or in visiting friends. At that season of the year water is everywhere, deep lakes forming in all depressions, the rivers and streams overflowing in all banks, and water lying to the depth of a foot even in the highest field. Fish, both large and small, are innumerable, and some of the larger fish come swimming over the fields and are to be caught there. During this season of the year practically all men in the district go a-fishing, for which they have a variety of contrivances in rods, spears, nets, traps and baskets. With a rod, which is usually baited with smaller fish or grasshoppers, they tempt the bigger fish in the streams, but although fishing with a rod is an amusement eminently suited to their indolent natures, they are even more fond of spearing fish from a boat. Two or three will go together in a dug-out paddling over the fields, one will steer and the others standing in the bows will fling the spear at any fish seen moving through the shallow water. The spear is weighted with a barbed hook at the end

(sometimes with one, sometimes three and sometimes seven barbs) and is thrown with wonderful accuracy, rarely missing its mark completely. This form of fishing is only possible on windless days, as the fish do not come over the fields when the shallow water is much ruffled into ripples. On other days the cultivator sets traps or nets, made of bamboo or string, with a pocket or purse in which the fish are caught. He visits them in the morning and evening with a basket and collects his catch. Another method of fishing in the fields which is very popular is the use of dome-shaped baskets which are open at the base. All the villagers collect, each bringing a trap of this shape, and walk along the shallow water in the fields in line with the traps in front of them. The traps are dropped simultaneously on the bed and no gap is left between them; so that the whole line is scoured. Any number of small fish are caught in this way, and as the field is swept to a finish very few of the fish can get away. In the smaller streams other means are adopted besides the rod for catching fish. Most days and every night several nets and traps can be seen in every stream. The cultivator may walk along the bank with a net shaped like a lacrosse or butterfly net and attached to a bamboo pole. He will scoop it upwards through the water and with wonderful quickness fling any fish caught in it on to the bank: or he may use a net shaped like a parachute and weighted all round the hem, holding it by a long rope attached to the crown. He will swing this out from the bank with a rapid jerk and, if he is dexterous, it will open wide and fall level on the water, when the weights on the end will gradually sink down, catching any fish which may be underneath in the meshes. Often he nets fish from a boat with nets that are shaped like large purses or bags and are fitted to the prow with a bamboo pole rising up as a lever. The boat is driven along at a rapid pace with the net spread out under the water; as soon as the fish is caught the bamboo pole swings slightly forward, whereupon the attendant at the prow jerks it back, raising the net out of the water and securing the fish. In the larger rivers and especially in the southern part of the district

fishing from a dinghy, a large canoe, is very popular with all classes, the butterfly type of net being used by hand or with a rope, or more frequently an enormous net the size of a sail, which is fixed like a sail to a bamboo pole rising from the centre of the boat. This net is triangular in shape and rests upon three bamboo poles, which are secured to each other at the ends, the one which is used as a mast being fixed in a movable socket so that the whole net can be dipped over and sunk into the water. After it has been in a minute or two it is raised up and the fish secured which have been caught in its ample folds. It may be imagined what dexterity and watermanship are necessary to keep a long dug-out or canoe on an even keel and driving forward with such a weight swung over one of the sides. But this form of fishing is very popular in the great rivers of the south, which at the height of the rains on a breezy day present a most lively scene, the fishing fleets of the different villagers collecting in hundreds, each boat with a triangular sail of many colours, bellying in the breeze, each with a steersman standing at the helm to guide it, as it drives rapidly before the wind, and each with a fisherman crouching intently over the prow, ready to jerk the net by pole or rope as soon as he discovers that a victim has been caught. The extent to which the villagers are devoted to fishing will be shown by a cursory glance inside the huts of any homestead; where rods, spears, traps and nets will often be seen of twelve varieties and rarely of less than six.

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PROFESSOR MACNEILE DIXON

W. Macneile Dixon (1866-) is a distinguished teacher of English and a literary critic whose writings are well known in Europe. His services have been utilized by Government during the war; and, in such books as *The British Navy at War*, he has made known to a wide public the importance of the work done by the British Fleet.

(1) THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND

COME now to that stern and decisive conflict, which clinched, as it were, the naval situation, the Battle of Jutland, in respect of all particulars that make a battle great, the magnitude of the forces engaged, the scale of the operations and the significance of the results, the fiercest clash of fleets since Trafalgar. Fought on a summer's day, the eve of the glorious "first of June," so famous in the annals of the British navy, it compares in hardly a single feature with any naval conflict in history, except perhaps with that minor action in the Bight of Heligoland, which in some fashion it resembles. For, like that, it was a far-flung and dispersed series of conflicts, a clashing of ships in mist and darkness or in patches of short-lived light. At extreme range, to avoid the deadly torpedo attacks, the great war vessels pounded each other amid haze and smoke screens, behind which the Germans, when pressed, withdrew from sight. Wounded vessels drifted out of the scene and left their fate in doubt; destroyers dashed to and fro attacking and retreating; ships, the flames licking their iron masts a hundred feet aloft, loomed up for a few moments only to vanish in the mist. As was anticipated, the Germans put their trust chiefly in torpedo attacks, easily made against approaching, difficult to direct against retiring vessels. Throughout, destroyers on both sides played a magnificent and conspicuous part, the "hussar" tactics of a naval action. But so numerous were the vessels engaged and so dim the weather that a certain confusion inseparable from the conditions reigned the entire day. Indubitably a long-hoped-for opportunity had come to the British, the German fleet had actually emerged in strength and "upon an enterprise." Yet emerged only to withdraw, to tantalise, and, if possible, to lure into fatal areas the pursuing foe.

To understand, even in a measure, this immense conflict, one must bear in mind that the British Grand Fleet under Sir John Jellicoe, was on May 30th actually at sea, to the north of Sir David Beatty's battle cruisers,

who, on the 31st, having completed his sweep, turned away from the south to rejoin the Commander-in-Chief. Since the tactics which led to it cannot be here disclosed, let us pass at once to the encounter itself. About half-past two Beatty received signals from his light cruiser squadron that the enemy was out and in force. A seaplane scout went aloft and confirmed the signals. German battle cruisers were in sight, but falling back upon probably still stronger forces. To engage or not to engage was hardly Beatty's problem. Should he at all cost pursue, encounter and detain the foe or, avoiding more than a mere exchange of shots, continue on his course to join Admiral Jellicoe? Faint heart never won a great decision. He chose the heroic, the British way, and determined to force the battle "to engage the enemy in sight." We may, perhaps, best understand the action if we divide it into three stages, (a) pursuit, (b) retreat, (c) again pursuit; the first, that in which Beatty was engaged with the enemy's battle cruisers falling back upon their main fleet, which lasted about an hour, from 3.48 when the opening shots were fired till the German High Seas Fleet showed itself at 4.38. At this point Beatty swung round to draw the enemy towards Jellicoe approaching from the north, and the second stage of the battle began in which the British were heavily engaged with a greatly superior force, in fact, the whole German navy. They had, however, the assistance of the fifth Battle Squadron under Evan Thomas, four powerful battleships which had come up during the first phase, fired a few shots at the extreme range of about twelve miles and took the first fire of Von Scheer's battleships. Steaming north now instead of south, Beatty slackened speed to keep in touch with the heavy ships. This stage of the action also lasted about an hour or more, when about six o'clock Jellicoe came in sight five miles to the north, and the third phase began. Beatty towards the end of the second stage had drawn ahead of the enemy, pressing in upon and curving round his line, and now drove straight across it to the east, closing the range

to 12,000 yards, with two objects, first to bring the leading German ships under concentrated fire, and second to allow a clear space for Jellicoe to come down and complete their destruction. It was a masterly manœuvre which enabled the Third Battle Cruiser Squadron, in advance of Jellicoe, under Admiral Hood, to join at once in the battle, and assist in "crumpling up" the head of the German line.

The supreme moment had come. Jellicoe's great fleet was in line behind Hood, bearing down upon Von Scheer in overwhelming force. By beautiful handling the British Admiral effected the junction of his fleets in very difficult conditions. There still remains in naval warfare much of the splendid pageantry of old, which in land operations is gone beyond recall. "The grandest sight I have ever seen," wrote an officer in the fleet, "was the sight of our battle line—miles of it fading into mist—taking up their positions like clock-work and then belching forth great sheets of fire and clouds of smoke." But the prize was snatched from the British grasp. It was already seven o'clock, and the evening brought with it the thick North Sea haze behind which and his own smoke screens Von Scheer turned and fled for his ports. "Great care was necessary," wrote Sir John Jellicoe, "to ensure that our own ships were not mistaken for enemy vessels." By half-past eight or nine practically all was over, save for the British destroyer attacks, which lasted far into the darkness, on the scattered and fleeing enemy. Only two hours of a misty daylight had been left to Sir John Jellicoe to accomplish his task. Then came night, and in the night the shattered and shaken Germans crept—one is not quite clear by what route—through their mine fields to the blessed security of protected harbours. Had the weather been different—well who knows whether in that case the German Fleet would have put to sea? Now as ever in naval warfare commanders much choose conditions the most favourable to their designs. The British Admiral remained on the scene of the battle, picking up survivors from some of the

smaller craft till after mid-day (1.15 p.m.) on June 1st. On that day not one German ship was in sight on a sea strewn with the tangled and shapeless wreckage of proud vessels, the melancholy litter of war.

Perhaps Jutland, inconclusive as it seemed, may yet be judged by the world the true crisis of the struggle. While Germany, after her manner, poured forth to the sceptical world tidings of amazing victory, Britain, too, after her manner, said little save bluntly to record her losses, and later published merely the reports of the Admirals engaged. They are very plain and matter of fact, these documents without brag. So they can be recommended to the attention of seekers after truth. For lovers of romance, of course, the German versions will afford brighter reading.

Look now a little more closely at the details and episodes of this engagement. Picture a calm and hazy sea and spread over an immense area the fleets of larger ships surrounded by screens of light cruisers and destroyers furiously engaged in encounters of their own, battles within the greater battle, and one sees how entirely this action lacks the classic simplicity of such engagements as the Nile or Trafalgar. But the main movements are clear enough. The heaviest losses of the British were sustained in the earlier, of the Germans in the later stages when the efficiency of their gunnery "became rapidly reduced under punishment, while ours was maintained throughout." Hardly was Beatty in action before he lost two battle cruisers, *Indefatigable* and *Queen Mary*. Later, *Invincible*, the flagship of the Third Cruiser Squadron, went down with Admiral Hood, who had brought his ships into "action ahead in a most inspiring manner worthy of his great naval ancestors." One may note here two difficulties of pursuit in a modern action. First that the enemy fire is concentrated on the leading ship which can hardly escape punishment, and second that his fast smaller craft, continually present on your engaged bow, discharge torpedoes and drop mines if you attempt to close him. Three armoured cruisers and eight destroyers

shared the fate of the larger vessels. The German losses, on a conservative estimate, were still more severe, especially when "the head of their line was crumpled up, leaving battleships as targots for the majority of our battle cruisers." The enemy constantly "turned away" in the last stage and under cover of smoke screens endeavoured to avoid the withering 15-inch gun fire; but at least four or five battleships and battle cruisers, as many light cruisers, and six or eight destroyers were finally lost, probably twenty vessels in all and 10,000 men.

Throughout that day of thunderous war the destroyers dashed to the torpedo attacks on the great ships, careless of the heart-shaking deluge of shells, utterly careless of life and youth, and all else save the mighty business in hand, and when night put an end to the main action, continued their work in the uncanny darkness, under the momentary glare of searchlights or the spouting flames from some wounded vessel. And all the while the unruffled sea appeared, we are told, like a marble surface when the searchlights swept it, and moving there the destroyers looked like venomous insects—"black as cockroaches on a floor." Never in the proud history of her navy have English sailors fought with more inspiring dash, more superb intrepidity. "The Skipper was perfectly wonderful," wrote one young officer to his home—"He never left the bridge for a minute for twenty-four hours, and was either on the bridge or in the chart house the whole time we were out, and I've never seen anybody so cool and unruffled. He stood there sucking his pipe as if nothing out of the ordinary were happening." Or again "a little British destroyer, her midships rent by a great shell meant for a battle cruiser, exuding steam from every pore, able to go ahead but not to steer, coming down diagonally across our line, unable to get out of anybody's way; like to be rammed by any one of a dozen ships; her siren whimpering 'Let me through, make way!'; her crew fallen in aft, dressed in life belts, ready for her final

plunge—and cheering wildly as it might have been an enthusiastic crowd when the King passes. Perfectly magnificent!” “Sir David Beatty,” said the Commander-in-Chief, “showed all his fine qualities of gallant leadership, firm determination and correct strategical insight. The conduct of officers and men throughout the day and night was entirely beyond praise. No word of mine can do them justice. On all sides it is reported to me that the glorious traditions of the past were most worthily upheld. I cannot adequately express the pride with which the spirit of the fleet filled me.” Who will venture to add to that testimony? Let us say only that Nelson would have been proud to command such men.

(2) WHAT THE BRITISH NAVY HAS DONE FOR THE WORLD

NOTHING is more natural than to compare the policy of a naval with that of a military state, the deeds of navies with those of armies. And if Britain be compared with Germany, the British Navy with the German army, two questions inevitably arise. One asks first “How does a naval power differ from a military power?” and second, “May not a great fleet be as powerful an instrument of tyranny as a great army, is ‘navalism,’ that is, any less of a danger to the world than militarism?” To answer these questions we must go to history, and history answers in these words—Unlike military strength naval strength has this peculiarity—you may call it even a disability—that it cannot enslave, cannot subjugate the people against whom it is directed. Since Salamis broke Xerxes and the Persian power, fleets have often been a bulwark of liberty, where armies have constantly been the instruments of tyranny. Has any one yet heard of a Nero, a Cæsar, a Napoleon of the seas? History teems with examples of whole populations trodden under foot by hostile armies, never, for it is impossible, by hostile navies. *A navy cannot interfere with the internal*

economy of any state, with its laws or customs, its religion or government. It cannot in the very nature of things overrun and destroy. Fleets do not climb mountains, occupy cities, or pass nations under the yoke of bondage. How often have conquering armies laid lands desolate, set up new kingdoms, overturned the ancient government and legal system, established, as did the Turks, a new religion at the edge of the sword. All these things, and worse things than these, have been the work of military monarchs, who, as readers of history well know, not once or twice but a thousand times, have made a desert of a smiling countryside, burnt, despoiled, devastated, driven whole populations into exile, and left in the track of their destroying marches hardly a blade of grass in once fertile fields. The records of sea power can show no such deeds. On the contrary they show that it has frequently curbed a tyrant's designs, arrested his ambitious progress, and set a limit to his destructive career. Sea power is an arresting and defensive, military power always an aggressive, force. When does sea supremacy become a danger? Only when it is an *additional* weapon wielded by a military State or despot. And when, one may well inquire, did the world become aware of Britain's tyrannous proceedings on the sea? Not apparently till it was told by Germany! The nations were unconscious of the sufferings they endured, until Germany unveiled to them the hideous facts. And when until August, 1914, were the seas anything but free to Germany?

"I have travelled by German steamers," writes a neutral, Nils Sten, "nearly all over the world, but never heard a German officer complain of England's naval supremacy. . . . For the last 100 years Norway has been England's greatest competitor on the sea. When has Norway had reason to complain of England's jealousy or England's supremacy? In all the harbours of the world the Norwegian and the English flag have been hoisted side by side. When have unfriendly feelings existed between these two countries? Hundreds and thousands of times Norwegian boats have been lying

within range of English guns. Have they felt this as danger? No, on the contrary, they have felt it as a guarantee for just and noble treatment!"

And does any one believe that were the naval situation reversed, were Germany as strong by sea as she is by land, that this ruthless power that has trampled Belgium under foot and carried fire and sword through Serbia and desolated Poland would treat more generously than Britain the rights of powerless neutrals at sea? "Look how you suffer," she cries to the neutral States, "under the oppressive sea tyranny of England. Join with me in a holy crusade against the despot." But what delirium is this and in what lunatic world do we find ourselves? The champion of freedom appeals to neutral States and inaugurates her sacred campaign by sinking, careless of the safety of their crews, three or four hundred peaceful vessels belonging to these States, and not, observe, vessels touching at British ports alone, but as in the case of the *Blommersdijk*, neutral vessels trading between neutral ports! This logic passes human understanding; it is super-logic and dazes the intellect of all but super-men. The philosophers of the future must be left to deal with it.

Not, then, till the outbreak of war with England did Germany herself discover and proclaim the abomination of naval power. The greatest of authorities, Admiral Mahan, not a prejudiced Englishman but a disinterested American, takes a different view. The instincts of naval power, he tells us, are "naturally for peace because it has so much at stake outside its shores." And, if Britain in the past has hoisted her flag in every region of the globe, is there nothing to set out in her favour? At least many of her Colonies are now, with the full consent of the mother country, independent and self-governing states free to mould as they will their own destinies. "Why," asked Admiral Mahan, "do English innate political conceptions of popular representative government, of the balance of law and liberty, prevail in North America from the Arctic circle to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific? Because

the command of the sea at the decisive era belonged to Great Britain." And when the judges are upon their seats, may one not recite to them the services of her fleet to the world in opening up, during the infancy of navigation, the ocean routes to voyagers from all the States, by men "who thought it a thing more divine than human to sail by the West into the East," adding to the immortal names and deeds of Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and Dutch sailors names and deeds hardly less famous—Humphrey Gilbert, who at the height of the storm in which he perished cried out, "We are as near to Heaven by sea as by land"; the fearless Davis, who gave his name to the Straits, and wrote of the seaman that noble sentence of praise, "By his exceeding great hazards the form of the earth, the quantities of countries, the diversity of nations, and the nature of zones, climates, countries and people, are made known to us"; Hudson, of Hudson's Bay; Captain Cook, who first crossed the Arctic circle, and Parry and Ross and Franklin and many another to whom all generations owe an unceasing debt? And when the charges against Britain's misuse of sea power are formulated, not preferred, as Germany prefers them, in vague, incoherent cries of anger, may it not be remembered what her Navy has done to free and police the seas, to establish a chivalrous tradition of fellowship among the members of that gallant company who go down to the sea in ships and do their business in the great waters, to sound the deeps and chart the channels and direct the mariner on his way?

The seas were not always free. For centuries they were the hunting ground of buccaneers, filibusters, pirates, slave-dealers, marauders of every type. There is no nation which has done as much, or half as much, for the security of travellers by water as Britain. Take the state of the Mediterranean only a hundred years ago when a squadron under Lord Exmouth destroyed the last stronghold of the Barbary corsairs, long the terror of that inland sea, who had for generations seized the trading vessels of all nations and massacred or made

slaves of their unhappy crews. By that expedition alone two thousand Christian captives were set free, and "many a merchant sailor for many a year after blessed the name of Lord Exmouth." So runs the history of the British Navy in the days of peace. But add to this that expeditions almost without number have been dispatched not only against such common foes of mankind as the slave-dealer or the pirate, but for purposes of ocean survey and sounding, of collecting geographical and scientific knowledge of oceans, coasts, ice tracks, tides, currents. Add again to these services the publication of sailing directions for the waterways of all the world, to be found on vessels flying every flag, and the work of the British Admiralty in peaceful times must be acknowledged as unparalleled, a glory not to Britain only but to humanity whom it has so universally and nobly served.

From W. Macneile Dixon's *The British Navy at War*. By kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann, London.

JOHN BUCHAN

John Buchan (1875-) was educated at the Universities of Glasgow and Oxford and trained as a barrister. He has travelled widely and seen much of the political and literary life of England. He is best known as a novelist whose themes belong to the romantic history of the Empire. *Prester John* deals with South Africa; and *A Salute to Adventurers* with the American colony of Virginia. He has written, also, one famous adventure story of the War, called *Greenmantle*. His serious historical studies, such as the life of the Marquis of Montrose, are among the best of their kind. The following extract is taken from his *History of the War*. In this work the record of the great European struggle is given to the world in clear and vigorous English, a model of simple prose.

THE MUSTER OF THE EMPIRE

THE dispatch of the Expeditionary Force was but the beginning of the great muster of the manhood of the British Empire. In Britain old political animosities were laid to sleep, and at a breath the differences not less deep

which separated parties and races in the Oversea Dominions passed out of existence. In normal times our Empire is a loose friendly aggregation, more conscious of its looseness than of its unity. The South African War had given it a momentary solidarity of spirit; but with peace the fervour passed, and each colony and dominion went busily on its own road. Workers for union throughout the Empire found themselves faced with many strong centrifugal forces, and had often reason to despair of making their dream a reality. To foreign observers, who could not discern the hidden strength, it seemed as if the Empire were moving towards an amicable dissolution, or, at the best, a weak alliance of independent nations.

This was notably the view held in Germany. Britain, in German eyes, had not the vitality to organize her territories for a common purpose. Canada was drifting towards the United States; Australasia and South Africa towards complete separation; and India was a powder magazine needing but a spark to blow sky-high the jerry-built fabric of British authority. The view was natural, for to Germany empire meant a machine, where each part was under the exact control of a central power. To her, local autonomy seemed only a confession of weakness, and the bonds of kinship an idle sentiment. The British conception of empire, on the other hand, was the reverse of mechanical. We believed that the liberty of the parts was necessary to the stability of the whole, and that our Empire, which had grown "as the trees grow while men sleep," was a living organism far more enduring than any machine.

The response of the Empire is a landmark in our history, far greater, perhaps, than the war which was its cause. No man can read without emotion the tale of those early days in August when from every quarter of the globe there poured in appeals for the right to share in our struggle. Canada, the "eldest daughter" of the Empire, had many sections of her people who in the past had disclaimed any responsibility for our foreign policy, and had hugged the notion of Canadian aloofness in a European war. Suddenly these voices died away. She had

been passing through a time of severe economic troubles; these were forgotten, and all her resources were flung open to the Mother country. Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier united their forces, and party activity ceased. The Canadian defence scheme provided for a Regular Force, called the Permanent Militia, with a peace strength of 270 officers and 2,700 of other ranks; the Active Militia, corresponding to our Territorial Force, with a nominal strength of 2,850 officers and 41,500 men; the North-west Mounted Police, with 650 men; and a large number of rifle associations and cadet corps. As in the South African War, a field force was promptly offered, and a division of all arms was accepted by the British Government. The call for volunteers was responded to with wild enthusiasm. In a few days more than 100,000 men had offered themselves. Old members of Strathcona's Horse and the Royal Canadians clamoured for re-enlistment; rich citizens vied with each other in providing equipment and batteries; and large sums were raised to provide for the dependants of those who were to serve. Every public man in Canada played his part. French-Canadians stood side by side with the descendants of the Family Compact; and the men of the western plains, the best shots and the hardest riders on earth, journeyed great distances to offer their services to the King. One instance may be quoted as a type of this determined spirit. Two hundred frontiersmen from Moosejaw could not be enlisted, as they wanted to go as cavalry, and the cavalry were full. Nothing daunted, they took the road at their own expense and came to Ottawa, where they purchased their own outfits, and announced that if they were not accepted for service they would hire a cattle-ship and sail for Europe. The United States had already displayed, through her press and the utterances of her statesmen, a warm friendship for the British cause; and it is pleasant to note that 60,000 of her citizens offered themselves for enlistment in the Canadian army, while American residents in Canada contributed liberally to relief and equipment funds. The various Canadian steamship companies offered their vessels to the British Government for transport. The Canadian

cruisers *Niobe* and *Rainbow* were handed over to the Admiralty for purposes of commerce protection, and two submarines were offered for general service. Newfoundland increased her Naval Reserve strength to 1,000, and sent 500 men to the Expeditionary Force.

Australia and New Zealand, which possessed a system of national service, were not behind Canada in loyalty. That system was not yet fully developed to the point when it could provide a total of 150,000 trained men; but, in the words of Mr. Fisher, Australia was ready to support Britain with her last man and her last shilling. She placed all the vessels of the Australian navy at the Admiralty's disposal, and undertook to raise and equip an Expeditionary Force of 20,000 men and a Light Horse Brigade of 6,000. The New Zealand Expeditionary Force was fixed at 8,000 of all arms, and 200 Maoris were accepted for service in Egypt. In South Africa the people had had unique experience of war, and both British and Dutch were eager to join the British field army. Many old officers of Boer commandos came to London to enlist, and the home-coming steamers were full of lean, sunburnt young men from Rhodesia bent on the same errand. The chiefs of the Basutos and the Barotses offered their aid; as did the East African Masai, the chiefs of the Baganda, and the emirs of Northern Nigeria. The Union Government released all British troops for service out of South Africa, and, amid immense popular enthusiasm, General Botha called out the local levies for a campaign against German South-West Africa, and put himself at their head. The most brilliant of Britain's recent opponents in the field had become a British general.

Besides these offers of men and money, help in kind was sent from every corner of the Empire. The smaller Crown colonies which could not provide troops could at any rate send supplies. The Canadian Government offered 98,000,000 pounds of flour, to which Manitoba and Ontario added further contributions; Alberta and Prince Edward Island sent oats, Nova Scotia coal, Quebec cheese, New Brunswick potatoes, British Columbia tinned salmon, and Saskatchewan horses. Australia sent wine, butter, bacon

beef, and condensed milk, and South Africa maize, From Barbadoes, the Falkland Islands, the Leeward Islands, and the Windward Islands came gifts of money; tea from Ceylon; sugar from British Guiana and Mauritius. No unit of the Empire, however small or however remote, was backward in this noble emulation.

But it was the performance of India which took the world by surprise and thrilled every British heart—India, whose alleged disloyalty was the main factor in German calculations. There were roughly 70,000 British troops on the Indian establishment, and an Indian army consisting of 130 regiments of infantry, 39 regiments of cavalry, the Corps of Guides, and ten regiments of Gurkhas, who were mercenaries hired from the independent kingdom of Nepal. The native army was composed of various race and caste regiments, representing the many Indian peoples who in the past century and a half had been brought under the sway of the British Raj. Chief among them were the Sikhs, that warrior caste of the Punjab who resisted us so fiercely at Aliwal and Sobraon, and since then have stood staunchly by our side in every Asian war. Next in numbers came the Punjabi Mussalmans, and the Pathan and Baluchi regiments, formed from the fighting hill tribes of the North-West Frontier. Among the high-caste Hindus we had the fine Brahman troops, the Dogras of the Punjab, and those martial races the Rajputs and the Mahrattas. The Gurkhas, the little square men in dull green, who could march tirelessly and shoot marvellously, were mountaineers from the Eastern Himalaya. Well-nigh a century of constant fighting, and the comradeship of British officers and men, had made of this army a fighting weapon equal to any of its size in the world. In a war for the existence of the Empire it was inevitable that the Indian army, one of the strongest of the Empire's forces, should be given a share.

From the Indian army it was announced that two infantry divisions and one cavalry brigade would be dispatched at once to the seat of war in Europe, while three more cavalry brigades would follow. Meantime the rulers and princes of India had placed their resources at the King-Emperor's call. The twenty-seven larger native

states, which maintained Imperial Service troops, offered their armies, and from twelve of these the Viceroy accepted contingents of cavalry, infantry, sappers, and transport, besides a camel corps from Bikanir. Various durbars combined to provide a hospital ship. The Maharaja of Mysore gave fifty lakhs of rupees to go to the equipment of the Expeditionary Force. Large sums of money and thousands of horses came from Gwalior and Bhopal. Little hill states in the Punjab and Baluchistan gave camels and drivers. The Maharaja of Rewa offered his troops, his treasury, and even his private jewels, and asked simply, "What orders has my King for me?" The chiefs of the Khyber and Chitral tribes sent messages proffering help; Kashmir sent money, as did every chief in the Bombay Presidency; while the Maharaja Holkar offered the horses of his army. Tiny statelets, islanded in the forests of Central India, clamoured to share. From beyond the border, Nepal placed her incomparable Gurkhas at the service of Britain, and gave three lakhs of rupees to purchase field guns. And the Dalai Lama, forgetting the march to Lhasa, and remembering only our hospitality during his exile, offered 1,000 Tibetan troops, and informed the King that Lamas through the length and breadth of Tibet were offering prayers for the success of the British arms and for the happiness of the souls of the fallen. Nor was this all. The small farmers of the south sent their horses; Bengalis organized ambulances and hospitals; and peasant women throughout all India, not content with giving their sons and brothers to the cause, offered the humble jewels which are their only wealth. Such depths of sacrifice are too sacred for common praise. The British soldiers and civilians who had found lonely graves between the Himalaya and Cape Comorin had not lived and died in vain, when the result of their toil was this splendid and unfaltering loyalty.

Almost every Indian chief offered personal service in the field, and when no other way was possible we find the Aga Khan, the spiritual ruler of 60,000,000 souls, volunteering to fight as a private in the ranks. It was wisely decided that some of the great princes should accompany

their men, and show by their presence in the West that India and Britain were one. To read the list of those selected is to see as in a pageant the tale of British India. First came Sir Pertab Singh, a major-general in the British army, who long ago swore that he would not die in his bed, and now, at seventy years of age, rode out to the last and greatest of his wars. With him went other gallant Rajputs, the Maharajas of Bikanir and Jodhpur; the young Maharaja of Patiala, the head of the Sikhs; the chiefs of the great Mahommedan states of Bhopal, Jaoram, and Sachin; the Maharaja of Kisangarh; the Raja of Ratlam; the Malik Umar Hayat; and the brother of the young Maharaja of Cooch Behar. Every great name in India was represented in this chivalry; and never in India's history had such a muster been seen. Chiefs whose ancestry went back to the days of Alexander, and whose forefathers had warred against each other and against Britain on many a desperate field, were now assembled with one spirit and one purpose and under one King.

The effect upon the people of Britain of this amazing rally of the Empire was a sense of an immense new comradeship which brought tears to the eyes of the least emotional. For, consider what it meant. Geographically it brought under one banner the trapper of Athabasca, the stockman of Victoria, the Dutch farmer from the backveld, the tribesman from the Khyber, the gillie from the Scottish hills and the youth from a London back street. Racially it united Mongol and Aryan, Teuton and Celt; politically it drew to the side of the Canadian democrat the Indian feudatory whose land was still mediæval; spiritually it joined Christianity in all its forms with the creeds of Islam, Buddha, and Brahma. The British Empire had revealed itself at last as that wonderful thing for which its makers had striven and prayed—a union based not upon statute and officialdom, but upon the eternal simplicities of the human spirit. Small wonder that the news stimulated recruiting in England. Every young man with blood in his veins felt that in such a cause and in such a company it was just and pleasant to give his all.

And what shall we say of the effect of this muster upon our allies across the Channel? We can learn dimly from the French papers the profound impression it made upon an imaginative people. No longer, as in 1870, did France stand alone. The German armies might be thundering at her gates, and the fields of Belgium soaked in blood, but the avenger was drawing nigh. The uncounted manpower of the British Empire was beating to arms, and the ends of the earth were hastening to her aid.

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NOTES

Pages 12-17.

Armada : here the word means a fleet of ships. The *Spanish Armada* usually refers to the attempted invasion of England by the Spaniards in 1588; this was defeated by the English fleet, led by Lord Howard of Effingham, a relative of the Lord Thomas Howard mentioned in this extract.

Sir Richard Grenville : the cousin of Sir Walter Raleigh, was born in 1541 and died in 1591, the date of the story here recorded. He is one of England's greatest naval heroes, and took part in the colonization of Virginia.

Her Majesty : this refers to the great Queen Elizabeth of England, whose reign from 1558 to 1603 is contemporary with that of Akbar in India.

Pages 18-20.

Belshazzar : the son of Nabuchadnezzar and the last king of Babylonia. He was killed in the sack of Babylon by Cyrus in 538 B.C. Babylon, situated on the Euphrates, is one of the great cities of antiquity, famed for its splendour and luxury.

Jerusalem : the ancient capital of Palestine and the holy city of the Jews.

Chaldeans : the inhabitants of southern Babylonia, stretching from the city to the Persian Gulf. The word may mean *conquerors*.

Daniel : a famous Jewish hero, probably of royal descent, who was taken captive by the Babylonians in 605 B.C. He was trained for the king's service, but maintained his Jewish faith and customs. Darius made him one of the governors of the empire; and, according to other traditions, he returned to Palestine and ruled Syria. In the Bible he is represented as a fearless interpreter of dreams as in this extract.

Judah : a general name for the Jewish people, more strictly applied to the most powerful of their twelve tribes.

Jewry : the locality of the Jews, used in the same sense as *Judah*, above.

Medes : an Aryan people akin to those of Northern India. They came originally from the Kurdish mountains and spread west and south, the Persians being one of their tribes. The phrase *Medes and Persians* usually refers to the strict practice of their laws.

Darius: he succeeded Cambyses on the Persian throne, 521-486 B.C. He was a great ruler, extending his kingdom and building such cities as Persepolis. Under him the famous struggle between Persia and Greece began, the battle of Marathon being fought in 490 B.C.

Pages 26-28.

Piscator and Venator: the two characters of the dialogue represent a fisherman and a hunter. *Piscator* is Izaak Walton himself.

Trout and Chub: the first is the best of English fresh-water fish, and gives great sport to the angler; the second is coarser and more sluggish.

Marry: an old-fashioned ejaculation derived from Mary, the mother of Christ.

A match: an agreement, meaning that Venator is willing to comply.

Kit Marlowe: Christopher Marlowe, the poet (1564-93). He preceded Shakespeare as a dramatist. The poem here referred to is "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love," which inspired a similar poem by Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir Walter Raleigh: see p. 11 and the preface to *The Last Fight of the Revenge*.

Pages 29-35.

Apollyon: a fiend; the word means *to destroy*. Bunyan takes this character from the Bible, representing him as the incarnation of all evil.

Christian: the hero of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a character representing in himself what Bunyan conceived as the chief Christian virtues.

Destruction: the city of Destruction, the place of evil; the allegory represents the struggle of the righteous against wickedness, and so the pilgrim journeys from the city of Destruction to that of Zion. The latter refers to Jerusalem, the city of the Jews; but its secondary meaning is the city of righteousness or Paradise.

Doubting Castle: the story explains itself. Here the allegory represents the righteous man and his friend in a condition of despondency and doubt, despairing of the righteousness of their cause. Despair and Diffidence (uncertainty or hesitation) personify the mood into which they have fallen. *The Valley of the Shadow of Death* is a phrase from the Bible describing the terror of death; and the key of Promise typifies the encouragement Christian derives from sacred literature. The whole passage is considered the most perfect kind of allegorical writing in English.

Pages 41-45.

Sir Roger de Coverley: an imaginary character embodying the virtues of the English country gentleman as conceived by Addison. He describes old-fashioned life on a generous scale in England, which existed, as described here, throughout the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth century.

Valet de chambre : servant of the chamber, or body-servant.

Pad : an easy-paced riding horse.

Chaplain : a clergyman attached to a private house who conducted religious services and occasionally acted as a tutor to the children.

"Stole Away!" : a sporting term to denote that the game has broken from cover and come into the open. Addison's ignorance of the term confused his fellow sportsmen, who grumbled accordingly.

Pages 45-48.

Blefuscu and Lilliput : these are imaginary names explained by the context. *Lilliputian* is frequently used to denote anything extremely small.

Glumdalclitch : a young lady amongst the giants; the word is invented by Swift to convey the impression of clumsiness and magnitudo.

Pages 49-53.

Broke all my measures : upset all my calculations.

Cookery : these savages were cannibals who were bent upon eating the bodies of their victims.

Pages 54-58.

Columbus : Christopher Columbus (1446-1506), the discoverer of America. He was born at Genoa in Italy, and served the Portuguese in various sailing ventures. He conceived the plan of sailing to Asia by way of the west, and was assisted, after long delay, by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain in 1492. His vessels landed in the West Indian archipelago; but Columbus did not realize that he had discovered portions of a new continent, imagining that he had reached Asia.

Te Deum : the first words of a Latin hymn, meaning *We praise thee, our God*.

Castile and Leon : the united Spanish kingdoms of Ferdinand.

Pages 59-62.

Timour : Tamerlane (1336-1405), one of the greatest of central Asiatic conquerors. His capital was Samarkand; and he conquered Persia, Central Asia, and part of India. He was descended from a follower of Jenghiz Khan, and fought his way to power and a throne.

Iran and Touran : the plateau including Persia, Afghanistan, and Beluchistan.

Pekin : the capital of China; a caravan route extended through central Asia from Samarkand, the capital of Timur, to China.

Zingis : Jenghiz Khan, whose kingdom fell to Tamerlane about a century after his death in 1227. He was head of the Mongolian nation, and captured Pekin in 1215.

Boursa : the modern Busrah on the Persian Gulf.

Kipzak : a Mongol kingdom in southern Russia and Siberia. Its capital was Sarai on the lower Volga.

Anatolia : Asiatic Turkey, or the modern Asia Minor.

Georgia: a region in Transcaucasian Russia; at its greatest in 1200, it was annexed by Russia in 1801. It was famous for the beauty of its people.

Transoxiana: beyond the river, or the country north of the Oxus.

Uzbeks: the Usbegs were of Turkish origin, and lived mainly in the cities of central Asia as a ruling class. They rose to power in the thirteenth century.

Hindustan: the reference is to Babur, the founder of the Indian Mogul dynasty.

Persian Robber: Nadir Shah, whose sack of Delhi in 1739 is one of the great disasters of Mogul India. He was born in 1688, and was murdered in 1747.

Christian Merchants: the United East India Company formed in 1702. Gibbon is writing in the year 1776, in the time of Clive and Warren Hastings, when the English in India were little more than traders.

Pages 63-67.

Newgate: an ancient London prison burned in 1780 and rebuilt in 1782. Transportation to the West Indian plantations of sugar and tobacco was a common form of punishment for such vagabonds as are described in this extract. The date of these events is roughly 1750-1800, when England was at war with France. Goldsmith is describing the adventures and misfortunes of an uneducated Englishman of the lower classes before education and organized charities had been established.

Press-Gang: the system of compulsory recruitment for the navy during the wars with France in the eighteenth and early nineteenth century.

Flanders: the modern Belgium, described as the battlefield of Europe. Here was fought Waterloo in 1815.

Privateer: a vessel armed as a man-of-war, but privately controlled, and engaged in attacking the commerce of an enemy.

Brest: a northern French seaport, famous as a naval base in the wars with England and France. This long series of wars ended at Waterloo in 1815 with the final defeat of Napoleon.

Pages 71-76.

Rasselas: this imaginary tale of Eastern life appeared in 1759. Its aim is to show the futility of depending upon happiness in the future, and of sacrificing present advantages to future hopes.

Father of Waters: the river Nile, the longest of African rivers. In Dr. Johnson's time the source of the Nile was quite unknown. That portion to which he refers is the Blue Nile, which joins the main river at Khartum. The phrase *Father of Waters* denotes not only the magnitude of the water, but its enormous value to the people of Egypt.

Pages 86-96.

The Earl of Leicester: Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester (1532-1603), son of the Duke of Northumberland, was the most brilliant of

courtiers of Queen Elizabeth. He tried to marry the queen, whom he entertained with great magnificence at Kenilworth in 1575. This passage, taken from Scott's novel, *Kenilworth*, is famous as a picture of royal pageantry.

Torquilstone: the castle of the Norman noble Front de Bœuf figures in Scott's romance of *Ivanhoe*. The description of the siege is well known. Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, a Saxon noble, is imprisoned in this castle along with Rebecca, the daughter of a Jewish merchant. The mysterious knight who leads the assault is Richard I, the crusading English king who had returned from captivity abroad.

Fetterlock and shacklebolt azure: these terms belong to the science of heraldry, and describe the device on the shield of the knight leading the assault on the castle.

Saint George: the patron saint of England

God of Zion

God of Moses

God of Jacob

Holy Prophets of the Law

These expressions taken from the Jewish Old Testament are used by Rebecca, a Jewess, in her terror at sight of the conflict.

Saint John of Acre: another name for the town of Acre in Palestine, so called by the Knights of St John. This city is famous in Christian history. It was taken in 1191 by the Crusaders and held until 1291. Sir Sidney Smith defended the town in 1799 against the armies of Napoleon, thus thwarting the French dreams of Eastern dominion.

Pages 96-101.

Nelson: Horatio Lord Nelson (1758-1805), England's greatest admiral. His most important battles were at Abukir Bay, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, where he was killed. This last battle broke the naval power of France and Spain, and made England mistress of the seas.

Cadiz: an important Spanish port on the south-west of the Atlantic seaboard. It was the chief naval base of Spain.

Gibraltar: the large rock fortress in the south of Spain facing the coast of Africa. This was captured by the English in 1704. It is now an English fortress and naval base.

Villeneuve: a French admiral of distinction. Napoleon put him in command of the fleet for the invasion of England in 1805. This was utterly defeated at Trafalgar; and in 1806 Villeneuve committed suicide.

Tyrolese: a division of the Austrian kingdom with its capital at Innsbruck. The Tyrolese were good marksmen and served under the French at this time. Later they were badly treated, as were the Spaniards, by Napoleon.

Pages 101-104.

Harun-al-Rashid: Caliph of Baghdad, 786-809. Under him the Eastern Caliphate rose to the height of its power and held control from India to Africa. Baghdad became at this time a centre of learning. Harun-al-Rashid is chiefly known through *The Arabian Nights*, where everything wonderful and romantic is connected with his name.

Pages 104-107.

Gothic: the term is applied to the architecture of the middle age. The Goths were a Teutonic people of North Europe, fragments of whose language have been preserved, but they left no buildings. The term, therefore, when applied to architecture is misleading.

Pages 107-112.

Britons: the inhabitants of the British islands whom the Romans conquered and held in subjection for nearly three hundred years. They were a Celtic people. The *Druids* were their priests, who carried on their worship in groves of oak which, with the mistletoe, they considered specially sacred. The Druids opposed the Romans, but were ultimately exterminated by them.

Saxons: the Jutes, Angles and Saxons were the tribes of northern Europe who came down upon the British coasts when the Romans had abandoned the island. They drove the British into the western extremities of the country, and founded kingdoms of their own. They were a fierce, non-Christian people whose chief pleasure was in fighting and plunder. They conquered Briton in the fifth and sixth centuries; and from the Angles the name *England* is derived.

Danes: the natives of Denmark: these people, like the Saxons, loved conquest and plunder. They raided the English coasts as late as the eleventh century; and, in the famous Canute, they gave a king to the English people.

Normans: the north men who left the shores of north Germany and Denmark to settle in France. They were of the same stock as the English; and when in 1066 at the Battle of Hastings they defeated the English king, Harold, it was easy for them to settle in England and to unite with the English people. The Normans were more cultivated than the English, having been in touch with the civilisation of the whole of Europe. The description given in this extract of early Briton is scarcely accurate. The English, that is the Saxons, had firmly established themselves in the place of the Celtic Britons. Upon the English the Danish invaders made only a slight impression. But the Normans were not an alien people; they were of the same race as the English; and while they ruled England as conquerors after the Battle of Hastings, in 1066, they were gradually merged in the English; and their language, the Norman-French, was absorbed into the original English. This fusion of the two languages was complete by the time of Chaucer (1340-1400).

Rahtore: before the invasion of Upper India by the Mahomedans little is known of the ancient Rajput tribes. In this passage Colonel Tod is referring to the latter. Of these tribes the most powerful were the Rahtore, who ruled at Kanauj, the Solankis of Anhilwarra, and the Chauhans of Ajmere. The Gehlots and Sesodias were in Mowar or Udaipur. The Mahomedan invaders of the eleventh century and later harried these Rajput clans, which, reviving in the sixteenth century, were subdued at Fatehpur Sikri in 1527 by Babur. All except the Sesodias submitted to Akbar.

Samarsi: a heroic Rajput chief, who has become the subject of many legends and songs.

Tatar: or Tartar, this form is frequently used. The Totars had their original home in Manchuria and Mongolia. The name is applied to those tribes of Mongols and Turks that swept over Asia and threatened Europe under such leaders as Jenghiz Khan [see notes on Timur].

Ferishta: an oriental historian who was born in 1550, and commissioned by Ibrahim Adil Shoh to write the history of the Mohomedan dynasties of India.

Pages 113-118.

Tippu Sultan: the Sultan of Mysore, and the son of Hyder-Ali. He was born in 1749, and killed at the storming of Seringapatam in 1799. He was a good soldier, but a cruel ruler. His struggle with the English, in which Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, took part, is one of the most interesting episodes in British-Indian history. His career has been described in great detail in *Tippu Sultan*, a novel by Colonel Meadows Taylor.

Pages 119-122.

Theodosius: a Roman Emperor born in Spain about 346. He died in 395. He earned the title of "the Great," and was successful in his wars against the Goths. These references to ancient history are one feature of Macaulay's style. He traces parallels between the decline of the Moguls and that of the Roman Emperors, and again between that of the later mediæval rulers of Europe.

Carlovingians: or Carolingians, a royal European house in the middle ages, founded in the seventh century. It gave sovereigns to France, Germany and Italy; and produced the great Charlemagne.

Charlemagne: Charles the Great (742-814): King of the Franks and Emperor of the Romans, the head of the Holy Roman Empire, the great Christian state that arose on the ruins of the ancient Roman Empire. In 800 he was crowned Emperor at Rome. He ruled over the whole of western Europe with his capital at Aix-la-Chapelle, which became a centre of law and learning. As Macaulay points out, his kingdom fell to pieces on his death. The work he did in Europe is compared with the achievements of the greatest of the Moguls, Akbar and Aurengzeb, in India.

Charles the Bald: king of the Franks and Emperor of the Romans (823-877); he ruled only a portion of the old Empire which began to be ravaged by barbarian invaders. His contemporary and successor was Charles the Fat (839-888), and later (879-929) came Charles the Simple. The latter was deposed.

Pirates of the Northern Sea: the marauding seamen from the northern shores of Europe who attacked the English coasts on the withdrawal of the Romans, and ultimately settled in northern France; the Normans or Northmen, who conquered England in 1066 [see notes on pages 107-112]. With these people Charles the Fat had to make, in 886, a humiliating treaty.

The Hungarian: the Hungarians or Magyars were not Christian until the end of the tenth century. They were great raiders and came down on Lombardy (northern Italy), attacking the peaceful people and

carrying off their plunder to the forests of Pannonia (a division of Hungary)

Gog or Magog: in the Bible the monks of Italy (the priests and teachers of the Roman Catholic church) read of Gog and Magog as two allied warlike tribes. The Hungarian invaders were supposed to be like these people in the ferocity of their ravages. Actually Gog and Magog were Assyrian races of Asia, and existed about 660 B.C.

Saracen: this name was first applied to an Arab tribe, then to the Arab followers of Mahomet, and finally to the Moslems in general with whom the Christian states of Europe fought in the Crusades. The Saracens ruled Sicily from 827 to 878. They conquered Spain; but were driven from France after the battle of Poitiers in 732. They landed in Campania the southern region of the Italian peninsula, and were thus in a position to attack Rome. The whole literature of this period, particularly that of Spain, is full of the romance of their adventures. As warriors they were distinguished by their chivalry and skill in arms. *The Talsman* by Sir Walter Scott describes the Saracen in the Crusades, religious wars carried on for the capture of Jerusalem.

A Persian conqueror: Nadir Shah who rose from the position of a soldier to be the ruler of Persia. He is the last of the fierce invaders of India. His sack of Delhi in 1739 is one of the most ruthless deeds in Indian History.

Roe: Sir Thomas Roe, the first English ambassador at the Mogul court. He represented James I, and resided in Agra from 1615 to 1618.

Bernier: François Bernier, the French physician, who served the Mogul court during the time of Prince Dara's rebellion. His memoirs were written in French, and are one of the authorities for this period of Indian history. He died in 1688.

Mountain of Light: the famous Koh-i-Nur which Nadir Shah removed from Delhi in 1739. It ultimately passed into the possession of Queen Victoria.

Runjeet Singh: the Maharaja of the Punjab (1780-1839), known as the King of Lahore.

Jats: or Jats, a race whose origin is probably Scythian. At the time of Aurangzeb, they were merely mountain robbers, but rose to great power under Suraj Mal in the eighteenth century.

Mahrattas: a Hindu race of central and western India. Under Suraj they rose to great power, and threw off the Mogul authority. Throughout the eighteenth century their career was that described in this passage; but in 1803 they were decisively beaten by Wellington at Assaye. The life of the Mahrattas has been fully described by Colonel Meadows Taylor in his novel, *Tara*.

Kabul: the capital of Afghanistan.

Khorasan: a province of north eastern Persia with its capital at Herat. Both places have furnished fierce warriors for the invasion of India. In Khorasan, Nadir Shah learned his work as a soldier.

Trading Company: the United East India Company formed early in 1702. In this eloquent passage, Macaulay sums up the work of the British in India at the time of writing. (He died in 1859.) The

extent of the British Empire in India is described by the references to Cape Comorin, the extreme southern point, to the Himalayas in the north, to Assam and Burmah, east of the Brahmaputra, the extreme eastern portion, and to the Hydaspes, the Indus or Jhelum, in the west. Ava and Kandahar, the capital of Burma and the chief city of southern Afghanistan; these are named to indicate the extreme eastern and western limits of India.

Vassal: a ruler subjected to another and higher authority. Macaulay refers to the treaties made between the English and the Amirs of Afghanistan.

Pages 123-126.

Napoleon: Napoleon Buonaparte, Emperor of the French, was born in Corsica in 1769 and died a prisoner at St. Helena in 1821. He is probably the greatest soldier in history. Over a long series of naval and military campaigns he was defeated by the English under Nelson and Wellington. The chief English victories over the French were Trafalgar in 1805, and Waterloo in 1815.

Macedonians: these people, under Philip and Alexander the Great, became world conquerors, their home was Macedonia, west of Thrace, but they used the Greek language. Alexander died at Babylon in 323 B.C.

Wellington: Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington (1769-1852), son of the Earl of Mornington and brother of the Marquis of Wellesley, Governor-General of India (1793-1805). He was governor of Mysore, was present at the siege of Seringapatam, and defeated the Mahrattas at Assaye. He left India in 1805; and during the Peninsular War (1808-14), he defeated all the best generals of the French. His crowning victory was at Waterloo in 1815. Wellington is the greatest of England's soldiers.

Fabian: Fabius, called "cunctator" or delayer, was a Roman general who died in 203 B.C. In his wars with the Carthaginians he refused pitched battles, but fought skirmishes and conducted skilful retreats. This method of warfare is thus known by his name.

Hannibal: a famous Carthaginian general (247-183 B.C.): he conquered Spain and marched into Italy by crossing the Alps. But he was recalled before he could attack Rome. He was defeated at Zama in 202 by Scipio Africanus.

Scipio Africanus: a Roman general (234-183 B.C.) whose methods were aggressive but safe. He conquered Spain, invaded Africa, and defeated the Carthaginians. See the note above.

Junot: a French general trained by Napoleon (1771-1818). He invaded Portugal and captured Lisbon; but after his defeat by Wellesley in 1808 he had to abandon Portugal. This was the first decisive event of the Peninsular War.

Sir John Moore: a British general (1761-1809), whose retreat before the French armies in Spain and final victory at Corunna are one of the most brilliant feats of English arms. He was killed in the moment of victory.

Cadiz: an important Spanish seaport on the Atlantic. It was a

naval base for the French and Spanish fleets during the Napoleonic wars.

Pages 126-132.

Saplings of the English race: the reference is to the British colonies.

Edward the Third: one of the greatest of English kings (1312-1377); he was distinguished in the Hundred Years War, and won the battle of Crecy in 1346.

Wolsey: Thomas Wolsey (1471-1530), a great English statesman and cardinal, he fell from favour with Henry VIII in 1529, owing to the difficulty of the king's divorce. The period ending in 1530 was altogether barren of any national achievements; but the period that followed, as Froude points out, is perhaps the most brilliant in English history.

Scandinavian forefathers: the reference is a general one, including the English tribes, Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, as well as the Danes who settled in England from the time of the Roman abdication to the Norman Conquest in 1066. See previous notes.

London Companies: these were the merchant companies of the middle ages, corporations that came to possess great power in trade and politics.

Columbus: see previous notes.

John Cabot: an Italian navigator who took service under Henry VII of England. His expedition of 1497 resulted in the discovery of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island. His son, Sebastian, was born at Bristol in 1474 and died in London in 1557. He took service under Spain and explored parts of South America; but returned to England under Edward VI, and assisted in expeditions to the Baltic sea.

Union of the Crowns: the kingdoms of Aragon and Castile were united in the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1469. They were the patrons of Columbus and the leaders in the conquest of the newly discovered continents of America, the New World. Spain at this time was truly a "world-power." The Netherlands (Antwerp) came under her authority, and the wealth of the West Indies was in her grasp. It was this power which the English fought and destroyed in the sixteenth century.

Intellectual revolution: Froude here sums up the awakening life of the Renaissance. Briefly, a new science was established with the new astronomy. The shape of the earth was found to be that of a globe with the antipodes and hemispheres. Religion was revolutionized in the Reformation. Literature was extended by means of printing (see introductory essay to Section I). War was completely altered by gunpowder.

Luther: Martin Luther (1483-1546), a German reformer and translator of the Bible. He attacked the authority of the Roman Catholic Church, and became the foremost champion of the Protestants.

Papacy: the system of religious authority controlled by the Pope, the head of the Roman Catholic Church, whose headquarters are at

Rome, the capital of Italy. England defied the Pope through its King's action in the famous question of the divorce of Catherine of Aragon, the wife of Henry VIII. This hastened the revolt of England from the Pope's authority, and consequently the Reformation. England found herself compelled to fight for her liberty against Spain, the chief Roman Catholic power in the world. In this way the navy was developed, and England's possessions in America established.

Brazil: see the extract on Brazil by Buckle.

Levant: the coast region of Asia Minor and Syria; the word means the "rising sun" or the orient.

Novgorod: a city about 100 miles south-east of St. Petersburg (now Petrograd).

Guinea: a kingdom on the West African coast in the Niger area. It now includes the colonial possessions of several European powers. The Bight of Benue is that part of the gulf of Guinea lying west of the river Niger. The gold of this region was the first attraction for the adventurers of Europe, and here the slave trade took root. Now the whole area is splendidly administered and relieved of the diseases which were its scourge for three hundred years.

Sir Hugh Willoughby: a member of a distinguished military family. He died in 1554 as described in this passage, but his journal was discovered and printed by Hakluyt.

"The Islands of Cathay": an imaginary phrase indicative of the vague ideas held by the early navigators of the geography of the world. Cathay was the name given by Marco Polo to those parts of northern China which he visited. Marco Polo's voyages and travels were eagerly read in the sixteenth century; and so *Cathay* came to mean a land of mysterious wealth, standing for all undiscovered areas of the world. It was believed that this land could be reached by sailing westwards (the new geography and astronomy favoured this idea); but in sailing west the Spanish and English adventurers succeeded in discovering the continents of North, Central, and South America, which they believed to be India: hence the phrase, *West Indies*.

Elizabeth: Queen Elizabeth of England (1533-1603), the daughter of Henry VIII, and the enemy of Spain. She encouraged maritime discovery, and organized the great resistance to the Spanish Armada in 1588.

Change of Creed: the revolt from Roman Catholicism and the adoption of the Protestant form of Christianity. This affected the fishing trade, but did not ruin it. Roman Catholics abstain from meat on Friday, but eat fish. In this way there is a great demand for fish in all Roman Catholic countries.

Pages 132-135.

Alexander: born in Macedonia in 356 B.C. He is one of the great world conquerors of antiquity, and died at Babylon in 323 B.C. in the flower of his youth. He was the son of Philip of Macedonia and the pupil of Aristotle. He meditated the conquest of the whole world, but was unable to advance beyond the Indus into India.

Nearchus: a Macedonian admiral under Alexander, who conducted the Greek fleet from the mouth of the Indus to the Euphrates (325-24 B.C.)

Xerxes: the King of Persia, the "Great King" mentioned in the extract (519-465 B.C.), he had immense power and territory. He invaded Greece and burned Athens, but was defeated at Thermopylae and Salamis. His greatest feat was the conducting of a vast army over the Hellespont, the strait of the Dardanelles.

Homer: the epic poet of Greece who wrote the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. His date is uncertain and has been given by Herodotus as 850 B.C.

Ares: the Greek form of the Latin Mars, the God of War, signifying the violence and brutality of war.

Athene: the Goddess of art, science, and righteous war.

Pages 140-143.

Sir Walter Scott: novelist and poet (1771-1832); his novels are all based on the history of Europe, particularly on that of Scotland. He was a staunch patriot and a man of pleasing character. His life has been told at great length by Lockhart, his son-in-law.

Robert Southey: an English poet and prose writer (1774-1819); he became poet-laureate, the official poet of the government, and wrote the famous biography of Lord Nelson. His poetry is not of the first rank; but he tried to describe the East, particularly India, in two epics, *Thalaba* and *The Curse of Kehama*, which deal with Mahomedan and Hindu religious belief. His life was one of great industry, as described by Thackeray.

Cuthbert Collingwood: a famous English admiral (1750-1810); he was second in command at Trafalgar. See the extract from Southey's *Life of Nelson*.

Reginald Heber: the Bishop of Calcutta (1783-1826), a poet and prose writer whose chief work was that of a clergyman. He loved India and died at Trichinopoly. His journal of travel and his hymns are well known.

Lord Wellesley: Governor-General of India (1793-1805); the brother of the Duke of Wellington.

Warren Hastings: first Governor-General of India in 1774. He returned to England in 1785, and his trial is famous in British-Indian history.

Pages 144-148.

Plata: a river in South America, really a vast estuary which is formed of two rivers, the Uruguay and the Parana.

St. Fé: Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico.

Padre: a Spanish priest.

Gauchos: peasantry of mixed Indian and European blood in the South American states bordering on the Plata river.

Patagonia: the southernmost portion of South America.

Lazo : a rope thrown with a noose in such a way as to ensnare running cattlo or game. An Indian weapon in South America, it is now used by cow-boys and horse-breakers.

Mameluke : a corps of cavalry in Egypt. Originally slaves, they became the rulers of Egypt. The name is applied to the bit by which their horses were controlled. The Mamelukes formed part of the Egyptian army up to 1811.

Pages 149-152.

Five columns : in sailing down the Zambesi towards the falls, these columns of vapour, five at definite intervals, mark the spot where the river disappears into the gorgo. They are caused by the immense volume of water in its fall.

Hieroglyphic : literally "sacred writing," the term applied to Egyptian inscriptions. It denotes any writing in which objects take the place of symbols. In this case the palm tree, owing to its obviously foreign appearance to the European eye, might represent some such phrase as "far from home."

Zambesi : the chief African river that flows into the Indian Ocean.

Pages 153-157.

Gaza : a town in Syria near the Mediterranean; this traveller's route appears to have been westward across the Arabian desert into Egypt.

Soft Persian : the reference is to the sun-worship of the Parsees.

Pyramids : the tombs of the Egyptian Pharaohs in Egypt. The great pyramid dates from 4000 B.C.

Sphinx : a famous figure at Gizeh, in Egypt, near the site of the great pyramid. It is said to represent the Sun-God. It is 140 feet long, the head measuring 30 feet. The body is animal and the face human.

Cytherea : the Grecian Venus, named after the island of Cythera; she was said to be born of the sea-foam, Aphrodite, and stands as the type of western beauty to this day.

Coptic : ancient Egyptian, a name given to the race and language of the Copts.

Ethiopian : an ancient name for the territory and races south of Egypt, including Abyssinia.

Ottoman : the branch of the Turks who founded the Turkish Empire. Othman, or Osman, founded Turkish kingdoms in Asia (1288-1296); the Turks extended this to Europe by the capture of Constantinople in 1453.

Herodotus : a famous Greek historian and traveller (484-424 B.C.). He described the Persian invasion of Greece.

Warburton : Eliot Warburton (1810-52), an Irish traveller who knew and described the East.

Pages 160-163.

Lally : Thomas Arthur Lally (1702-66) is one of the most unfortunate of the great men of France. He was of Irish descent,

and in 1745 fought for Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Pretender, in Scotland. In 1756 he was appointed commander-in-chief in the French East Indies; but, owing to the lack of support from France, he was defeated. In 1761 he had to surrender to Sir Eyre Coote at Pondicherry. He was beheaded at Paris. France was unfortunate, as Malleson points out, in her conduct of the war with England. Canada was won by the battle of Quebec in 1757; and in dividing her resources between America and India, France was unsuccessful in both.

Madame de Pompadour: the chief favourite of Louis XV of France. Her influence in politics from 1745 to 1764 was notorious. She practically controlled the highest offices of State, with such disastrous results as those indicated in this passage.

King of Prussia: Frederick the Great (1712-86), a great soldier and the founder of modern Germany.

Sensual monarch: Louis XV, whose policy was dictated by Madame de Pompadour.

16th of January, 1761: the date of Sir Eyre Coote's defeat of Lally and the surrender of Pondicherry.

La Bourdonnais: a French admiral who captured Madras in 1746.

Dupleix: a French soldier; he was Governor-General of the French East Indies from 1742-54. He showed the highest talents, but was unsupported and so unable to complete his designs.

Long-parted kinsmen: the reference is to the Aryan origin of the European peoples.

Pages 163-166.

Atrides: literally, the son of Atreus, especially Agamemnon, one of the heroes of Homer (see previous notes).

Ezzelin: an Italian leader of the Ghibelline faction (1194-1259).

Lucrece: Lucrezia Borgia (1480-1519), Duchess of Ferrara, a woman of great beauty and talent who was accused of the most notorious crimes. She is the most famous of the many famous people of the Italian Renaissance.

Pages 173-178.

New York: the chief city of the United States of America; it is notorious for the rush of its traffic, and the vigour of its commercial life.

Bimanous: two-handed; the reference is to human beings as contrasted with monkeys.

La joie de vivre: the joy of living.

Hesperides: in Greek mythology the maidens who guarded the golden apples which Earth caused to grow as a marriage gift for a Goddess. They dwell in the extreme west. Here the reference is to the Canary Islands, off the coast of Africa, which are famous for their oranges (golden apples).

Helioabalus: an Emperor of Rome (A.D. 205-22); he was notorious as a sensualist.

Lucullus : a Roman General (110-57 B.C.) ; famous for the luxury of his life ; he was a patron of learning and the arts, and a lover of choice and expensive dishes.

Augustus Cæsar : the first Emperor of Rome (63 B.C. to A.D. 14) ; he was a great soldier, defeating Brutus at Philippi and Antony at Actium. Under him Roman literature reached its highest point ; and, in his reign, Christ was born. He stands for the type of a splendid ruler of antiquity. The "Newsbearers" were the runners who brought despatches in relays from the outposts of the Roman Empire, such as Gaul and Britain.

Ariel : the reference is to the imaginary spirit-creature of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, whom Prospero subdued as his messenger.

Æsculapius : in Greek mythology, the God of Medicine.

Ulysses : or *Odysseus*, a Greek king, famous in the Trojan war and a great adventurer and traveller. One of Homer's heroes.

Queen Helen : a famous beauty, and the wife of Menelaus. She was carried off by Paris, thus causing the Trojan war, the subject of Homer's *Iliad*.

Pages 179-185.

Jacobite : the word is derived from *Jacobus*, the Latin name for *James*. It was applied to the supporters of the sons of James II who fled from England at the Revolution of 1688. The Jacobites raised rebellions in 1715 and in 1745 in Scotland. To understand this famous incident in Stevenson's novel, *Kilnapped*, it should be remembered that Alan Breck Stewart, a Jacobite, had been rescued at sea by the captain of the brig on which David Balfour had been placed by his uncle. The crew were of the opposite political party ; and moved by greed of the Jacobite's money (tribute raised in Scotland for the Pretender), determined to murder him. They were an evil crew ; Shuan, the mate, having already committed murder on board the vessel. The *round house* was a small but strongly built cabin on the deck. The incident is described in Stevenson's best style of romantic narration.

Pages 185-188.

Shah Jehan : the son of Jehangir, and the most magnificent of all the Mogul emperors. He reigned from 1628-58, and built the Taj Mahal in memory of his wife. He also founded the modern Delhi.

Arabian Nights : *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments* or *A Thousand and One Nights*, a collection of oriental tales, very ancient in their origin. The work was known in A.D. 948, and in 1450 it was reduced to its existing form in Cairo. These stories came first to Europe in French translations in 1701, and were again translated into vigorous English by Sir Richard Burton in 1885. The last work is a great monument of oriental learning.

Pages 193-197.

Babur : the great-grandson of Timur (see previous notes), and the founder of the Mogul Empire in India. He was born in 1483, and died in 1530. His two decisive battles were Panipat in 1526, where he

defeated Sultan Ibrahim of Delhi, and Kanna in 1527, where he overcame the Rajput forces.

Padshah : literally "Father of Kings," a title of respect given to the chief Mahomedan rulers of the East.

Morale : the spirit of an army, based on discipline and leadership.

Rana Singram Singh : the leader of the Rajputs; he belonged to the celebrated Mewar (see previous notes on the sack of Chitore).

Tulghma : A military formation of troops on the flanks of an army, specially designed for swift attack.

Pages 203-211.

The Battle of Jutland : the greatest naval battle of modern times and modern armaments was fought on May 31, 1916. The action in the Bight of Heligoland was the first serious naval action of the great war. The result of the first was to make the German fleet incapable of further action, and to ensure its ultimate surrender at Scapa Flow to the English.

Hussar tactics : the Hussars are light cavalry who, in old-fashioned warfare, were accustomed to charge the enemy, and to carry out operations demanding great swiftness. The destroyers of the fleet are very fast and small vessels, capable of rapid approach, and of launching torpedoes.

Sir John Jellicoe : now Lord Jellicoe and Governor of New Zealand. He was in command of the Grand Fleet at the battle of Jutland. He is a distinguished authority on naval warfare and administration.

Sir David Beatty : now Earl Beatty, was second in command during this engagement. He is a daring sailor whose tactics resemble those of Nelson. He fought the brilliant battle of Heligoland, and led his ships with acknowledged skill in the first part of the Jutland battle.

Von Scheer : the German admiral who commanded the German fleet in this battle.

Nile or Trafalgar : see notes on Nelson.

Admiral Hood : a modern sailor who went down with the *Invincible* at the battle of Jutland. He belonged to a family of famous sailors, one of his ancestors being Viscount Hood (1724-1816) who fought in the French wars, and commanded the Mediterranean squadron.

Xerxes : see previous notes.

Nero : a Roman emperor and tyrant (A.D. 37-68).

Cæsar : Julius Cæsar, the conqueror of Gaul and Britain (100-44 B.C.).

Napoleon : see previous notes.

Admiral Mahan : Alfred Mahan, an American sailor and writer on naval history. He was born in 1840, and was principal of the United States naval college.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert : a step-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh. He was born in 1539 and drowned in 1583. He is one of the greatest of the Elizabethan sailor-adventurers.

Davis : John Davis (1550-1605), an English sailor and discoverer. He was killed by Japanese pirates in the straits of Malacca.

Hudson : Henry Hudson, a noted English navigator who explored the shores of North America. He was drowned in Hudson Bay in 1611.

Captain Cook : James Cook (1723-79), a discoverer and scientific explorer. He navigated the east coast of Australia, and sailed to New Zealand. He was killed at Hawaii. His *Voyages* are splendid narratives of exploration.

Parry : Sir William Edward Parry (1790-1855), a distinguished Arctic explorer.

Ross : Sir James Clark Ross (1800-62), an Arctic and Antarctic explorer, the friend and colleague of Parry.

Franklin : Sir John Franklin (1786-1847), an Arctic explorer who entered the Royal Navy and fought at Trafalgar in 1805. His last expedition set out in 1845, and was totally destroyed. Franklin himself had penetrated to the north of King William's Land where, in 1847, he died. He is amongst the most distinguished of Northern discoverers.

Lord Exmouth : Edward Pellew (1757-1838), an English admiral who bombarded Algiers in 1816. The pirates of the North African coast (Barbary) really controlled the traffic of the Mediterranean until Lord Exmouth destroyed their stronghold.

Pages 212-219.

The Expeditionary Force : this was a small professional army of about 150,000 men, kept ready for transmission abroad on the outbreak of war. Its arrival in France was the sign that England had determined on definite military action against Germany. Later the British armies numbered several millions.

South African War : this war was fought against the Dutch of Cape Colony, and concluded in 1900. It called forth much imperial feeling, and the various colonies sent troops to assist the armies of England. It was the last war fought by Lord Roberts.

Sir Robert Borden : the Prime Minister of Canada when war broke out. He played a distinguished part in the war councils of the Empire.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier : a Canadian statesman born in 1841. He was Premier of Canada in 1896. He is the leader of the Canadian Liberal party.

Strathcona : Donald Alexander Smith was born in 1820. A Canadian statesman and financier, he equipped a regiment for service in the South African war known as *Strathcona's Horse*.

Family Compact : a name given to certain treaties between the French and Spanish sovereigns in the eighteenth century, by which Spain united with France against England. In the resulting wars Canada was lost to France. The French Canadians are the descendants of the original French settlers, and they came into the great war of our own day along with the English Canadians. The incident is quoted to show the union of the British Empire and the single spirit animating the various colonies.

Maoris : the original inhabitants of New Zealand : they belong to the Malay family.

Boer commandos: the Dutch regiments that fought against the English in the South African war. General Botha, a brilliant Dutch soldier, fought for England in the great war, and drove the Germans from their African colonies.

Basutos: a native tribe of South Africa, north of Cape Colony and under British rule.

Barotse: a kingdom in South Africa on the shores of the upper Zambesi.

Baganda: or Ganda, an African people on the northern shores of Lake Victoria.

Aliwal: a village in the Punjab where in 1846 the British defeated the Sikhs; they were also defeated at Sobraon in 1846 by Sir Hugh Gough.

Aga Khan: the head of an ancient Persian family, now resident in India. The religious leader of Mussulman India.

"As in 1870": the reference is to the Franco-Prussian war, when the French, through the intrigues of Bismarck, the German Chancellor, were terribly defeated, and compelled to pay a vast indemnity.